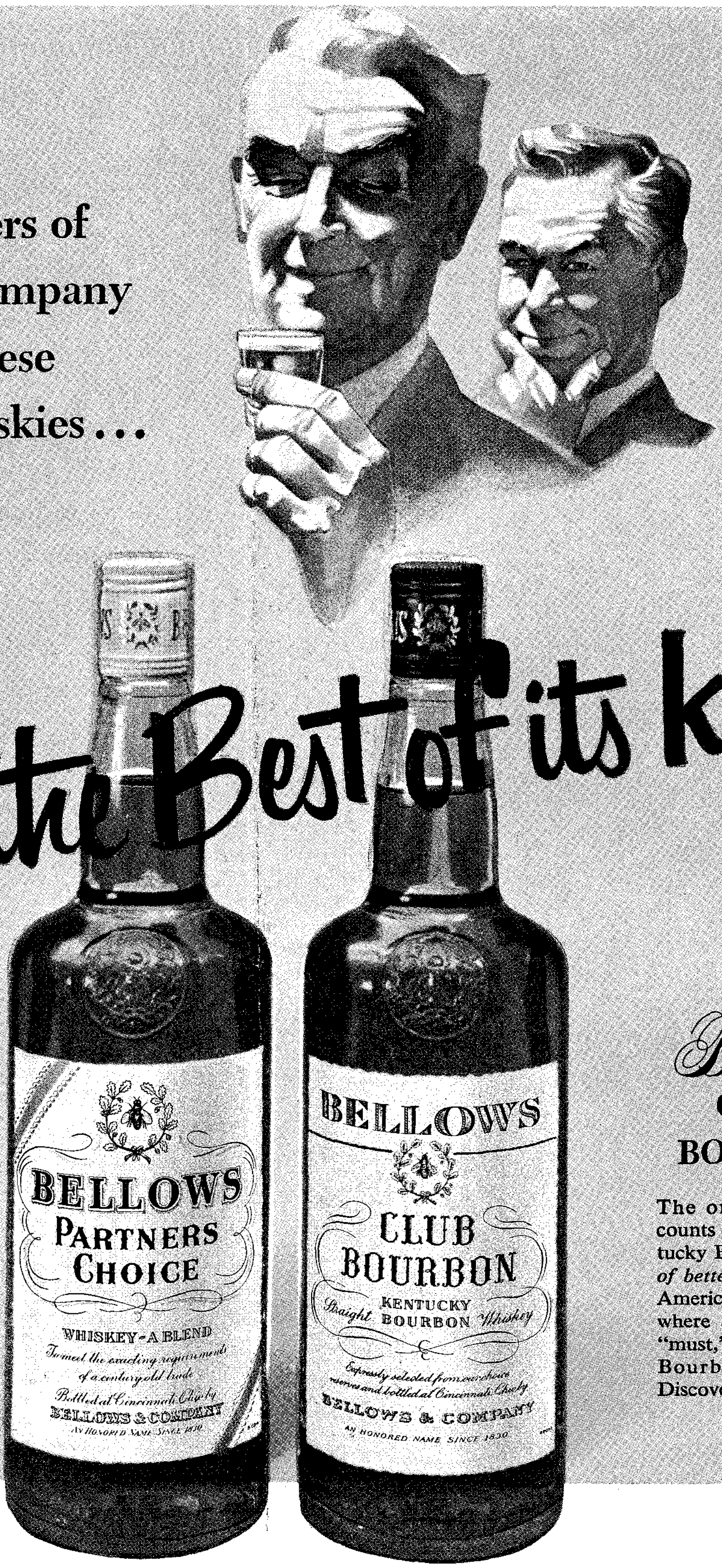
★ Jan. 8, 1955

Price 20 cents

THE NEW YORKER

The partners of Bellows & Company chose these 2 great whiskies . . .


Each the Best of its kind
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
WHISKEY-A BLEND
BELLOWS & COMPANY
BELLOWS
CLUB BOURBON
KENTUCKY
Straight BOURBON Whiskey
BELLOWS & COMPANY
AN HONORED NAME SINCE 1830

Bellows PARTNERS CHOICE

Here is a superb blend, chosen by the Bellows partners for unsurpassed excellence. Contains more aged whiskies than any other nationally sold spirit blend at its price. Make it *your* choice, too!

Bellows CLUB BOURBON

The only *proof* that counts in straight Kentucky Bourbon is *proof of better taste!* And in America's finest clubs, where *better taste* is a "must," you'll find Club Bourbon a favorite! Discover it yourself!

Only the best is labelled

BELLOWS

BELLOWS & COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND • PARTNERS CHOICE, WHISKEY—A BLEND • 40% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF • CLUB BOURBON, STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anastasia—Guy Bolton's adaptation of this French bit about the missing heiress to the Russian throne is fairly old-fashioned and preposterous, but admirers of Graustark may easily adore it. Viveca Lindfors and Eugenie Leontovich are very handsome and impressive as a couple of surviving Romanoffs. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Bad Seed—In the hands of Maxwell Anderson, William March's story about a nine-year-old girl who inherits a taste for homicide becomes a reasonably exciting melodrama, even though it suffers somewhat from the exclusion of any actual violence from the stage. Nancy Kelly is superb as the little monster's mother, and there are excellent performances by Evelyn Varden, Henry Jones, and young Patty McCormack. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead brings all her enormous talent and vitality to this resurrection of a comedy that was around ten years ago, but the odds are heavily against her. With Fred Keating, Robert Coote, Hugh Reilly, and Werner Klemperer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 29.)

The Flowering Peach—The racial mannerisms of Menasha Skulnik are as fascinating as ever in Clifford Odets' play about Noah's celebrated voyage, but the trip itself may get a little wearisome. With Berta Gersten, Janice Rule, Barbara Baxley, Leon Janney, Martin Ritt, and Mario Alcalde. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lunatics and Lovers—Sidney Kingsley's farce, though rickety at times, has its uproarious and diverting moments. The cast includes Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Mary Anderson, Nat Cantor, and Arthur O'Connell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

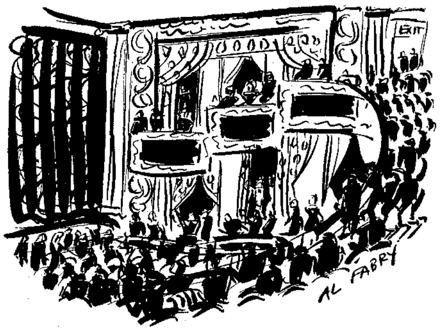
Mrs. Patterson—Eartha Kitt is an unadulterated delight in the principal role of this fantasy by Charles Sebree and Greer Johnson, which is otherwise rather tawdry and uninspired. The supporting cast includes Estelle Winwood, Avon Long, Ruth Attaway, and Estelle Hemsley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New York City Center Theatre Company—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," with Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. The second in this season's series of four revivals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 16.)

Quadrille—The chief virtue of this very loquacious exercise by Noel Coward is that it brings the Lunts into view again. They are sturdily assisted by Brian Aherne and Edna Best. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 9.)

The Rainmaker—Geraldine Page in N. Richard Nash's antique, occasionally absurd, but not altogether unaffecting melodrama about a plain girl and a fascinating stranger. Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme are also in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Reclining Figure—Although Harry Kurnitz has written some funny scenes in this comedy about art dealers and their clients, the enterprise is rather elementary on the whole. Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson are in a cast directed by Abe Burrows. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

The Tender Trap—Some footless palaver about whether bachelors in New York ought to stay single or take a shot at marriage. Flimsy is the word for it. Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham are the ringleaders. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 8.)

Wedding Breakfast—Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Virginia Vincent, and Anthony Franciosa all give remarkably appealing performances, but Theodore Reeves' comedy about young love under financial difficulties is a little insubstantial and hard to believe. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Agatha Christie's estimable exercise in mystery melodrama, which should baffle you completely. The play has a cast of thirty, headed by Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, Ernest Clark, Horace Braham, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIVERSARY WALTZ:** A comedy, by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, centered on a couple (Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey) who lived together before getting married. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL:** Lloyd Nolan is Queeg, John Hodiak the defendant, and Barry Sullivan the defense counsel in this dramatization of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 15.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell is the hero, and the ladies in his life are Sally Forrest and Rita Morley. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC:** A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith and a number of other talented performers are in the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** Robert Anderson's play dealing with the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** All about the Americanization of Okinawa. David Wayne and John Forsythe are representatives of the warring cultures in John Patrick's play, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

* * *

	Page
BOOKS	75
THE CURRENT CINEMA	70
MUSICAL EVENTS	68
THE THEATRE	56

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

* * *

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—Those who have survived the twenties are almost certain to love this British satire on musicals of the period, and the chances are their juniors will find it pretty funny, too. Sandy Wilson handled the book, lyrics, and music, and Julie Andrews is very fine as the blank, blond heroine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fanny—Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Big and bouncy and full of plot, it has some nice airs by Harold Rome and the services of such stalwart performers as Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

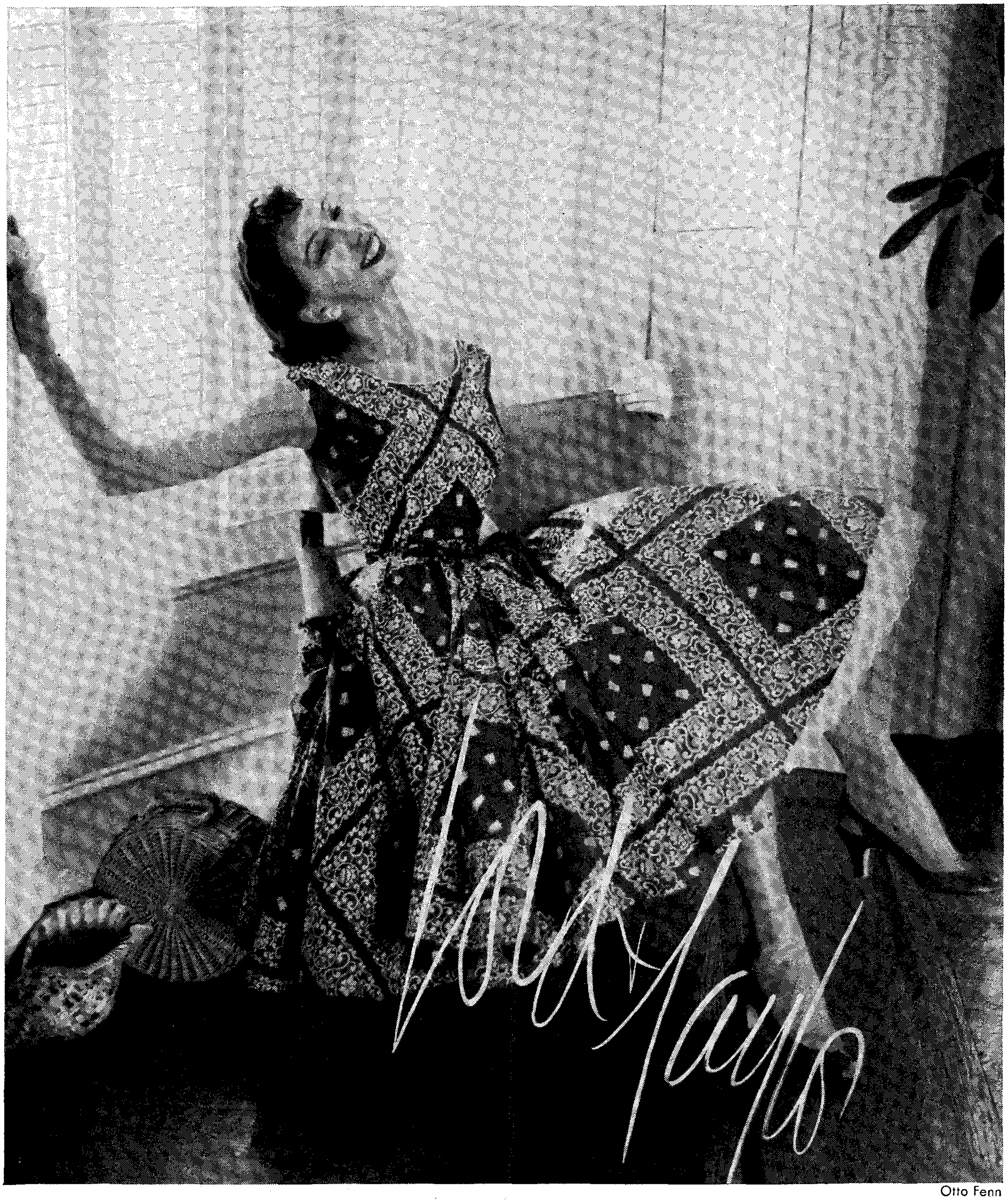
House of Flowers—Oliver Messel's sets and costumes make this piece about a rather unusual commercial rivalry in the Caribbean one of the loveliest things you ever saw, and Herbert Ross's dances are often stunning, but Truman Capote's book and Harold Arlen's music are just a little disappointing. Pearl Bailey, however, makes a wonderfully majestic madam, and there are other nice performances by Diahann Carroll, Juanita Hall, and Frederick O'Neal. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. It all adds up to a bright, persuasive, and professional show. Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin is probably the most beguiling Peter of our time, and Cyril Ritchard gives her admirable support in this extremely stylish production. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Saint of Bleecker Street—Gian-Carlo Menotti's latest and most ambitious opera, dealing with sanctity and sin among the Italian-Americans in Manhattan's Little Italy, contains some passages of gripping theatre and lush, singable music; its plot, however, is

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 47, January 8, 1955. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1955, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



Otto Fenn

Whither away—*south, of course, in the gayest bandana print we've seen!*

Red or blue, with a skirt that's yards around, a crinoline to show off every yard.

By Parade, in sizes 8 to 16. 22.95 Budget Town Shop, on the Second Floor

Lord & Taylor—New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn and West Hartford

Looking South?

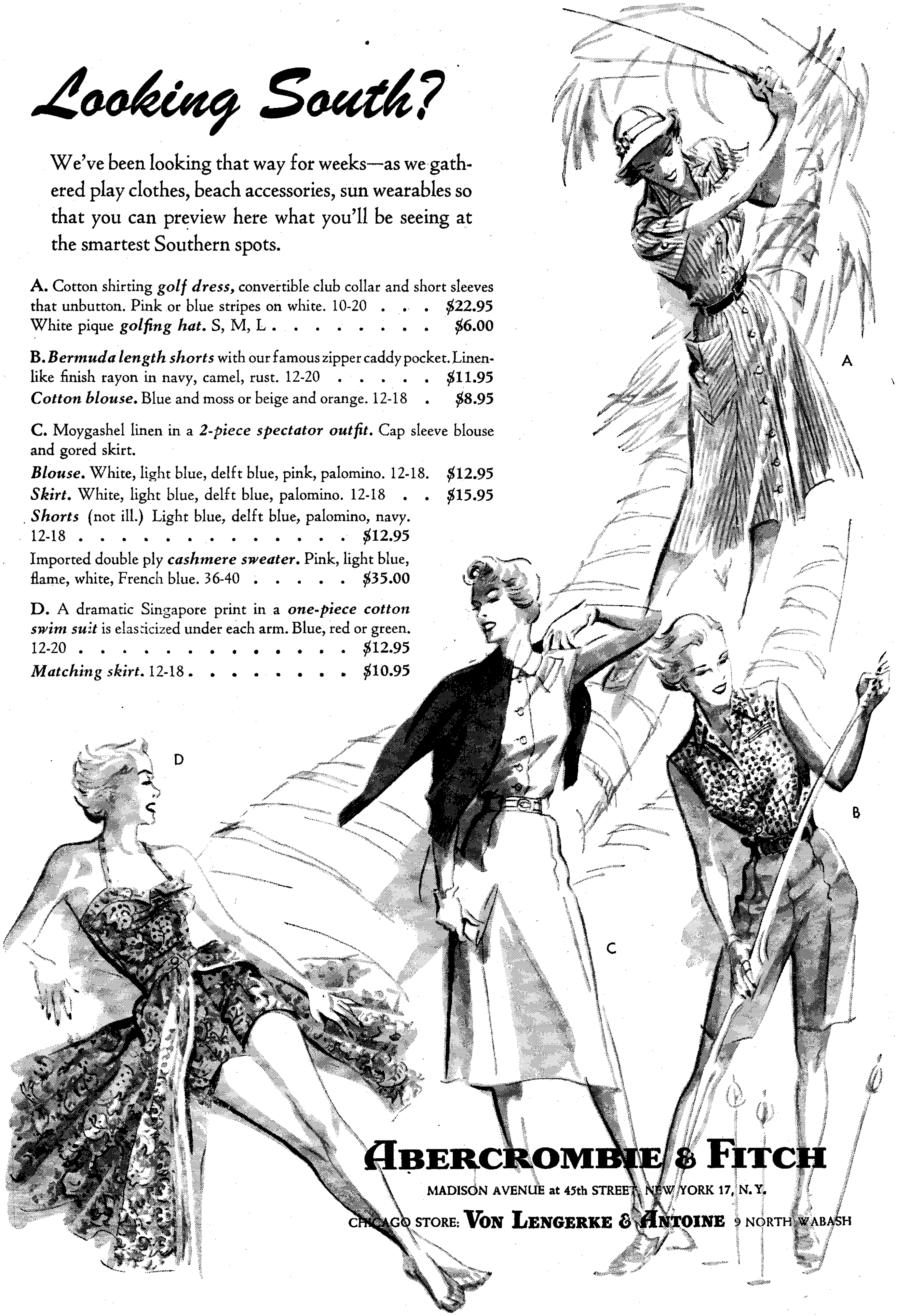
We've been looking that way for weeks—as we gathered play clothes, beach accessories, sun wearables so that you can preview here what you'll be seeing at the smartest Southern spots.

A. Cotton shirting ***golf dress,*** convertible club collar and short sleeves that unbutton. Pink or blue stripes on white. 10-20 . . . **$22.95**
White pique ***golfing hat.*** S, M, L **$6.00**

B. ***Bermuda length shorts*** with our famous zipper caddy pocket. Linen-like finish rayon in navy, camel, rust. 12-20 . . . . . . **$11.95**
Cotton blouse. Blue and moss or beige and orange. 12-18 . **$8.95**

C. Moygashel linen in a ***2-piece spectator outfit.*** Cap sleeve blouse and gored skirt.
Blouse. White, light blue, delft blue, pink, palomino. 12-18. **$12.95**
Skirt. White, light blue, delft blue, palomino. 12-18 . . **$15.95**
Shorts (not ill.) Light blue, delft blue, palomino, navy. 12-18 . . . . **$12.95**
Imported double ply ***cashmere sweater.*** Pink, light blue, flame, white, French blue. 36-40 . . . . . . **$35.00**

D. A dramatic Singapore print in a ***one-piece cotton swim suit*** is elasticized under each arm. Blue, red or green. 12-20 . . . . **$12.95**
Matching skirt. 12-18 . . . . **$10.95**



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
CHICAGO STORE: **VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE** 9 NORTH WABASH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

both confusing and somewhat tritely pious. Gloria Lane, as its wayward villainess, sings magnificently, and nearly carries off the audience's sympathies in the direction of sin. The cast includes Virginia Copeland, as the "saint," and David Poleri, as her brother. On alternate nights, their roles are taken by Gabrielle Ruggiero and Davis Cunningham. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN:** A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **KISMET:** An item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911, with music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin. William Johnson is now the vagabond poet and Elaine Malbin his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Festival—A new comedy by Sam and Bella Spewack that will star Paul Henreid and Betty Field. Directed by Albert Marre and produced by Walter Fried in association with Felix Brentano. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 12. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Dec. 16: "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Howard Morton and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

Club Theatre—Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Lesley Woods in "The Merchant of Venice," directed by Iza Itkin. Opens Friday, Jan. 7. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. SU 7-5405. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," with a cast, under the direction of Sidney Lumet, that includes Geraldine Fitzgerald, Frederic Worlock, Shepperd Strudwick, Roddy McDowall, and Philip Bourneuf. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 11. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

President Theatre—"The Troublemakers," George Bellak's drama about a murder in a New England college, is a little overwrought and ingenuous, but it is exciting and the point is a serious and important one. Among the leading players are William Smithers, Lois Wheeler, and Curt Conway. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and directed by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40.)

Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ruth Draper and Paul Draper—The best monologuist and the most stylish dancer extant should provide you with a very satisfactory evening in this joint program. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Jan. 15.)

Inesita—Spanish dancer. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Hollywood Ice Revue—A couple of hundred pairs of skates, belonging to Barbara Ann Scott, Gundi Busch, Andra McLaughlin, and Freddie Trenkler, among others, flashing through various production numbers, one of them the "Wizard of Oz." Opens Thursday, Jan. 13, and will run through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sundays at 7 and every other evening, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 18-19, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

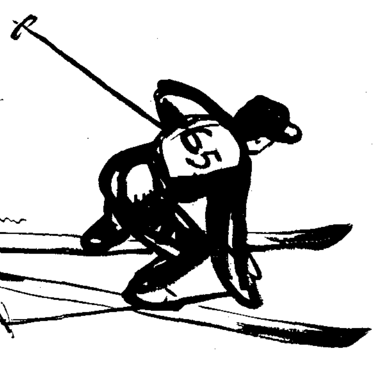
Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a gilded cage designed to house canaries who never have to sing for their supper, vibrates gently to Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's men. After ten, Quintero's rumba-makers alternate with Chauncey Gray's band on some dance arrangements. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumentalists play water-hole music in an oasis called the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Of necessity, through the years, the elder mimes in the interesting old morality play on view here have one by one dropped out, but the replacements are letter-perfect, and the play still has a message for each and every one of us. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Nino's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6644)—This Forest of Arden, where the carefree young lovers of yesteryear sweetly plighted their troth, has been restored to its pristine beauty. At nine, Hugo Pedell turns loose his Princeton-prom dance music, which is spiced by the jazz piano of Jud Woldin, and Horace Diaz turns loose his rumbas. Cocktail and dinner music by Nick D'Amico's duo. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Denise Darcel, a full-blown rose of Picardy, is flirting and singing, after her breathless fashion, in the Cotillion Room, for which Artini and Consuelo supply the adagios and Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bands play the marching songs. As of Tuesday, Jan. 11, there'll be no further need of electronic amplifiers, for Marguerite Piazza, who can fill the Met to overflowing with sound, will be taking charge. Only a dinner show on Sundays; lights out on Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Tony and Sally De Marco tread their time-honored measures with an airy grace that proves practice does indeed make perfect. Jenny Collins, the singer of the evening, however, seems to be auditioning for the role of Clytemnestra. They're in the Persian Room. Ted Straeter's dance band *cum* glee club keeps traffic moving smoothly betweentimes, and Mark Monte's boys chip in with cheerful music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo Le-Fleur's music ripples along in the Palm Court every day at cocktail time. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Home-cooking-style dance tunes in the Grill, where, after all these years, Guy and his fellow-Lombardos are still letting their tempos simmer. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, pomp and circumstance are matters of course, and there is almost perpetual dancing to the energetic bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari, plus (at dinner and supper) Rosalind Courtright, who warbles happily about the scarlet-lined pastimes of the unidle rich. On Thursday, Jan. 13, Billy Daniel, now teamed with Georgine Darcy, will begin one of his infrequent sojourns on the East Coast. Mr. D. is a Hollywood singer and dancer of considerable vigor. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, hands that have never lost their skill, put forth good, usable dance music in the Café Rouge. Buddy Rich is their drummer boy. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—You've seen the set—dance hall, country store, and saloon—many times before, but this is a Western with a brand-new kind of small talk and plot motivation. Dancing to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

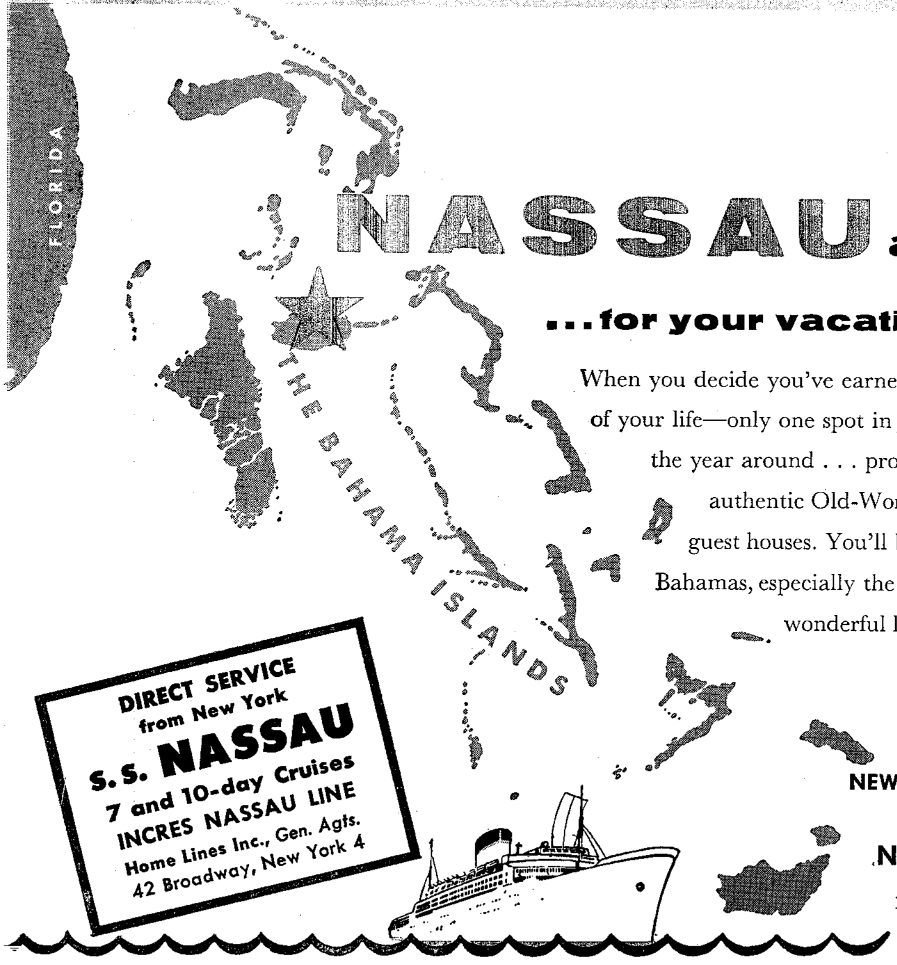
Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A bouillabaisse of classic old Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz show tunes has been seasoned with a spate of words (some of them better left unsaid) and some lively dances, and thus turned into a miniature musical comedy. The wittiest inmates are Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the most athletic are Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—José Greco and his Spanish dancers are in the Empire Room, where the guests' footwork is paced by the lush strains of Nat Brandwynne's tiptop big band. A couple of the Greco interludes are of no more than Paramount importance; the rest is good old Andalusian fire and fury. Thursday, Jan. 13, Dinah Shore, maker and breaker of many a record (phonograph, mostly), will start carolling. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A segment of the vast complex called Peacock Alley has piano by Alex Fogarty from six to twelve and dancing to Michael Zarin's orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's boys go it alone from eight to midnight.

Note—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Port Authority bus terminal, the Weehawken ferryhouse, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address:

The thread of the story is LUREX

THE INNER GLOW of golden Lurex® is woven into the Bianchini silk of this graceful spring-and-summer dress created by Galanos. Lurex is the new light of your life, not only in all expressions of fashion but in accessories, in decorative fabrics and even in your car. Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Lurex, non-tarnishing metallic yarn made only by the Yarn Division of: ***The Dobeckmun Company, Cleveland 1, Ohio* · *New York: 350 Fifth Avenue* · *London* · *Amsterdam***



NASSAU and the Bahama Islands

...for your vacation...for the rest of your life

When you decide you've earned the right to take it easy—for a few weeks—or the rest of your life—only one spot in the world will give you all these things: A kindly climate the year around . . . proximity to the mainland . . . a gracious way of island life . . . authentic Old-World atmosphere . . . exhilarating sport . . . fine hotels and guest houses. You'll be impressed, too, by the practical aspects of living in the Bahamas, especially the highly advantageous tax situation. Come see for yourself what a wonderful life you can have in the Bahamas . . . any month . . . every month.

6 CONVENIENT GATEWAYS
(Only an hour by air, overnight by sea, from Florida)

MIAMI **FORT LAUDERDALE** **WEST PALM BEACH**
NEW YORK *(4½ Hours by Air)* **MONTREAL** **TORONTO**

Consult your Travel Agent

NASSAU, BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD
Bay Street, Nassau, Bahamas • Cable address: Devboard, Nassau
1633-34 duPont Bldg., Miami, Fla. • British Empire Bldg., 620 Fifth Ave., New York
550 Grant St. (Suite 146), Pittsburgh, Pa. • 1210 Palmolive Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
1214 Gulf States Bldg., Dallas, Texas • 80 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ontario

DIRECT SERVICE
from New York
S. S. NASSAU
7 and 10-day Cruises
INCRES NASSAU LINE
Home Lines Inc., Gen. Agts.
42 Broadway, New York 4

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays, there's Rudy Timfield's piano all evening, and at suppertime Norbert Faconi, dean of the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes prowler violinists, prowls. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed, elegant alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter conducts an adroit and amusing monologue on his well-tempered clavichord. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Paul Morse is presently at the piano for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre in this extremely plush parlor. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): It's hard to say which came first—Eddie Davis or Le Coq Rouge. Mr. Davis, by now president emeritus of after-dark musicians, shows up at nine with his violin and his small dance band. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, flanked by some remarkably active interior decorating, Herman Arminski (who gives way to George Kent on Monday, Jan. 10) plays European-style piano at cocktails, and Tommy Hughes does the honors in a more local idiom at the dinner and supper sessions. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Louis Hawkins, pianist and town crier, is wintering this year in Manhattan instead of in the Virgin Islands. His establishment, a beachhead on the seacoast of Bohemia, offers his own perky music and the more romantic piano of Bob Printz from seven on. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now static, now perambulatory) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasonings for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Frank Sinatra, the little hummingbird who's at last become a three-dimensional balladeer, carries his own choir of virtuoso instrumentalists around with him, so his voice, now wondrous wise, is not wasted on this desert air. He goes away on Wednesday, Jan. 12, after which the Copa will revert to operating on a quantitative rather than a qualitative basis. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): A giant, economy-size floor show, in the midst of which is Johnnie Ray, a bundle of nervous energy and a wailer of some fairly odd calls to prayer. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

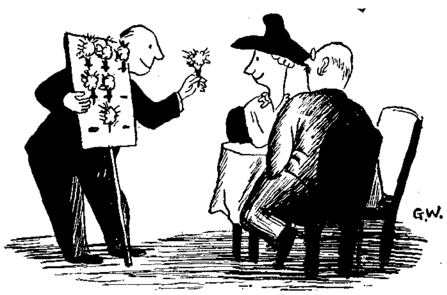
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): At present, the place is three deep in humorists—Pat Carroll, a campus cutup who should have gone on the stage and did; John Carradine, a handy compendium of adages ranging from Poe to Pushkin; and Mort Sahl, a cosmic thinker who comes to devastating conclusions. There are touches of humor, too, in the calm, chaste voice of Portia Nelson, a pet of this establishment. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, everyone but Miss Nelson departs. Next evening, Orson Bean, a native wit who made good in the big city, comes back home, along with the Beachcombers, who are part singers, and Helen Halpin, a comedienne. Behind them all is the mood music of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ceil Cabot, a girl urchin with a cat-on-a-tin-roof sound and an assassin's attitude toward the pop ballads of our era, has returned to the scene of her first triumph; Arte Johnson, a boy urchin with a real gift for psychotic merriment, is staying on to help out. Also present are the four young Turtlenecks, who use voices rather than gimmicks to put their songs over, and Melitta, a diffident but charming exponent of Latin arias. As always, Julius Monk is *conférencier* and mentor; the one-of-a-kind Norman Paris Trio is the backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sylvia Syms declaims her high-style blues and songs of renunciation as she roams the podium in battle-cruiser fashion; Stan Freeman, concert musician, parodist, and rapscallion funnyman, spends most of his time on his piano stool. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A casual and customary mixture—double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster, and contributions by visiting friends. At the moment, the friends are Herb Corey, an old hand in these parts, who indulges in joint horseplay with Mildred Cook, plus Betty O'Neil, who sings loud, distinct, and bright. The Cook-Corey team leaves Sunday, Jan. 9, which is Miss O'Neil's night off; she leaves next evening. A new show will be unravelled Tuesday, Jan. 11. Ancient silent movies (the sound track is ad-libbed by Paul Killiam, a senior-grade punster) are added Sundays; Mondays are audition nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—how to pick up the pieces and put them together again—are given a sympathetic review by Mabel Mercer. The words and music are the work of the Alec Wilder-Bart Howard school of lieder. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This midget inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis runs off his soothing and knowing piano intermezzos. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The atmosphere is catch-as-catch-can and audience-participation. The professional portion of the friskiness is produced by the ageless catalyst named Mae Barnes, who goes through a song like Sherman through Georgia; by Tony and Eddie, whose lampooning of recording artists is, however, apt to stray too far off bounds; by the *Walpurgisnacht* music of the Three Flames, led by Tiger Haines; by Jimmie Daniels, whose lyrics are mostly man-about-town; by Lee Goodman, a rhetorician of many words and few sequiturs; and by Bruce Kirby, the local utility outfielder. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, and pretty far east for her San Francisco aficionados, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain if sometimes tempestuous English. Nancy Kenyon sings about love and stuff. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A group of hardy perennials are blowing their tops without let or hindrance in a three-cheers-for-Dixie groove. They are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. In between, Ted Roy plays solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): There's now only one pianist for supper in this miniature Steinway Hall, but weekdays he happens to be Erroll Garner, whose far-flung chords are the sauce of his expert trio. The rest of the music is a masterpiece of understatement—the beguiling guitar duets of Johnny Smith and Perry Lopez overlaying the sound of bass and drums. Sunday nights, when these groups are off duty, Jack Elliot, a nimble modernist, has the piano to himself. He sports a two-man background. Cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Always the best of potluck here. Ella Fitzgerald, who knew everything about bop years before anyone even had a name for it, is singing like mad, and the Sauter-Finegan orchestra is picking its way through those mazelike Sauter-Finegan arrangements. In between, Don Shirley, who is swinging (and "swinging" is the word) from Debussy to Bach these nights, plays piano to Richard Davis's erudite bass. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is rattling the windows of its old homestead. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's acolytes, among them Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, and George Foster, play jazz as it was in the beginning and as they hope it ever shall be. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Cy Coleman, whose piano work reveals an astute new insight, heads the quiet, persuasive trio that keeps this neat parlor happy after ten. They're off Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Tito Puente's glittering mambo band occasionally makes things almost too warm for comfort; George Shearing's accomplished quintet plays it much cooler. The jokes of Mr. S. are, in fact, stone cold. Outside technicians turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. On Thursday, Jan. 13, Chris Connors, Dan Terry's band, and the Modern Jazz Quartet will be taking over the place. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): In the grill, the band of Paul Barbarin, a New Orleans legend, is making its first local stand. It starts at six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and five-thirty Sundays. Dancing begins at nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 9, Tony Parenti and his band will be dropping in to serve as the afternoon guests. No music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose piano is modern without losing track of things, decorates the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section. Alternating with her on piano is Johnny Mehegan, a jazz poet with a complex turn of phrase quite his own. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison, seated at a concert grand, and two colleagues are turning out the slow, steady, easy jazz for which they are famous. They start at nine-thirty. Joe Moon is the intermission pianist. No music Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A startlingly accurate replica of a prewar West Coast the-fleet's-in saloon, with a back-bar shelf from which issues, starting at 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) some of the jolliest, damnedest, most ear-splitting Dixieland ever heard. Five jazz bands, employing Jimmy McPartland, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Joe Thomas, Buster Bailey, Charlie Queener, Russell Moore, and others, shuffle across this shelf during a rather long day that ends at 3 A.M. Closed Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Jan. 7, the inciting to riot will probably be handled by Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Billy Butterfield, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson, Pop Foster, Joe Sullivan, Keg Purnell, Buck Washington, Hank D'Amico, Snub Mosely, Zutty Singleton,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, it is promised, the hares and hounds will include the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, R. C. H. Smith, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Art Trappier, and Willie the Lion Smith.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Darrel Austin—A group of twenty-one paintings in a retrospective show of works done between 1935 and 1954; through Jan. 29. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Edward Betts—Sea and rocks, especially along the coast of Maine, are the dominant subjects of these lacquer paintings; through Jan. 21. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Bill Bomar—Oils and water colors, largely inspired by the artist's stay in Taos, New Mexico; through Jan. 25. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

George Constant—A survey of the artist's paintings from 1930 to 1954; through Jan. 22. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Sixteen oils, along with about a dozen water colors and drawings illustrating Dante's "Divine Comedy;" through Jan. 22. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

James Fosburgh—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes in a group of twenty-eight oils; through Jan. 29. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Frederick Franck—Semiabstract and abstract paintings, several of them landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Twelve canvases, principally figure studies, painted in 1954; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Marsden Hartley—Abstract oils and drawings, done in Berlin between 1913 and 1915; through Jan. 29. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Matta—Around twenty oils dated 1953 and 1954 by this Chilean artist; through Jan. 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

George L. K. Morris—"Converging Disks," "Descent in Depth," and twelve more abstract paintings; through Jan. 22. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—New sculptures, all with a charmingly oblique Oriental suggestion, in his first exhibition in some five years; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (The Stable Gallery, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

William Pachner—Both figures and landscapes are to be found in this set of about twenty paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Perlin—Scenes of Rome, Venice, Capri, and New York in a selection of ten oils; through Jan. 22. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Recent paintings and collages, including everything from stained-glass windows to winking lights, to show that Abstract Expressionism can be fun, too; through Jan. 18. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—A dozen abstract oils derived primarily from landscapes; through Jan. 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Frederic Taubes—Paintings on a variety of subjects in an exhibit marking the artist's twenty-fifth year of work in America; through Jan. 22. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Jacques Zucker—Landscapes ranging from Mexico to Majorca, plus a few interiors; through Jan. 22. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Blue Rider Group—Paintings by Macke, Klee, Kandinsky, and others of this early German Expressionist group; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

College Art—A continuing series. At the moment, the show consists of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by art students at the University of Mississippi. Through Jan. 24. (Forum, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **HELLER,** 63 E. 57th St.: Emily Kinnier, Alan Wood-Thomas, and Vance Hunt are three of the nine artists who have paintings and sculptures on view; through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **TANAGER,** 90 E. 10th St.: Small oils and sculptures by more than eighty artists make up the gallery's third annual invitation show; through Jan. 20. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

French; Group Shows—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by present-day artists, among them Bonnard, Utrillo, and Chagall; through Jan. 31. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 11 E. 68th St.: Paintings by six contemporary artists, including Bernard Buffet and Jean Dubuffet; through Jan. 31. . . . **REHN,** 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and twenty-two other regular gallery members have a painting apiece on display; through Jan. 22.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: William R. Leigh; starting Tuesday, Jan. 11. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Paul-Emile Borduas; starting Monday, Jan. 10. . . . **VALENTIN,** 32 E. 57th St.: Reg Butler; starting Tuesday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **CARAVAN,** 132 E. 65th St.; starting Sunday, Jan. 9. (Daily, 3 to 7.) **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Park S.; starting Sunday, Jan. 9. (Daily, noon to 6.) **SEGY,** 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; starting Monday, Jan. 10. **VILLAGE ART CENTER,** 39 Grove St.; starting Monday, Jan. 10. (Daily, 1 to 6; Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, 8 to 10.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

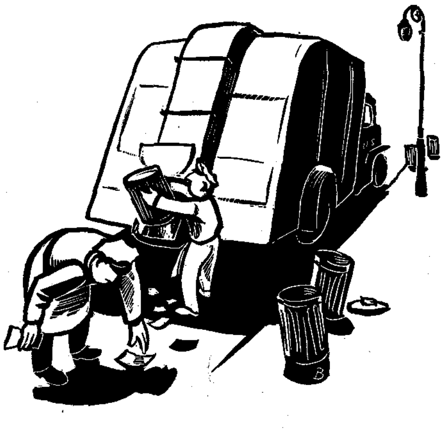
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The remaining two parts of a three-part display, celebrating the Museum's twenty-fifth year: Cubism and abstract paintings, through Feb. 6; and Cézanne and the early twentieth century, through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ About a hundred prints, representing the work of European artists from Post-Impressionism to the present; through Feb. 20. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—A loan show of Spanish medieval art, including sculptures, paintings, metalwork, ivories, and manuscripts; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Recent acquisitions, including a constructivist sculpture by Pevsner and an early Feininger, along with a group of pieces from the Museum collection, ranging from a Seurat and a Cézanne to a recent "constellation" by Calder; through Jan. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Lee Hersch and Ralph Nelson memorial exhibitions; starting Sunday, Jan. 9. (Daily, 1 to 5.)



Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The annual invitation show of paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings by contemporary American artists; starting Wednesday, Jan. 12. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Herva Nelli, Margaret Roggero, and Kurt Baum; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Robert Merrill, and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Zinka Milanov, Marian Anderson, Roberta Peters, Leonard Warren, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: "Vittorio," a ballet, with Mia Slavenska and Zachary Solov; and "Salome," with Christel Goltz, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Giacinto Prandelli, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Vittorio," a ballet, with Mia Slavenska and Zachary Solov; and "Salome," with Christel Goltz, Blanche Thebom, Clifford Harvuot, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Dolores Wilson, George London, and Cesare Valletti. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Manon," with Licia Albanese, Giacinto Prandelli, Frank Valentino, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Nell Rankin, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, Nadine Conner, Cesare Siepi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and George London.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2:30; and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 2:30 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano). . . . ¶ Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 14, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:45 (an all-Beethoven program, with Robert Casadesus, piano).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. Alexander Brailowsky will be piano soloist at the Friday and Saturday concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Concert Society of New York—I Musici, an Italian string ensemble. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 5:30.)

Albert Schweitzer's Eightieth-Birthday Concert—Edouard Nies-Berger directing the Central Presbyterian Church Choir and the Nies-Berger Chamber Orchestra in an all-Bach program, with soloists. A benefit for Dr. Schweitzer's hospital in Lambaréné, F. E. Africa. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

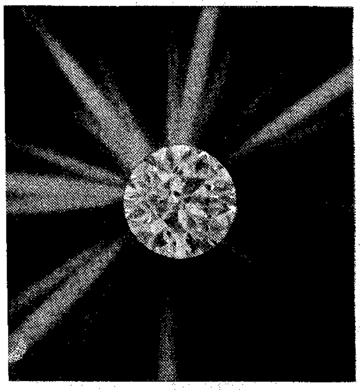
Interracial Fellowship Chorus—Harold Aks directing Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," with soloists and an orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 7:30. Tickets at the church on the night of the performance.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Gerhard Track directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Budapest String Quartet—At the **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum: The third and fourth in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 6, and Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.) . . . **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM,** Y.M.H.A.: With David Oppenheim, clarinet; Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ With Myra Hess, piano; Tuesday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ With John Barrows, horn, and Artur Balsam, piano; Saturday, Jan. 15. (Lexing-

The Days a Man Remembers



De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

No events in a man's life hold such lasting memories, so influence his heart and his ambitions, as those which occur within his family world. How fitting it is, then, that he may make enduring records of meaningful occasions . . . the birth of a child . . . a specially tender anniversary . . . a daughter's debut . . . in the clear, bright flames of diamonds. His gifts of diamonds recall his pride and gratitude, his love for those who love him, for many generations. These brilliant family treasures mirror back his hopes and his fulfillments for all to see. He seeks, of course, the counsel of a trusted jeweler in making his selection.

The value of a diamond is determined by color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight. A two-carat diamond, for instance, ranges from $1350 to $3182, plus tax, at representative jewelers. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced.

Most treasured gift—
the diamond ring
that marks an anniversary,
or other great occasion.

A Diamond is Forever

AMERICAN EXPRESS . . .
your friend abroad

From its friendly representatives in uniform,
to its network of overseas offices,
American Express makes any European tour a carefree,
enjoyment-filled experience. So be sure!
Plan your entire European trip through American Express.

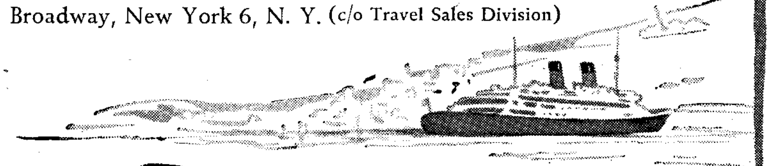
OVER 100 ESCORTED TOURS IN 1955
28 to 84 days. Leading steamships and airlines.
Priced from $837.

BUDGET TOURS: Choice of 12 different tours
or tour combinations abroad. 14 to 45 days. $187 up.
(Transatlantic transportation additional)

INDEPENDENT TRAVEL:
"On your own" with all
arrangements made in advance.
Custom-built itineraries.

"TRAVEL NOW
PAY LATER"
PLANS AVAILABLE

Address your request for literature to any American Express office or
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.
65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. (c/o Travel Sales Division)



AMERICAN EXPRESS
AMERICAN EXPRESS

AIR
STEAMSHIP
RAIL • BUS
HOTEL
RESERVATIONS

American Express meets the ship!
(One of our many services abroad)

Ask your Travel Agent or

AMERICAN EXPRESS
TRAVEL SERVICE

Offices and correspondents world-wide

Carry
American Express
Travelers Cheques
—100% Safe

ton Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

Mannes-Gimpel-Silva Trio—With Paul Doktor, viola; the last in a series of three recitals. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 788. Friday, Jan. 7 at 8:30.)

Bernardo Segáll—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Myra Hess—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2:30.)

Webster Aitken—Piano; the first two of three Schubert-sonata programs. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 15, at 5:30.)

Solomon—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Carol Smith—Contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 2:30.)

Knickerbocker Chamber Players—Conducted, in part, by Wesley Sontag, with Bernice Reaser, piano, and Robert Reaser, who, it seems, will do some painting during the performance. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Musicians' Guild—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Artur Balsam, piano; and the Kroll Quartet, with Laura Newell, harp, and Julius Baker, flute. The second in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano; the seventh of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8:40.)

Julian Olevsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:40.)

Aurora Mauro-Cottone—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer; the fifth in a series of six programs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

Burl Ives—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Note—Gina Bachauer will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 11, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The telephone number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Willie Troy, light heavyweights, 8 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 9: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 12: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Indoor Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, Jan. 8.)

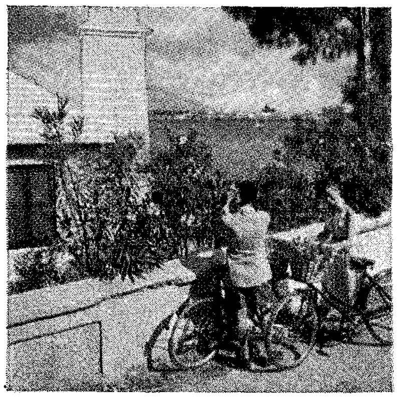
Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Skating—Finals of the Silver Skates competitions. For the benefit of the Daily News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championships. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Matches daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 5:30; through Tuesday, Jan. 11. No tickets necessary.)

Track—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Sen-

LOVELY...



A cycle stop along a flowered lane.

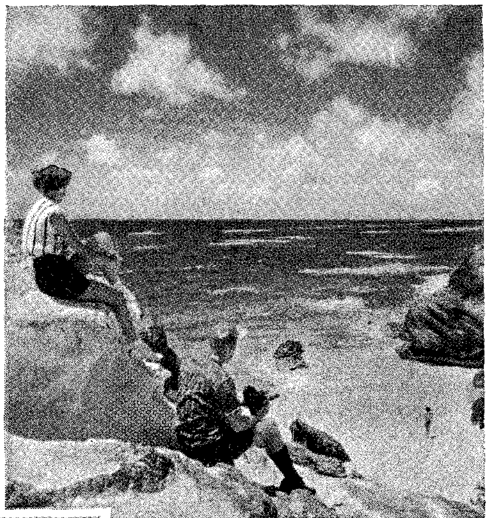
LOVELY...

Tea-time and time for leisure.

LOVELY Bermuda

The blue of the sea rivals the blue of the sky. Brilliant flowers vie with pastel-coloured cottages. Pink sandy beaches dot the coral shore. Here is an easy-going tempo for those who seek rest . . . sports, sightseeing, shopping for those who want to be active. Sail to Bermuda in a great ocean liner or fly in a modern airliner. Enjoy the social gaiety of a fine hotel or the delightful intimacy of a guest house. For your best holiday—come to lovely Bermuda.

A Recommendation: Bermuda's hotels, guest houses and carriers suggest you arrange your holiday through your Travel Agent who will save you time and money in planning your vacation.



FREE ⇨

Write for the beautifully illustrated, full colour, 16-page booklet, "Bermuda Welcomes You," and the Travel Kit which gives you information on hotels, guest houses, shops, transportation facilities.

Bermuda
WELCOMES YOU

THE BERMUDA TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD, Dept. Y51, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20

GENTLEMEN: Please send me, without charge, the Travel Kit which contains "Bermuda Welcomes You."

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

TRAVELLING AROUND

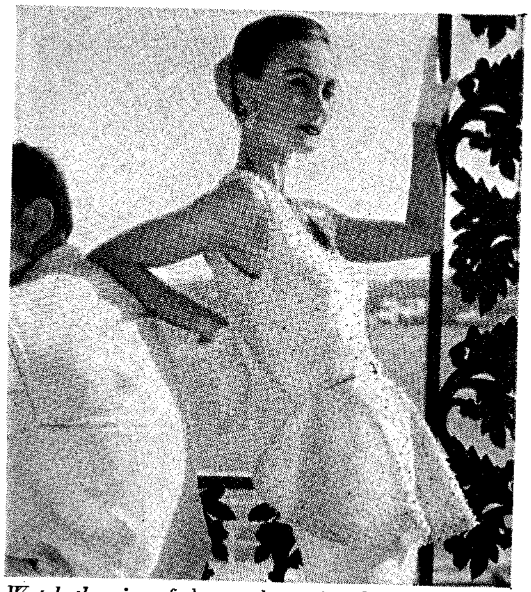
During the post-War II years Bermuda has become more popular than ever. The nearness of these mid-Atlantic Islands to the United States is an advantage. For example, B.O.A.C. offers top flight service from New York at a tourist round-trip fare of $99. Just 3¼ hours flying time in famous Constellation comfort. And Colonial Airlines offers daily Skycruiser service between New York and Bermuda at tourist rates—$99 round trip, plus fed. tax. The superb Liners Queen of Bermuda and Ocean Monarch provide four glorious days at sea as part of your holiday, two days each way.

The variety of living accommodations is amazing. The Belmont Manor Hotel with its 18-hole golf course and the waterside Inverurie provide everything for vacation fun. Bermuda's largest seaside resort, Castle Harbour ranks as one of the world's greatest hotels. Hub of social activities is Elbow Beach Surf Club, an oceanside "resort estate," with beautiful beach, sports, dancing nightly.

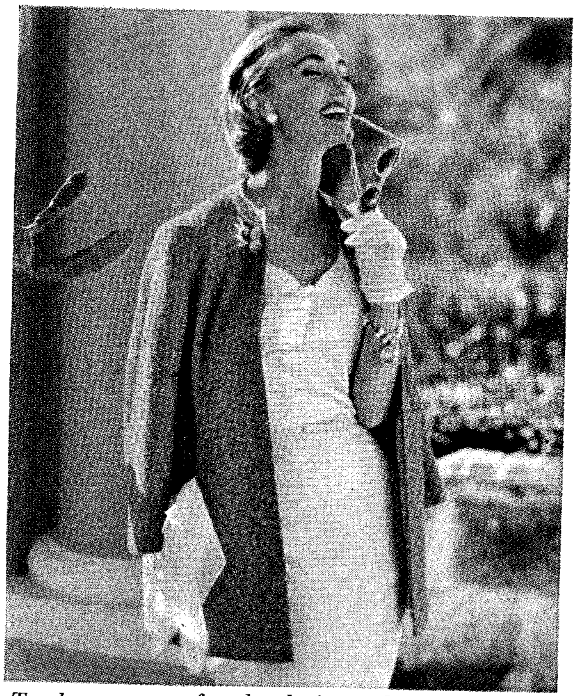
Bermuda's guest houses are unique. Cambridge Beaches, a distinctive cottage colony, has bathing and water sports at your door. Faraway Cottage Colony has one of Bermuda's finest beaches—ideal if you're taking the children. The Mid-Ocean Club boasts a world-famous golf course, a beautiful secluded beach and congenial atmosphere. Century-old Waterloo House, near Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, has private pier, terraced garden, old world charm.

Hamilton's shops display the best Europe has to offer. You can pick up a gift in Wm. Bluck & Co. in china, glass, silver or furniture. You'll find a complete stock of foreign cameras in The Camera Shop where printing and developing are done. A. S. Cooper & Sons overwhelm you with imported china, silver, antiques, furnishings and fine clothing for men and women. Peniston-Brown Co. has an outstanding selection of Guerlain, Caron, Lanvin, Patou, Chanel, Corday, Nina-Ricci, Millot perfumes. H. A. & E. Smith is the big store in Bermuda with just about everything in clothing, furnishings, and antiques. Trimingham's is a place for a connoisseur to shop for handsome British imports and other smart clothes. For tooth paste, razor blades and such there's a Rexall drug store, The Phoenix, on Queen Street. Out in lovely Somerset, in The Irish Linen Shop, there is beautiful linen for every need. And your holiday isn't complete until you see how, through enfleurage and distillation, delicate Lili Perfumes are made. Shopping finished, you can relax after dinner at The Bermudiana Theatre where your favorite stars perform. Come on down, it's wonderful.

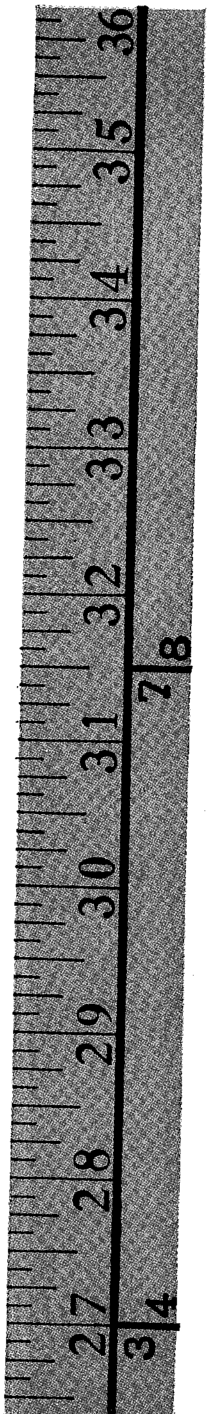
(*Advertisement*)



Watch the rise of the wool evening dress. Gossamer sheerness with a slimness of line—unique with wool



Touch-me textures found only in wool are highlighted in this tweed coat over a dress of sheerest wool flannel



There's a new

Tropic-sheer wools . . .
the most-talked-about
resort fashion this season

Making news in the world's smartest sunny weather playgrounds . . .

Flannels so light they're called wool-o'-the-wisp.

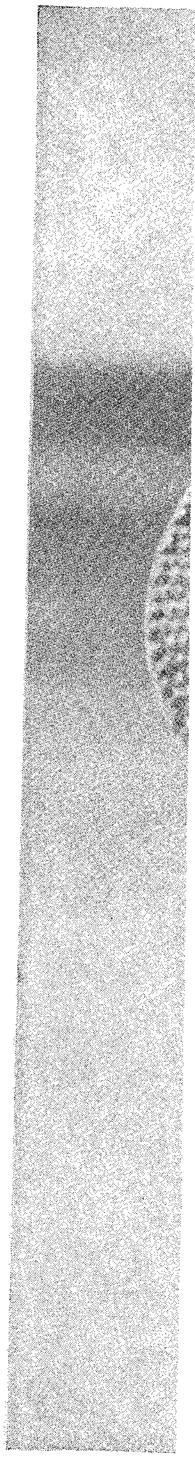
Jerseys knitted sea-mist cool.

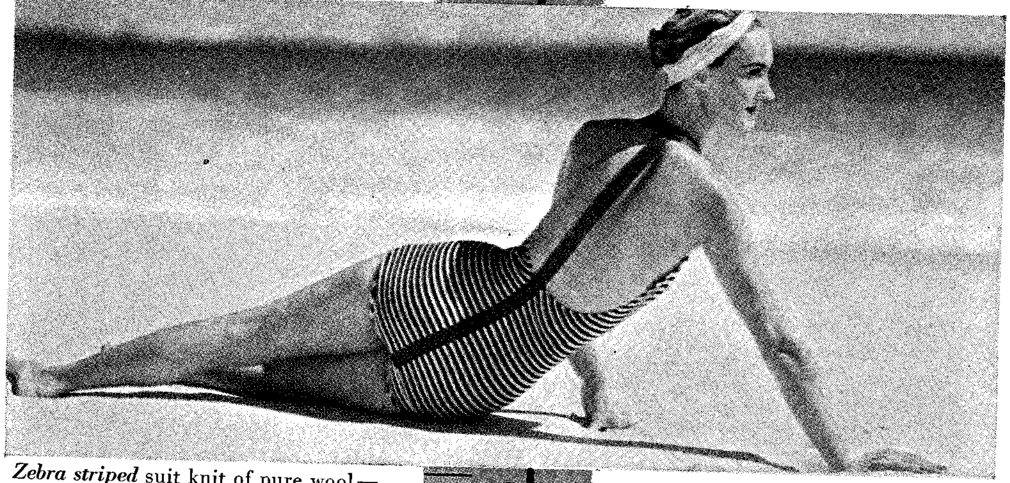
Tweeds—barely a shadow of their former weight.

You'll see star-spangled wools in evening dresses. Sheer handkerchief wools in sun clothes. New wools with a long future that will breeze right into spring and summer. Yes, the 1955 standard for balmy-weather fashion is set by wool.

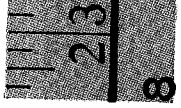
For, plus wool's eye-compelling drama, its airy coolness . . . wool is the most practical vacationer there is. You can bike, sight-see or just siesta . . . and your wools will resist wrinkles day after day . . . *will never wilt.* Wool thrives like an orchid in tropic climes.

So, if you want to pack the most carefree fun and fashion into your golden holiday . . . follow the trend —go light . . . go wool.

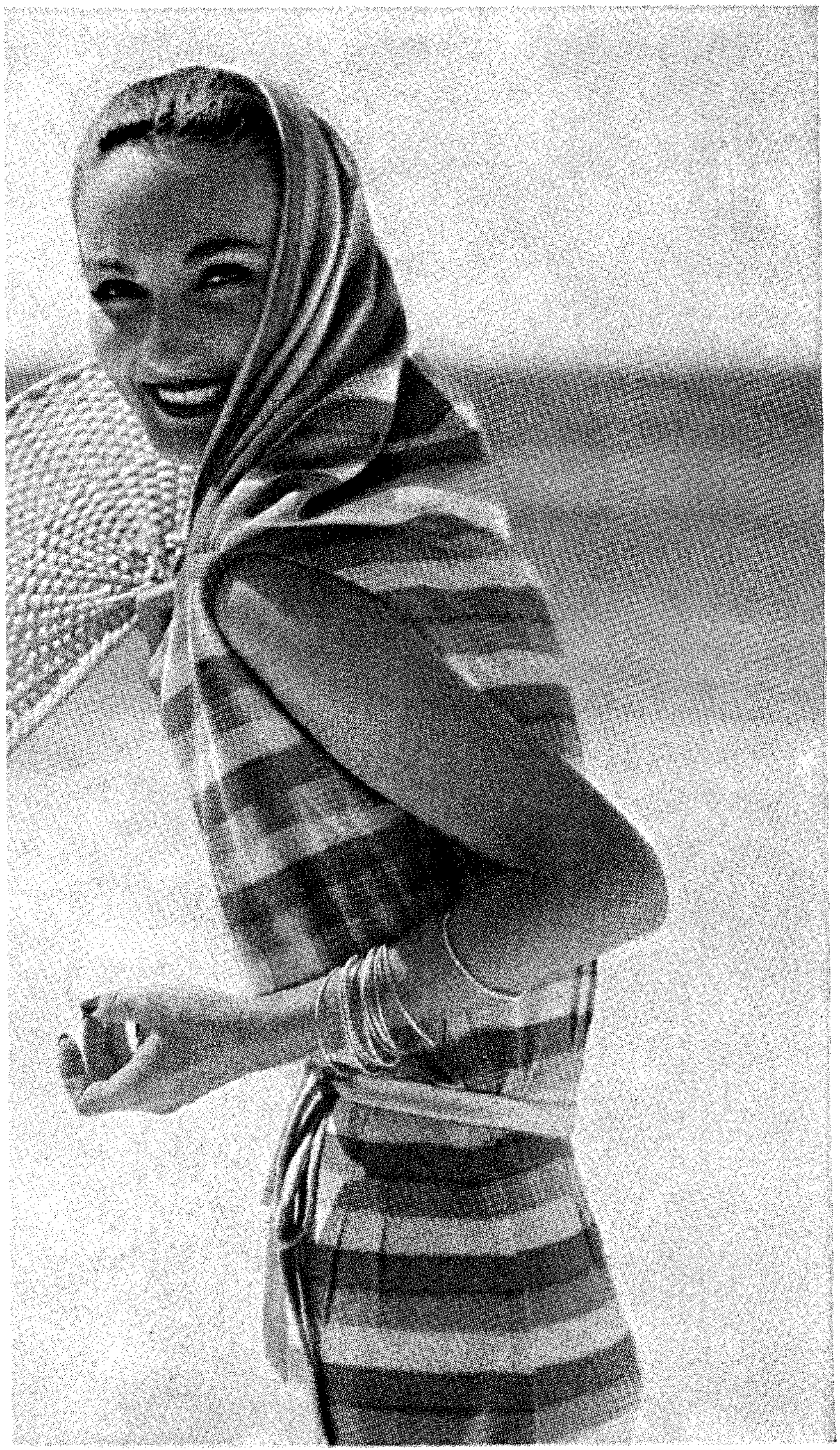




Zebra striped suit knit of pure wool—won't look soaked or saggy . . . works wonders with your figure



yardstick for following the sun

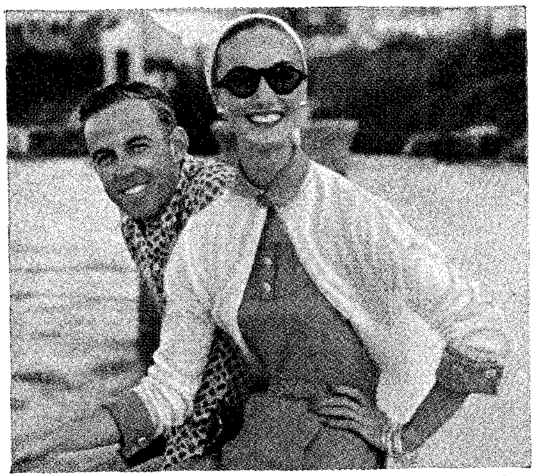


Calypso striped beach dress fashioned of all wool jersey . . . because jersey of wool holds its lean line for keeps

Would you like to know where to buy these new wool resort fashions? For nearest store, write to Dept. E-1, WOOL, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y., or phone PLaza 7-5092

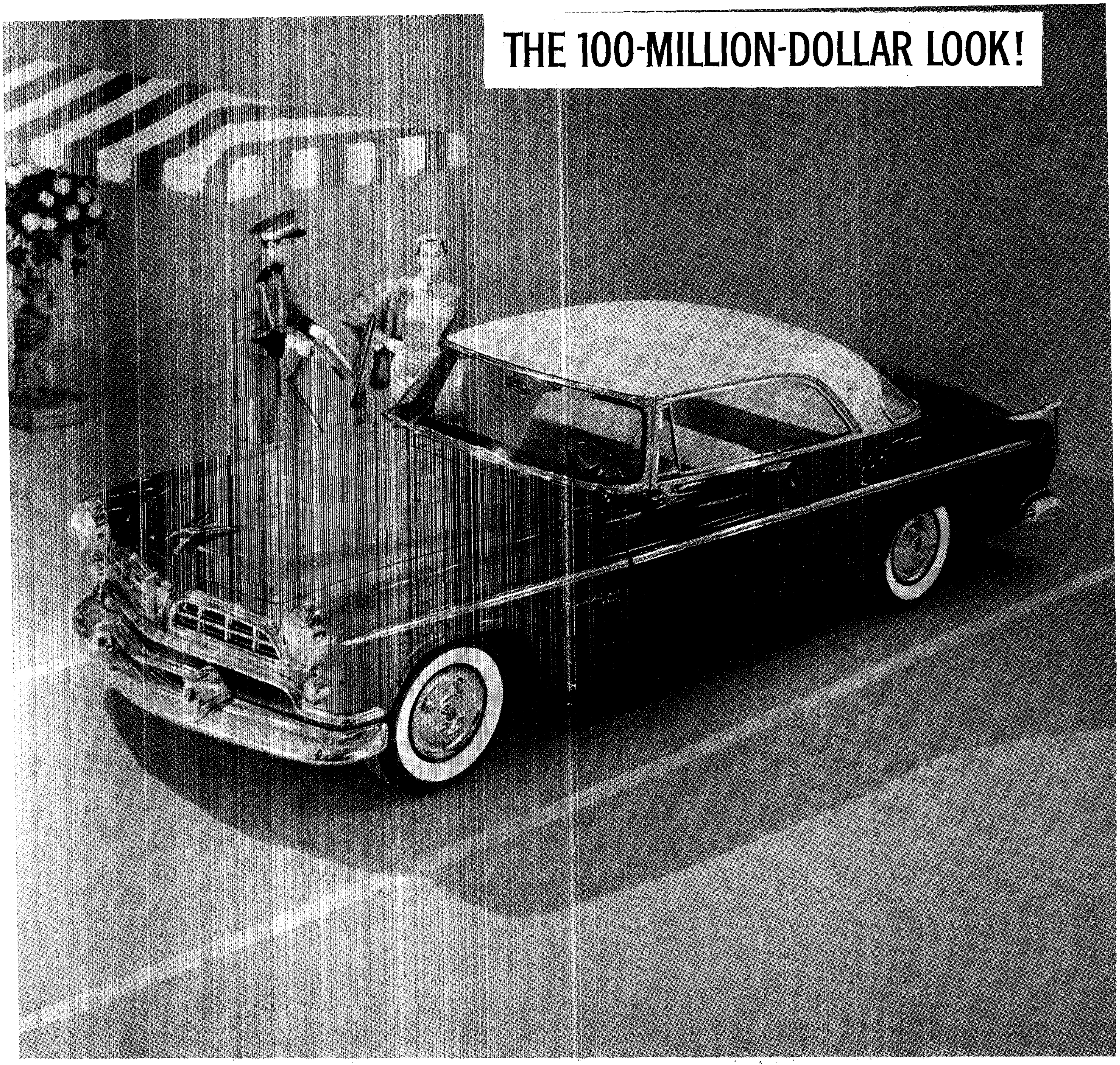
→nothing measures up to Wool

Caribbean Gold coat and middy suit—so soft textured yet muss resistant . . . arrives fresh, untired by travel



Handkerchief worsted for her—the new sheer wool—shown with mated sweater. For him, a wool Paisley shirt

Peppermint checked flannel sheath and coat. For tropic weather changes, nothing is as comfortable as wool



WINDSOR DELUXE NASSAU IN BRILLIANT TANGO RED AND PLATINUM

It's a totally new fashion in Tailored Steel

Now you see what all the excitement's about! Now you see the *newest* new car in this generation – Chrysler for 1955 with its dramatically sweeping silhouette in tailored steel.

New longer, lower, leaner lines . . . luxurious new fashion-forecast interiors . . . new SuperScenic Windshield with swept-back posts . . . new divided grille . . . new Twin-Tower tail lights . . . new PowerFlite Range-Selector on the dash panel . . . new *everything* inside, new *everything* outside!

MORE NEWS: Every Chrysler is now a V-8 with engines up to 250 hp. *Plus* PowerFlite, most automatic of all no-clutch transmissions . . . Full-Time Coaxial Power Steering . . . Power Brakes . . . Power Seats. And new tubeless tires!

See your Chrysler dealer as soon as you can and see why now, more than ever, the power of leadership is yours in a Chrysler. You will feel a new personal power and personal pride that the ordinary motorist cannot even imagine!

AMERICA'S MOST SMARTLY DIFFERENT CAR . . . **CHRYSLER** FOR **1955**

ior Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—By the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 11.)

Plays—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Heidi." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE: "The Colonial Drummer Boy." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

Dance Recital—Inesita, a Spanish dancer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 3:30.)

Variety Show—"Little Red Riding Hood," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus several other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The January show, "Skies in '55," previews astronomical events for the new year, including a total eclipse of the sun, meteor showers, and the changing sky patterns of the different seasons. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

President Eisenhower—Delivering his State of the Union address to a joint session of Congress on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 12:30. The speech will be carried by all major radio and television networks.

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until late January; there will, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 6-8, at 1:45: Part I of the Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly collection—Georgian cabinetwork; Meissen and Chinese porcelains; tapestries, among them the "Story of Apollo" series from the Palazzo Barberini; paintings by Rubens, Van Dyck, and other old masters; and eighteenth-century English engravings. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 11-12, at 1:45: First editions, plus books, in several languages, on printing, bookbinding, and arts and crafts; the property of Mrs. Clara Smith Wolfe and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: Paintings by Rembrandt, de Hooch, Gainsborough, and other seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, along with primitive and Renaissance works; belonging to various collectors, among them Charles S. Towers. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 8.

Beautiful Dining is so often simply a matter of choosing correct appointments . . . from Tiffany.

Sterling Silver Flatware—English King pattern
Six Piece Place Setting . . . . $ 45.25
Minton China
Gold Band with Crocus
Five Piece Place Setting . . . . 27.
American Crystal by Tiffin—per dozen
Goblets $ 138. Champagne Glasses 138.
Silver Price includes reduced Federal Tax

Mail and Telephone Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22 · PLAZA 5-8000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Animal Farm—The Orwell satire in an animated cartoon made by an English outfit. Some of the creatures are a trifle too Disneyish, when one considers the theme of the allegory, but the picture is worth seeing, for all that. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Carmen Jones—An all-Negro cast in Oscar Hammerstein's relentlessly folksy version of the Bizet opera. The plot has been changed around quite a bit, often to no advantage. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers, but the voices they seem to be raising in song are really those of Marilynn Horne and LeVern Hutcherson, and they are splendid. The eminent Pearl Bailey is on hand, too, and singing for herself. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Jan. 12.)

The Country Girl—Bing Crosby, as a shattered and alcoholic hoofer who is rescued from his follies by his wife, played by Grace Kelly, and a theatrical director, played by William Holden. A fine adaptation of the Clifford Odets drama, in which all the principals are excellent. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

Gate of Hell—A magnificent Japanese film, dealing with revolt and passion in the thirteenth century. The color is superb, the action brisk, and the impact powerful. Directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, and starring Machiko Kyo, Kazuo Hasegawa, and Isao Yamagata. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

High and Dry—Merriment in Scottish coastal waters, all brought on when a native crew determines to deliver a cargo of household goods owned by an American transportation magnate who has severe misgivings about the whole project. Among the Scottish mariners in this English production are Alex Mackenzie, James Copeland, and Abe Barker, and pitted against them is Paul Douglas. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 7-8.)

The Little Kidnappers—How a pair of innocents, aged five and eight, melt the cold, Calvinistic heart of their grandfather in Nova Scotia in 1904. The small fry, played by Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, might well melt anybody's heart, Calvinist or otherwise. They are warmly supported by Duncan Macrae, Adrienne Corri, Jean Anderson, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd St., BU 8-9304; through Jan. 12, tentative. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 11-12.)

Men of the Fighting Lady—War in the air over Korea, with a good many exciting passages that were actually photographed in combat woven into a fairly standard account of a squadron of Navy fighters. Van Johnson is excellent as one of the pilots, and his associates in the piece are all solid men. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 9-11.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—A French film in which the very funny comedian Jacques Tati runs through some reliable old silent-film techniques. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 8.)

On the Waterfront—All hell breaking loose on the Hoboken docks in a film that compares favorably with some of our best movie melodramas. Marlon Brando does a scorching job as a longshoreman who sees the ethical light after a long wrestle with a fairly elastic conscience, and he is powerfully backed up by Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. The film was written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Jan. 12.)

Romeo and Juliet—Some lovely views of Venice, Siena, and other Italian towns. The adaptation of the Bard for which they serve as backgrounds isn't too satisfactory, though; for one thing, the young principals have some trouble with the Shakespearean verse. Directed, with plenty of action, by Renato Castellani. An English picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Sabrina—Audrey Hepburn's celebrated charm is rather overworked in this exercise about a chauffeur's daughter who is anxious to play Cinderella to a Long Island princeling. However, a fine performance by Humphrey Bogart shores up the film, and there are funny scenes here and there along the line. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 9-11.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 9-11.)

The Big Day (1952)—A French film, originally known as "Jour de Fête," about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Black Narcissus (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 12.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 9.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. A British picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 12.)

Knock on Wood (1954)—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist involved with some international spies. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 9-11.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; Jan. 10-11.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon de Wilde again enact the leading roles. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Jan. 12.)

Mister 880—Edmund Gwenn counterfeiting one-dollar bills while Dorothy McGuire and Burt Lancaster supply the hearts and flowers. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 9-10.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Jan. 9-11. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Jan. 10-11.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 8.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through Jan. 7.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 9-11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 9: "Theatrical and Social Dancing in Film," a program made up of excerpts from various movies, including "The Whirl of Life" (1914), with Vernon and Irene Castle; "Our Dancing Daughters" (1928), with Joan Crawford; and the ballet film, "The Red Shoes" (1948). . . . ¶ From Jan. 10: "It Happened One Night" (1934), with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th (JU 6-2240)
"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Paul Lukas.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Vera Cruz" (in Superscope), Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster, Denise Darcel.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Jan. 10: "Athena," Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Edmund Purdom.
From Jan. 11: "Theodora, Slave Empress," Gianna Maria Canale, George Marchal.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Green Fire" (in CinemaScope), Stewart Granger, Grace Kelly, Paul Douglas.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Deep in My Heart," José Ferrer, Merle Oberon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Silver Chalice" (in CinemaScope), Virginia Mayo, Pier Angeli.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Jan. 10: **CARMEN JONES** (in CinemaScope).
From Jan. 11: "Prince of Players" (in CinemaScope), Richard Burton, Maggie McNamara, Raymond Massey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"There's No Business Like Show Business" (in CinemaScope), Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"3 Ring Circus" (in VistaVision), Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Sunderin," Hildegarde Neff.

Most likely to succeed

Here are twenty-six men and women. They are the copy department at Campbell-Ewald's Detroit headquarters office.

Their average age is 34 (not counting the head man, back row center!).

Examine them carefully one by one, or give them the once-over treatment of a professional sizer-upper, and you can come to but one conclusion: They don't look much different, give and take a few personal preferences in head-shapes, neckties and expressions, from any other group of twenty-six men and women in advertising.

Why do we so blandly say that this group (and its contemporaries in our other offices) is most likely to succeed? The headline itself is no evidence; it is not particularly clever, nor, in the language of the deadly many, "hard-selling." It is a simple, unembellished statement of fact—but we feel that no other statement of fact so precisely sums up our current creative situation.

And this is why:

Success in advertising depends upon the ability of an agency to produce great advertising . . . not just adequate advertising, but distinguished advertising. The agency that produces this kind of advertising isn't afraid to dream, to adventure—doesn't give a hoot about the way other people do it, but believes in its own way, and has the guts and the imagination to produce and sell what it believes in.

Such conviction must stem from the top and permeate downward. Here, from President Ted Little to the newest fledgling writer and art director, the spirit that produces great advertising has become an electric thing.

Nearly all agencies draw talent from the same broad sources—from farms, from small towns, from large cities, from big and little schools, from behind counters and off newspaper beats, from likely and unlikely places in kind—but the thing that shapes these variegated talents into a crusading company of ambitious ad-makers is the strong and *uninterrupted flow of inspiration and encouragement from the top.*

Without such leadership, talent withers. With it, talent bursts and blooms . . . and the great ads of today and tomorrow take form . . . naturally . . . believably . . . and become a credit to the profession of advertising and to the job of selling.

We are most likely to succeed because we are in the right place at the right time—a place that is producing and will continue to produce great ads because everybody in it wants to.

CAMPBELL-EWALD *Advertising*

Detroit • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles
San Francisco • Washington • Atlanta • Dallas • Kansas City

FIFTH AVENUE
B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK

Going Places in '55 ... **HORIZON BLUE!**

Toni Owen's clever capsule wardrobe of travel-minded separates in one of our own beautiful blues that beckon with the allure of a distant horizon! Five items that add up to enough changes to encompass night-and-day activities! Sizes 10 to 16.

in horizon royal blue wool jersey: cardigan, **9.95** belt, **3.95**
in palest blue cotton embroidered with horizon royal blue:
full skirt, **22.95** sleeveless turtle-neck blouse, **9.95**
scoop-neck blouse, **11.95**

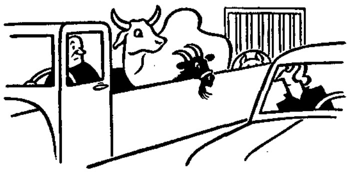
Altman separates, third floor
. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset; MUrrayhill 9-7000

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

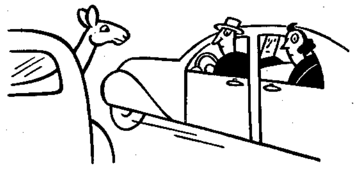
Notes and Comment

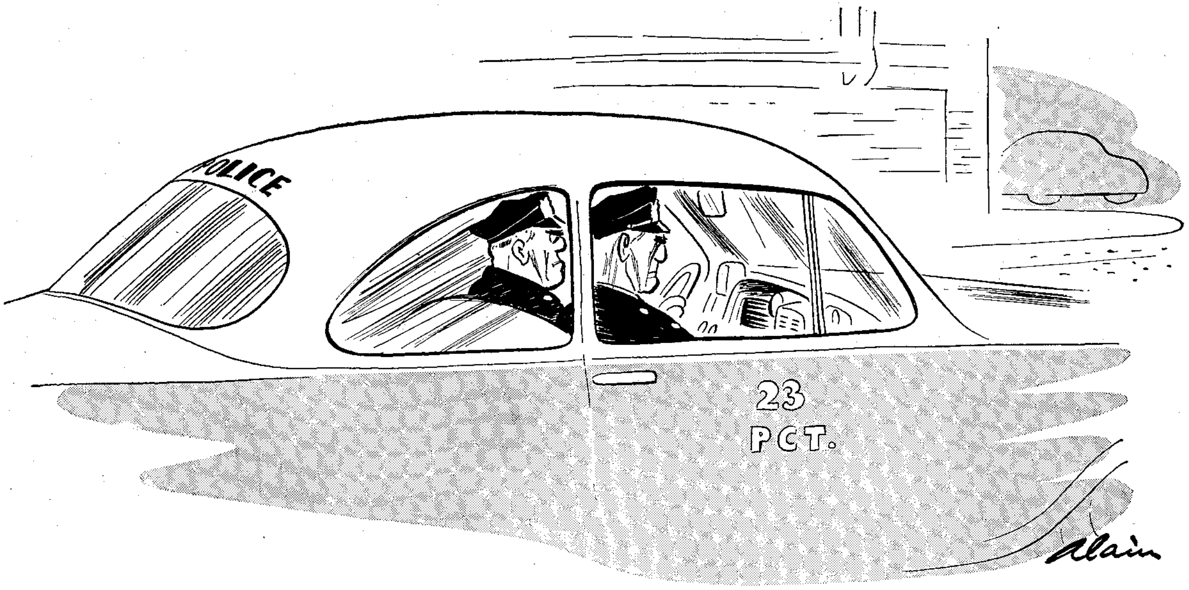
A DISPATCH from an extraordinarily observant lady correspondent of ours in northern New York relates that she was driving her station wagon along one of the main highways up there the other day when, a mile or two from the side road that leads to her home, she overtook a farm truck. She noted that it bore Texas license plates. The back part of the truck was equipped with railings about six inches apart and reaching to a height of some four feet from the floor, so she was able to see most of what was inside as she passed the truck. She saw a large white animal with long horns and a hump in the middle of its back. Although the hump made the animal look like a camel, her dispatch says, "the existence of the horns persuaded me to conclude that the animal was not a camel." Fortunately, a traffic light stopped her station wagon only a few hundred yards farther on, and in a moment the truck drew up beside her. She took another look at the large white animal. While taking the look, she discovered that the large white animal was sharing the back of the truck with a billy goat, a turkey gobbler, a pig, and a porcupine. The billy goat was haltered, the porcupine wore a collar and was chained to the side rails, the turkey gobbler was in a wire cage, and the pig was free to lounge around. The driver of the truck and its occupants looked at our correspondent and were silent. "Would you mind telling me what that animal is?" the correspondent asked the driver (who was forty-six or forty-seven years old, stoop-shouldered, tanned, and bald), and he replied, "Which animal?" She told him she meant the big white one with the horns and the hump. "That's a Brahman bull," the man said. "Born in India, raised in Texas. I'm taking him and the others to this dizzy guy in Montreal, all the way from Fort Worth, and I sure hope I get them there before they start raising hell again." Rising to the height of her journalistic toes, our correspondent asked him what the dizzy guy in Montreal wanted with them—and who was he, anyway? "Well, that's a long story," the man said. The correspondent then goes on to tell us, "I regret to say that I was unable to hear the truck driver's explanation, because at that instant the traffic light changed from red to green and we both drove on. It was only a short distance from there to the side road my house is on, and when I reached it, I turned off. I was taking home in the rear compartment of my station wagon a new natural-color rattan rug for the rumpus room in the basement, and I was anxious to see how it was going to look."



We have been mulling over this dispatch, and we have a few suggestions to make. They will be of interest, we're afraid, only to people who send us dispatches. Where this correspondent fell down on her job was in following that whim of hers to turn off onto the side road. If she expects to make a go at corresponding, she must learn to think before she follows whims of that sort. Her station wagon, we presume, made a quicker getaway than the truck when the traffic light changed from red to green. Consequently, she must have been ahead of the truck almost immediately—certainly before she reached the side road. Once ahead of the truck, she should have stopped her station wagon crosswise on the highway, forming a roadblock. This would have caused the truck to come to a stop. She could then have alighted, walked up to the driver, and let him tell her the story. Or she could have sat in the station wagon and let him shout it to her. It has occurred to us, of course, that the driver, after she either walked up or nodded to him, might have claimed that his story was of such unconscionable length that the telling of it there at the roadblock on the highway would make it impossible for him to get the Brahman bull, the porcupine, the billy goat, and so on to Montreal before they started raising hell again. In this case, the correspondent should have invited the whole shooting match to her house and put them up for the night, letting the creatures bellow around the rumpus room in the basement while the man told his story upstairs in the living room. The point is that the laying down of any kind of rug at all can wait in a case like this.

IN the same mail, another observant lady correspondent—this time in central Massachusetts—wrote, "We were driving Peg and Jack to the airport to see them off for Florida when my husband, Tom, suddenly said, 'Do you see that llama in the car ahead of us?' We all looked and, so help me, a llama was riding in the back of a sedan. As we passed, he stuck his head out of the window and pricked up his ears at us. Then he pulled his head in and stuck it over the shoulder of a lady who was sitting in the front seat, and the last we saw, she was patting it gently. We don't expect anyone to believe the story, but it's true and too good not to tell!" This correspondent, like the one in northern New York, simply didn't follow through. Down here in the city, we're trying to get to





"... watch for stolen car, license 587J, two-door Dodge, sapphire-white top, jewel-black hood, and heather-rose side panels."

• •

the bottom of things, and we can't do it all alone, tied to a desk.

•

SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCE: The Colonial, a cinema mansion in Norfolk, Virginia, advertised a picture called "Tomorrow Is Too Late" as "Adult entertainment! Positively no one admitted under 12 yrs. old."

Big Purchase

WELL, you can throw away your copy of *Fortune* this month and learn about big business from us, for we've just had an illuminating talk with Colonel Henry Crown, of Chicago, board chairman, part owner, and co-founder (with Irving Crown and the late S. R. Crown) of the Material Service Corporation, which is the world's largest producer and distributor of building materials (a fifty-eight-million-dollar annual business); a vice-president, director, and member of the executive committee, and large stockholder of the Hilton Hotels Corporation; a director, member of the executive committee, and, with two other men, twenty-per-cent stockholder of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad; and owner of the Empire State Building, whose stock is worth forty-nine and a half million dollars. We buttonholed this consequential person at the Waldorf, of which he is a director, and found him a friendly, clean-shaven, sunburned man of fifty-eight, with a dark-brown suit, figured brown tie, and plain brown eyes. We pressed him for the Empire State yarn. "An effort was made to interest me in the Empire State in 1950. John J. Raskob, its owner, sent word to me that he might be interested in disposing of it," he said. "I sent word back that it was too rich for my blood. Later in the year, I came to New York for the World Series and talked to Raskob and General Hugh Drum, the Empire State's president, whom I'd known in War Two, when I was in the Corps of Engineers. They made a proposition that intrigued me. I suggested that they send me a detailed statement, but ten days later Raskob died. I completely forgot about the matter. Six months after that, I picked up the paper and read that Roger Stevens and his group and some others had contracted to buy the Empire State Building from the Raskob estate, so I forgot about it again. About a year after this, I got a call out of the blue from an attorney representing the Raskob estate. 'They've run into a problem,' he said. 'There's a very substantial part of the Empire State stock—twenty-five per cent—not committed for. Do you want to buy it?' The Stevens group had thirty-five per cent, Bob Young had nineteen per cent, William Rosenwald's American Securities Corporation had ten per cent, and the Raskob estate was taking back eleven per cent from other stockholders. The attorney asked to come to Chicago the following Monday so he could talk to me about it. I said I didn't think I was interested, and that anyway Monday was a Rock Island day, and I'd be tied up until late in the afternoon with the executive meeting and the board meeting. He offered to see me late in the afternoon, and I said I'd see him but I doubted if anything would come of it. Well, sir, we sat down at five o'clock, and by a quarter to six he had aroused some interest. Next day, I sent my son Lester and our comptroller, Milton Falkoff, to New York to follow it up. I and some members of my family who join me in investments decided that we would be interested in the twenty-five per cent. The deal was closed the next week, at nearly three million dollars."

Colonel Crown, who had received us in his suite, paused to take two phone calls. "A few months later," he resumed, "Bob Young came to see me (he is an old friend; we'd bought him out in two bites from the Rock Island) and said, 'It would make more sense if one of us had forty-four per cent.' I agreed, and said, 'Let one of us make a price and give the other fellow the option of buying or selling.' He said, 'O.K., you name the price.' I'd held the stock six or seven months, and thought a fifty-per-cent profit would be satisfactory. Since I had paid thirty dollars a share, I named forty-five as my price. He said, 'I'll let you know whether you've bought or sold.' I forgot all about it, but he called me the next day and said, 'You have bought it at forty-five.' It came to over two and a half million. Then I figured since we had forty-four per cent, it would make more sense to have fifty-four. I discussed this first with William Rosenwald and then with his director on the Empire State board, Pete Lavan. Meanwhile, one of Stevens' associates indicated a desire to sell eleven per cent. I offered sixty dollars a share, and they then asked for sixty-one and a half, to which I agreed. We now had fifty-five per cent, but since I had offered Rosenwald's director sixty and realized I had paid sixty-one and a half to the other director, I telephoned Mr. Lavan and told him that I felt, in all fairness, we should make the same offer of sixty-one and a half to him but that actually we did not have nearly the same interest in buying, since we already had fifty-five per cent. Mr. Rosenwald decided to sell, and that gave us a sixty-five-per-cent holding. Shortly thereafter, Roger Stevens and the others offered us their stock, and we now own the Empire State a hundred per cent. I'm basically a coal-mining operator and building-materials producer, not a real-estate operator. Acquisition of the Empire State was not my goal. I had no particular pride of ownership—not that I *mind* owning it, of course. We are now air-conditioning the building and modernizing the elevators; we have already speeded up the elevator in the tower, between the eightieth and hundred-and-second floors. I went on the board of the Empire State Building Corporation when we made the original purchase, and was elected chairman then. After our complete acquisition of the building, I was elected president."

It isn't every day that we run into a man who picks up a fifty-million-dollar investment, give or take a few hundred thousand, without really meaning to, so we asked the Colonel for more news of himself. He was born in Chicago, the son of a suspenders maker— Oh, well, let's keep it for another time. Here's the way he ended a recent letter to a friend, a copy of which he handed to us: "Accumulation of money in itself is not the yardstick for success." That gives you a yardstick for the man, and that's why the view from the Empire State is what it is.

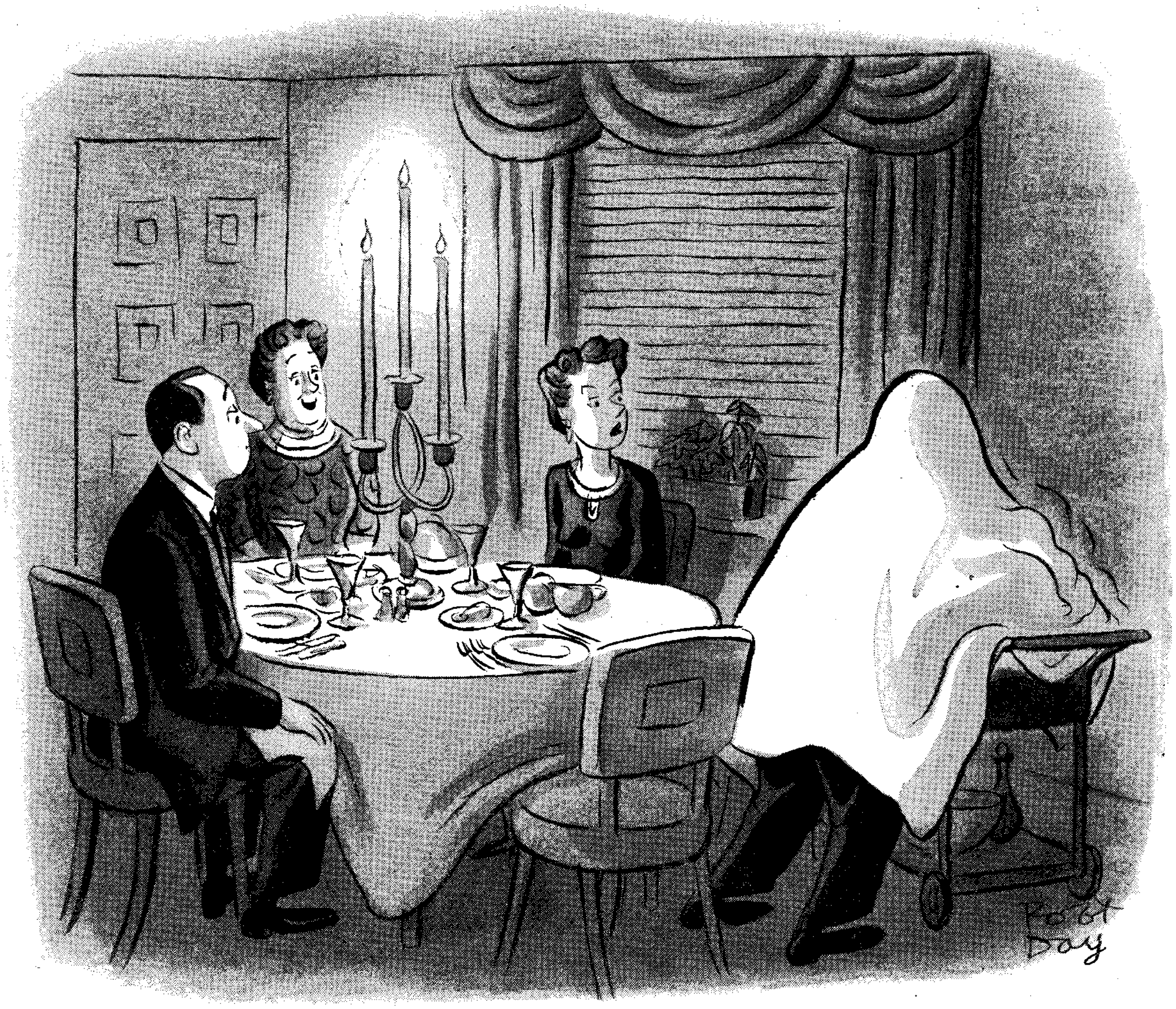
Enough

OUR favorite grandmother of the new year is one we've just been told about by a friend in Cleveland. This Dresden-like, silver-haired lady of sixty has two daughters, and it seems that the two daughters have, in a comparatively short period, presented her with eight grandchildren. The whole crew spent the holidays with Grandmother, and after they had gone, a neighbor asked her if she expected to have any more grandchildren. "All I know," replied Grandmother, "is that I'm taking every precaution not to."

Underwater

THE city is planning to build a passenger pier and terminal on the Hudson River between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth Streets, to replace a rickety old one on approximately the same site. The new pier will be seven hundred and seventy-five feet long, a hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and two stories high; will cost four and a half million dollars; and will probably be occupied by the Italian Line. In getting ready to put up a structure of that size, one must make a number of test borings in the river bottom, to determine what to allow for in the way of underpinnings—wooden pilings if the bottom proves to be deep mud, steel if bedrock is found fairly close to the surface. Test borings at the site of the new pier were completed a few months ago, and the samples of mud and rock that were brought up have now been analyzed by the Department of Marine and Aviation, under whose auspices the pier is being designed and built. Not to keep you in suspense, nice, solid rock was reached at a reasonable depth, and the underpinnings will probably be of steel.

But how are test borings in a river bottom made? An excellent question, and we're happy to supply the answer. To begin with, you work out the number and position of the points at which you think borings had better be made. Then you tow a barge out to one of the points and, with the help of a rig attached to the stern of the barge, drop a pipe known as a casing. This pipe is two and a half inches in diameter and comes in five- to ten-foot lengths, which can be threaded together as the casing sinks into the water. Inside the casing goes the drill rod, which really isn't a rod at all, being hollow, and screwed onto the lower end of the drill rod goes whatever device the situation on the river bottom calls for—a tube if a sample of mud is what you're after, a



"It's a wonderful dressing. It's been a secret in John's family for generations."

spoon if you're after gravel and sand, or a core barrel and diamond bit if you're after rock. The rock samples, which are known as cores, are usually one and three-eighths of an inch in diameter and as long as the core barrel, which is ten feet. With luck, the cores come up in one piece. The gravel and sand samples are placed in glass jars, and the samples of mud are placed in tubes and sealed with wax, to preserve their moisture for any tests that may be required.

At the site of the new pier, the test borings showed that the river bottom was about what the Department of Marine and Aviation had expected. Near shore, rock was found at thirty-six feet, eight inches; at the outermost point, it was a hundred and seventy-seven feet down. The rock surface, measured parallel to the river's flow, drops away approximately two feet in the hundred and twenty-five feet to be covered by the pier. If you picture the deepest hole bored as a straight line marked off into sections, you can visualize its structure about as follows: water for the first twenty-eight and a half feet; gray matter to silt to organic matter down to ninety-six feet, and the same sequence repeated down to a hundred and fifteen feet; gray matter to silt to organic matter to layers of sand down to a hundred and forty feet; gray matter to medium sand down to a hundred and sixty feet; gray matter to fine, silty sand down to a hundred and seventy-one feet; gray matter to fine, silty sand to coarse, silty sand to gravel down to a hundred and seventy-seven feet; and rock thereafter. (We asked an engineer in the Department of Marine and Aviation to define gray matter, and the best he could do was "gunk.") In short, the natural bed of the Hudson turns out to be six layers deep, and the layers turn out to be made of similar materials, brought down by seasonal floods century after century. The heavier materials are deposited first, as you'd expect, and the points at which they're deposited depend on the velocity of the river's flow. Within limits, these layers can be read about as the growth rings of trees are read. The Hudson is a very old and very tired and therefore very slow river, and in most places the deposits on its bottom are two or three times as deep as the water above them.

Besides the holes—ten of them—that were drilled in the river, a couple of holes were drilled onshore, where the ground level is ten feet above mean low water and where rock was found to be some thirty feet below it. The surface of the island consists of a stone known as Manhattan schist, under which is Inwood limestone, under which is Fordham gneiss, but man has been adding to the island for quite a while now, and between the schist and the present ground level is any amount of dredged-up and tamped-down fill, well seasoned with bedsteads, old tires, and wrappings off Milky Ways. Within limits, this fill can also be read about as the growth rings of trees are read. Have drillers making borings ever stumbled on any ships or ancient artifacts sunk in the mud of the river or along the shore? No, and if there are no further questions, class is dismissed.

•

OVERHEARD at the recent exhibit of Dutch painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one lady to another, in front of a Vermeer: "That's a good picture because you don't have to stand so far away to see it. It would be a nice one to hang in a one-room apartment."

Chief

WE were treated to a ham sandwich and a glass of milk in the snack bar at the United Nations, the other day, by no less a personage than Nana Akompi Firam III, a chief of the Akan area of British Togoland, who flew here some weeks ago to express his views on the future of his country before the General Assembly. On the occasion of our talk with Nana Akompi Firam, whom we will call Nana for short, he was decked out in a massive gold crown, a bright-red toga embroidered with designs in gold, black, and green, and cobra-skin sandals, and was carrying a briefcase—an impressive figure in any snack bar. Nana is in his middle thirties and is a man of middle height, with prominent cheekbones, a small mustache, and a winning smile. He speaks excellent English, with a British accent. "I speak Twi at home," he told us. "Next to Ewe, Twi is the main language of British Togoland. I also speak Ewe, Dagomba, and some French. I learned English while being educated at a mission school in Kadjebi, in the central part of British Togoland. Twi is an easy language to learn. '*Wo ho te den?*' is 'How do you do?' '*Bra*' is 'Come.' '*Bra bedidi*' is 'Come take your meal.' "

British Togoland is a sliver of West Africa, forty miles wide and three hundred and twenty miles long, between French Togoland and the Gold Coast. The northern section consists of undulating savannas; the southern section is hilly and covered with forests and thick scrub; and the middle section boasts a number of cocoa plantations, which provide the one cash crop. Being equatorial, British Togoland is a hot, sticky country, with lots of rain and a wicked monsoon. The inhabitants, of which there are fewer than half a million, are tribesmen who live pretty much as they have always lived. Except for slave raiders, nobody paid much attention to them until the eighteen-eighties, when Germany started rummaging about Africa for territory that might someday prove worth owning and hit on what was then known simply as Togoland. A native chief was more or less kidnapped, and carried to Berlin, where he more or less signed the necessary papers. In the course of losing the First World War, the Germans lost Togoland, which was divided between France and England. Following the Second World War, the U.N. made the two Togolands trust territories, one under British rule, the other under French. The British have been administering their trust in conjunction with the Gold Coast, which is a colony and, having passed through the necessary stages of constitutional development, will soon be granted independence. Many British Togolese in the northern section, Nana among them, would like to hitch up with the Gold Coast, partly because they would thereby be granted independence and partly because the Gold Coast-British Togoland border, which now exists only on paper, will become real the moment the Gold Coast becomes independent and will break up certain long-established tribes. On the other hand, many Ewe tribes in the southern section of British Togoland would prefer to join French

Togoland, which has Ewes on *its* side of the border. Both factions have been represented at U.N. hearings.

"My people care nothing for Togoland, an invention of politicians," Nana said. "They know simply that they are Akans or Dagombas or Mamprusis, and that they live in Africa. They wish to keep their ancient traditions and remain linked as tribal brothers. To cut them to pieces would be a cruel thing, and so I have told the General Assembly." (The General Assembly has since decided, in the best parliamentary tradition, to send a commission to British Togoland in the spring, to look into the possibility of holding a plebiscite.)

We learned from Nana that there are no railroads or movie houses in British Togoland but there are plenty of monkeys, crocodiles, and snakes. There are sixty-three troops of Boy Scouts, two Brownie packs, seventy-seven private telephones, and ten physicians. Though Christian missionaries have been getting in their licks in British Togoland, most of the inhabitants are obdurate animists of one sort or another. Nana is a Presbyterian, as his parents were before him, but he retains some local religious convictions. The creature that has always been sacred to his family is the praying mantis, and no member of his family has ever killed one. Whenever Nana, as chief, is required to take part in a tribal religious ceremony, he has his *krontehene*, or headman, act in his place; if he is required to pour a libation, he uses beer or schnapps, instead of the traditional blood. Nana, the chief of thirty-five villages, lives in Kadjebi, which has a population of just under twenty-five hundred. "There is no electricity in town, but I have my own power plant," he said. "I also have a telephone—my number is Kadjebi 11. We get mail twice a week, and a new branch of Barclays Bank opened there a while ago. Our roads are bad, which makes it hard to keep up cars. I have already had two cars and have just ordered another one here. Somebody suggested that, because of the roads, I should buy a jeep, but my people wish me to have something beautiful to attend important meetings in, so I have chosen a green Chevrolet."

Having finished our sandwich and milk, we were prompted to ask the chief about food in Kadjebi. "Not very different from here," he said, adjusting his gold crown. "In New York, you eat mashed potatoes. At home, we eat mashed rice. We also eat yams, cowpeas, and Guinea corn. Your strawberries are very good, but I notice that you have no cassava. I am a teetotaller, but my people drink palm wine and *peto*, which is a beer made from Guinea corn. On great occasions, they might drink rum or schnapps, which has to be imported. We make progress. We have no television yet, and my people long for it. Still, we have the wireless—what you call radios. Even in the little villages, there are battery sets. Myself, I listen every day in Togoland to sports broadcasts from America and to the latest news from the U.N."

Vale Atque Ave

A MARRIED couple with two children got fed up with the Long Island development in which they were living and went house-hunting in Westchester. They found a place they liked, had an architect inspect it, and, after he had pronounced it O. K., hired a lawyer to negotiate mortgage arrangements. These completed, and money borrowed from the bank, they went to a tremendous farewell party that some neighbors gave for them. They had such a rattling good time at this that they decided to stay on Long Island.

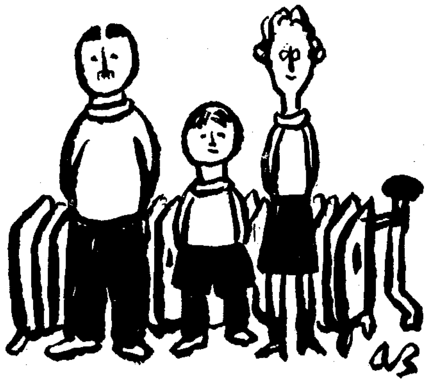
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

IT didn't surprise me to learn, while listening to the radio recently, that Americans sent out a billion and a half Christmas cards last year. This is about what I would have guessed, give or take a quarter of a billion. When you get into ten figures, the difference between a billion and a half and a billion and a quarter or three-quarters is more real than apparent. Size has become only a four-letter word in a time when almost everything, including the national debt and the power of atomic explosives, is stated in terms once confined to estimating the distance from here to stars like Canopus, or the life expectancy of the solar system. I am no longer easily staggered by the mighty or, to use the current synonym, the massive, but I can still be shaken by the minor human factors involved in awful and magnificent statistics.

It disturbed me to realize or, if you will, estimate, that two-fifths of the 1954 Christmas cards, or six hundred million, were received by people the senders barely knew and could count only as the most casual of acquaintances, and that approximately thirty million recipients were persons the senders had met only once. These are my own figures, admittedly arrived at by an extension method of my own, based on the number of cards my wife and a dozen other wives mailed to relatives, intimate friends, friends, acquaintances, mere acquaintances, and persons they had met only once. The last category, in our own case, included a Kansas City woman we encountered in 1936 at a guest house in Bermuda, a Buffalo gentleman who approached me in a bar one night seven years ago to announce that his middle name, like mine, was Grover, fifteen assorted men and women who, during the past decade and a half, have introduced themselves in order to tell me what to do about my eye or my thyroid, or to ask advice about theirs, the puppeteer who sat at the captain's table with us on a trip through the Panama Canal to San Francisco in 1939, and so on and on. You may object that we must have seen some of these individuals several times, but the phrase "met only once" is intended to take in the duration of vacations, West Indies cruises, and the like. The point I am trying to make is that millions of Americans over the years send millions of cards to millions of Americans whom they don't expect, and have no desire, to see again, and that this ritualistic exchange helps to create an alarming Everest of greetings for the overburdened postal department to climb.

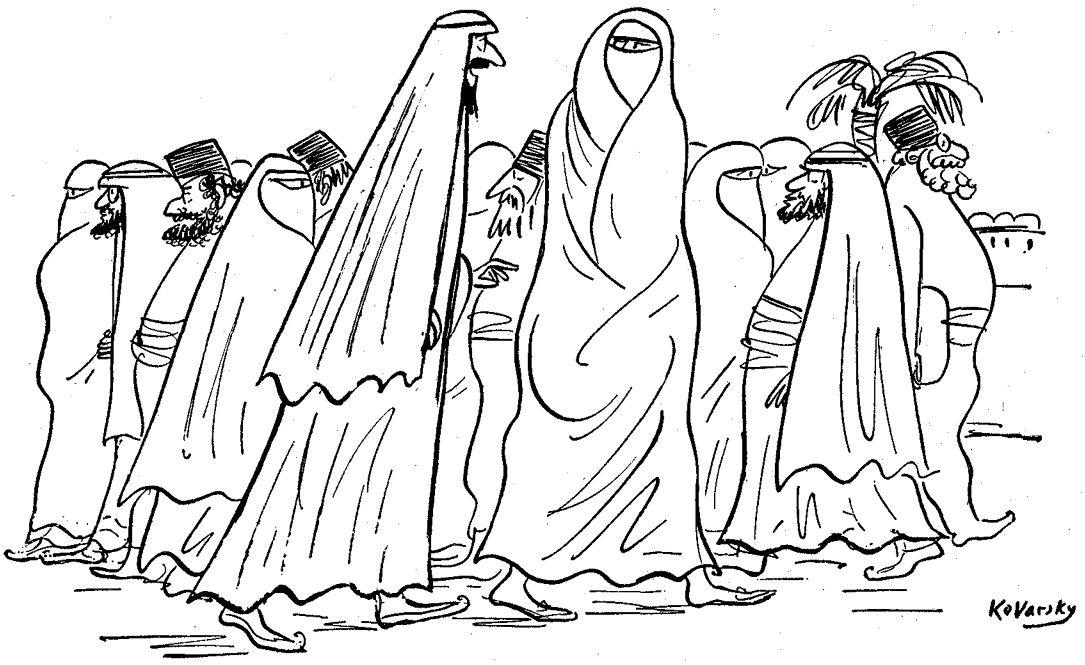
If your attention and your faith in my statistical competence are wavering because of that figure of six hundred million recipients I threw out a while back, let me point out that men like J. Grover What's-His-Name and professional West Indies cruisewomen may send out and receive from two to five hundred cards each December, many of them to or from persons they had one drink with in a bar or played one game of ring tennis with on a ship. I didn't exactly plunge into this formidable project without some knowledge of the traps and pitfalls that confront a statistician in any field. A learned obstetrician tells me that obstetricians, and other medical men, make a practice of submitting their research statistics to the scrutiny of disinterested experts, who sometimes detect curious errors in the computations of the professional men. In one case, for instance, a team of research obstetricians, precise in the processes of parturition, became a little lost in the tricky technical areas of classification and came up with a category of nubile human females who were one-ninth pregnant or, to put it another way, as the expert sarcastically did, eight-ninths virginal.

My wife, who gets apprehensive when I attempt to cope with large numbers, advised me to use a lot of qualifying clauses in a piece dealing with hundreds of millions. What she had in mind, I was quick to realize, was a slip of the typewriter I unfortunately made many years ago while covering City Hall for the Columbus *Dispatch*. I have mentioned this old incident in other places in the past, and I do so again because a psychiatrist friend of mine has advised me not to tuck it away but to come right out and face it. What I did so long ago, then, was overestimate the municipal debt of the capital of Ohio by fifty-eight million dollars. I probably should have tucked it away, since the ancient mistake has tended to make my family and my friends wary and skeptical of my numerical soundness. I am not allowed to deal with tax returns or other fiscal matters, and during the war the female members of my household resolutely took away from me the task of measuring the cubic area of our various rooms, to submit to the oil-allotment committee of the ration board. (We had an oil furnace and did not convert to coal.) The lady measurers, to my delight, neglected to divide by twelve, and astounded the committee members by indicating that we had a bathroom a hundred and twenty feet long, ninety-six feet wide, and a hundred and forty-four feet high. Guests in our house are sometimes puzzled when they overhear a family argument that jumps lightly from the cubic footage of a Connecticut bathroom to the 1922 city debt of Columbus, Ohio. I shall now get back to those Christmas cards.



I HAVE been meditating on the human motives that lie behind the perpetuation of old and almost forgotten encounters and interludes, and it seems to me that they are too complex to be easily understood. It is true enough to say that everybody likes to relive the golden hours of yesteryear, the happy moments, the chance encounters that a nation of sentimentalists always hopes are the beginnings of lovely friendships, and it is a well-established sociological fact that we Americans are a race of genial, openhearted people, fond of all the symbols and references of quick liking and respect—the handshake, the backslap, the mutual acquaintance in Syracuse or San Diego, the shared admiration or hatred of something or somebody that instantly leads to one of our national sayings: "I think this calls for a drink." But all this might be described as the anatomy of the American male's approach to the American male, and it is usually the American female who sends out the Christmas cards, keeps the address book up to date, and arranges on the living-room mantelpiece the cards she and her husband receive. My research shows that the average wife gives almost as much time to the Christmas-card ritual as she does to the buying of Christmas gifts. I decided to pry into the motives of my women friends in an effort to find out why they take on this monumental project of send-and-receive every year. I don't quite know how to set down my findings, the motives of women being mixed and mysterious at best, but I shall try.

I had the great good luck to be present one December afternoon in the living room of a couple I know just as the mail arrived. The wife asked if we minded her glancing at the cards, but she had already read one. "My God!" she exclaimed. "The Spragues are still together!" I boldly demanded to know who the Spragues were, and got enough material on them for a short story in the *Saturday Evening Post*. "They were this really charming couple we met in Jamaica eight years ago," the wife began, unconsciously giving the "were" an air of great distance and faint perfume. "He had been a flier, I think, and had got banged up, and then he met Marcia—I think her name was Marcia." She glanced at the card again and said, "Yes, Marcia. Well, Philip was on leave in Bermuda and he saw her riding by in a carriage and simply knew she was the girl, although he had never laid eyes on her before in his life, so he ran out into the street and jumped up on that carriage thing—you know, the step, or whatever it is—and said, 'You don't know me, but I'm going to marry you!' Would you believe it, he didn't even tell her his name, and, of course, he didn't know her from Adam—or Eve, I guess I ought to say—and they were married. They fell in love and got married in Bermuda. Her family was terribly opposed to it, of course, and so was his when they found out about hers, but they went right ahead anyway. It was the most romantic thing I ever heard of in my life. This was four or five years before we met them, and—"



"Pardon me, Madam, but I have a feeling we were meant for each other."

"Why are you so astonished that they are still together?" I asked, and then I heard several thousand words about *that*, but I do not propose to write the long, tangled story of Marcia and Philip here. It is enough to say that cleavages of personality, temperament, and interests began to show up, since there is more to the holy state than meets the eye at first sight of a pretty girl in an open carriage.

ANOTHER Christmas-card category consists of those persons who send out photographs of their families every year. In the same mail that brought the greetings from Marcia and Philip, my friend found such a conversation piece. "My God, Lida is *enormous!*" she exclaimed. I don't know why women want to record each year, for two or three hundred people to see, the ravages wrought upon them, their mates, and their progeny by the silent artillery of time, but between five and seven per cent of Christmas cards, at a rough estimate, are family groups, and even the most charitable recipient studies them for little signs of dissolution or derangement. Nothing cheers a woman more, I am afraid, than the proof that another woman is letting herself go, or has lost control of her figure, or is clearly driving her husband crazy, or is obviously drinking more than is good for her, or still doesn't know what to wear. Middle-aged husbands in such photographs are often described as looking "young enough to be her son," but they don't always escape so easily, and a couple opening envelopes in the season of mercy and good will sometimes handle a male friend or acquaintance rather sharply. "Good Lord!" the wife will say. "Frank looks like a love-crazed shotgun slayer, doesn't he?" "Not to me," the husband may reply. "To me he looks more like a Wilkes-Barre dentist who is being sought by the police in connection with the disappearance of a choir singer."

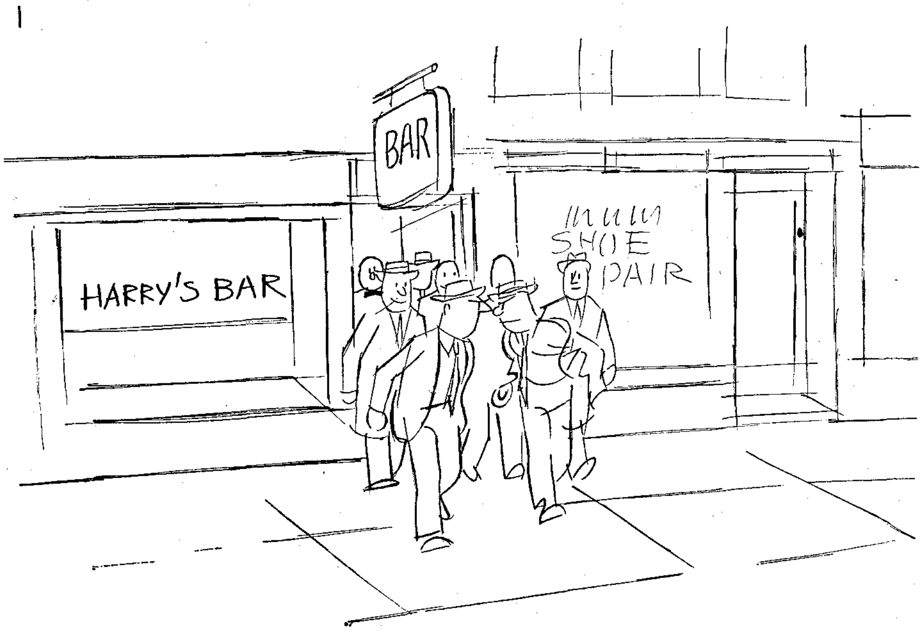
Anyone who undertakes, at my age, a comparative analysis of a billion and a half Christmas cards is certain to lose his way once in a while, like a research obstetrician, and I now find myself up against more categories than I can handle. Somewhere in that vast tonnage of cardboard, for example, are—I am just guessing now—three hundred million cards from firms, companies, corporations, corner stores, and other tradespeople. In the old days, they sent out calendars for the New Year and skipped Christmas, but I figure they are now responsible for about a fifth of the deluge. Still another category includes inns, bars, restaurants, institutions, councils, committees, leagues, and other organizations. One of my own 1954 cards came from the Art Department of Immaculate Heart College, in Los Angeles, whose point of contact with me has eluded my memory. A certain detective agency used to send me a laconic word every December, but last year, for some disturbing reason, I was struck off the agency's list. I don't know how I got on it in the first place, since I have never employed a private investigator to shadow anybody, but it may be that I was one of the shadowed. The agency's slogan is "When we follow him he stays followed," and its card was invariably addressed to "Mr. James Ferber." This hint of alias added a creepy note to the holidays, and, curiously enough, the sudden silence has had the same effect. A man who is disturbed when he hears from a detective agency and when he doesn't may be put down, I suppose, as a natural phenomenon of our nervous era.

I suddenly began wondering, in one of my onsets of panic, what becomes of all these cards. The lady in my house who adds two hundred items to the annual avalanche all by herself calmed my anxiety by telling me that most of them get burned. Later, I found out, to my dismay, that this is not actually true. There are at least nine million little girls who consider Christmas cards too beautiful to burn, and carefully preserve them. One mother told me that her garage contains fifteen large cartons filled with old Christmas cards. This, I am glad to say, is no problem of mine, but there is a major general somewhere who may have to deal with it one of these years, if the accumulation becomes a national menace, hampering the movement of troops and tanks. "I foresee no such logistical blockage," a colonel told me the other day, probably writing me down as a spy or obfuscationist. I have a few military acquaintances, all of whom regard my loyalty as unquestionable and my competence in time of national crisis as risky. This comes from my talking to them. We exchange no cards.

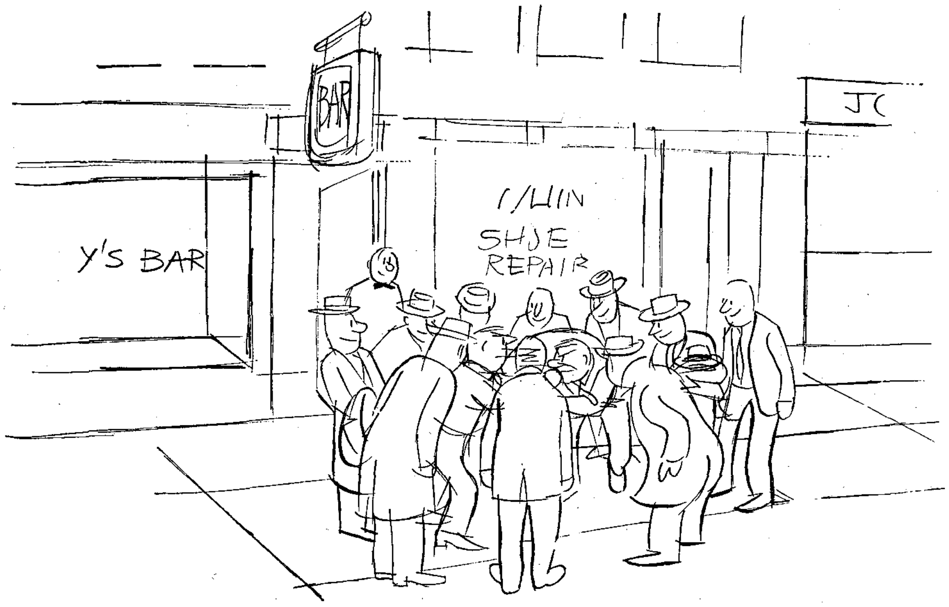
The chief danger in taking on the American Christmas card as a subject for discussion is, to be sure, the way it has been done to death in cartoons, light essays, and various other media through the years, and it is doubtful if my careful quantitative analysis will be accepted as a serious contribution. If one mentions Christmas cards, people sigh, or groan, or laugh, and are not receptive to such a sober calculation as that ninety per cent of women employ the annual greeting as a means of fending off a more frequent correspondence. One woman admitted to me that she holds at least a dozen friends at arm's, or year's, length by turning greeting cards into a kind of annual letter. The most a man will consent to write on a Christmas card is "Hi, boy!" or "Keep pitching," but a wife often manages several hundred words. These words, in most instances, have a way of dwindling with the march of the decades, until they become highly concentrated and even cryptic. A common message, in such cases, is one alluding to some tiny, faraway incident, and may be couched in such language as this: "Will you ever forget 'Yes, no, yes, what is it?' " The recipient of this particular query assures me that she has long since forgotten "Yes, no, yes, what is it," and so has her husband.

I AM fortunate in having the sort of personality or character that discourages the sending of cards the size of valentines that, when unfolded, become as large as quilts, and my researches show that this particular curse is slowly disappearing, having suffered a happy setback during the paper shortage of the war years. There is, to approach the conclusion of this pilot study, the mys-

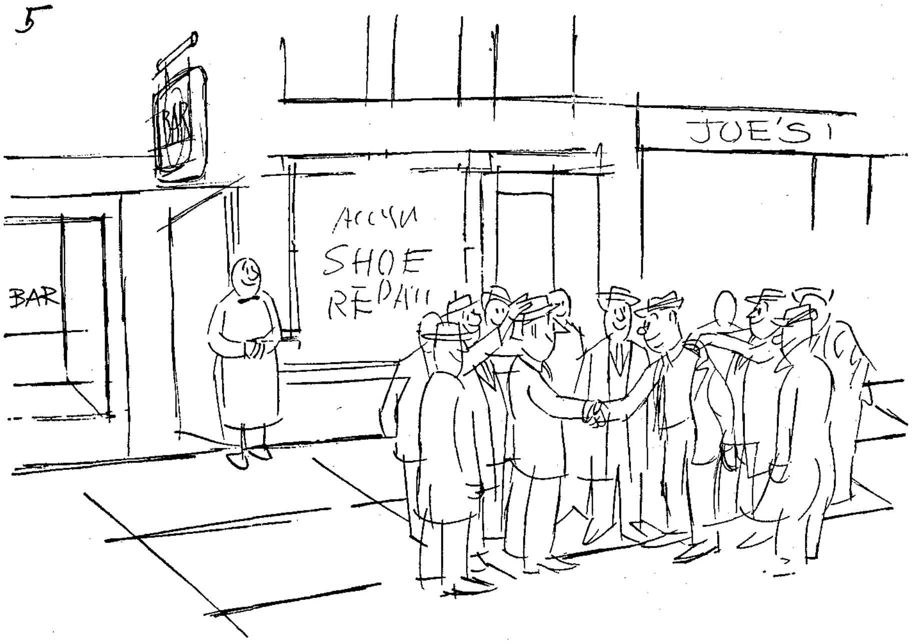
1



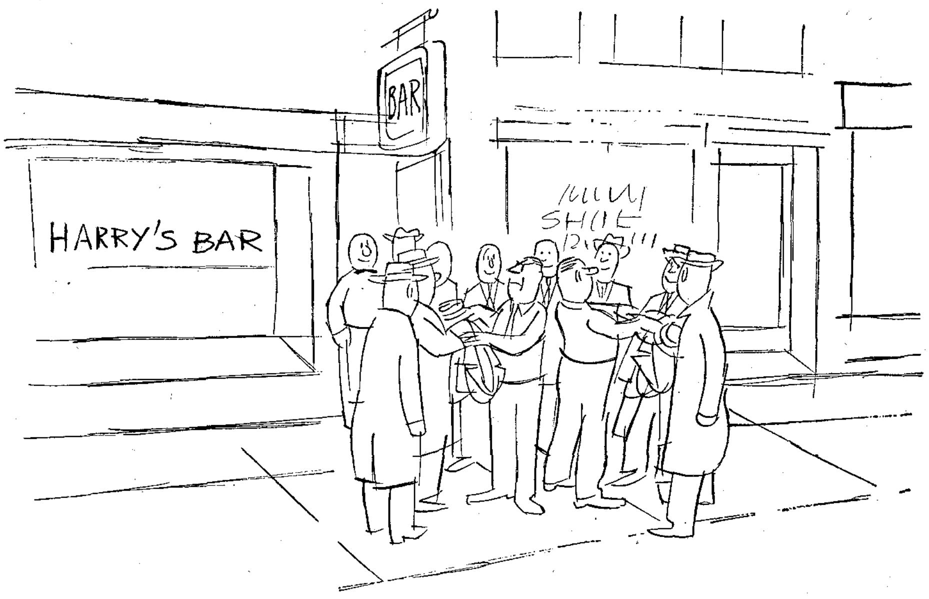
3



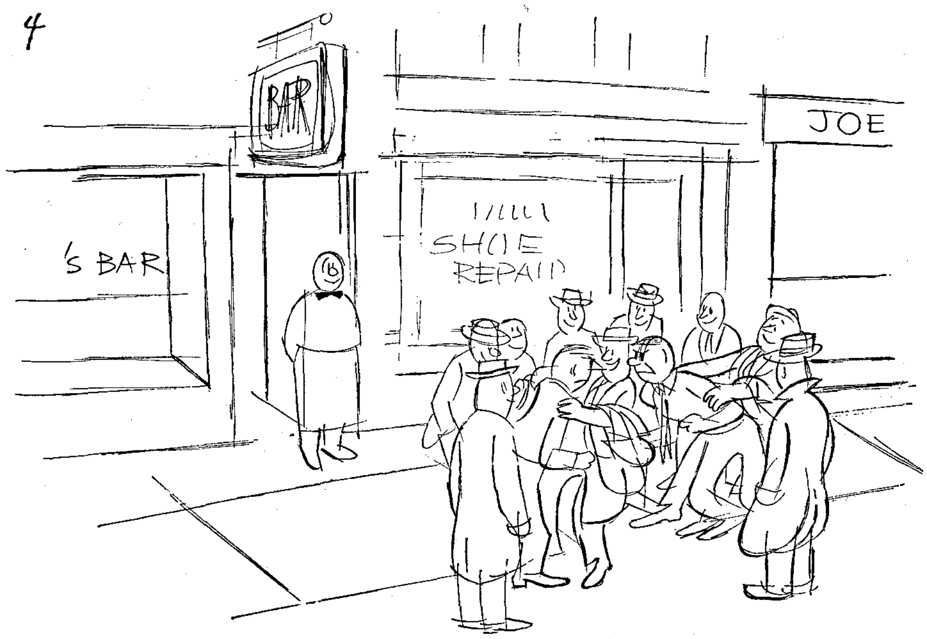
5



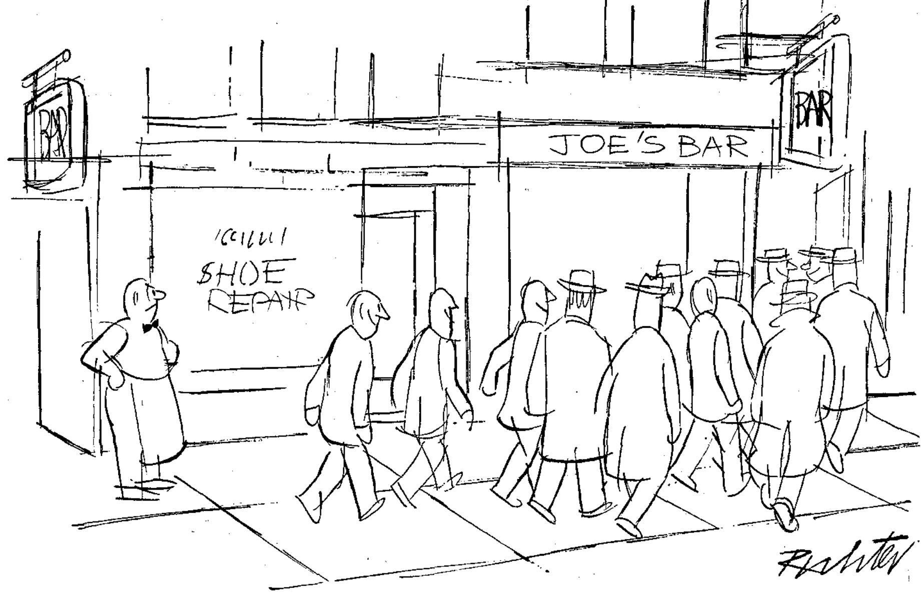
2



4



6



tery man or woman who bobs up in everybody's mailbox once a year. My own family mystery is Betty. We know at least thirty-five Elizabeths, of whom all but six are called Betty. Most of them can be identified by their husbands' names, or by postmarks, or by what they write on their cards. But our Betty is a perennial secret. She just signs her name to her card each year, and it comes in, late or early, from somewhere in Europe, Africa, South America, or the Far West. We have counted all our Bettys time and again, and none seems to be missing. It is my opinion that Betty is someone we met only once at "21," or Cambridge Beaches, or on the Vineyard, and who is either travelling for the World Bank or writing "A Study of Travel" at Toynbee length or simply taking it on the lam. It is the opinion of others that Betty is a lady I know only too well and do not care to identify. Last year, her card turned up early from Johannesburg. She isn't really worth bothering about, but I keep bothering about her. Of course, she may belong to one of the vastest categories of all, and one I would have mentioned long before if I were a really skilled statistician. This category takes in ex-cooks, ex-secretaries, and ex-hairdressers, their exness going as far back, in many instances, as 1924. I had thought of taking up this phase of my research with an amateur statistician I know named McNulty, but he has a unique way of cutting through probabilities with fascinating but undemonstrable conclusions, such as "All hairdressers are named Dolores."

Oh, one thing I almost forgot: it wasn't a card or a calendar but a Christmas gift, and it came from the Standard Cycle & Auto Supply Company. It was a combination nail file and paper cutter, complete with leather case. I didn't have the vaguest idea what to send them in return, since I had no way of knowing what a cycle and auto supply company has always wanted, or needs, or has too many of. Well, it doesn't actually belong in this study of Yuletide cards, although it may indicate a new trend that will bear watching. I'll let it go over till next Christmas, I guess.

—James Thurber

•

The Tioga junior high school class performance of "Our Miss Brooks" was extremely well attended at both the matinee and evening performances.
The cast did a uniformly fine job all the way around and the play grossed $250.25. three knockouts and two TKS's.—*Williston (N.D.) Herald.*

Strong cast, all right.

MARC, THE VIGNERON

MY friend Marc Turian is a Swiss vigneron. Most people do not think of vineyards when they think of Switzerland; cowbells and clocks and chocolate, yes, but not vineyards and the mysteries of wine. Yet wine is one of the oldest industries of the Swiss. Legend has it that the blacksmith Helicon made his fortune in Rome and then went back to his native land taking olive oil, fruit, and the root of a vine that became the Roman ancestor of all the Swiss white wines. Little by little, the banks of the Rhône and the warm slopes of the lakes of Neuchâtel and Léman were terraced and planted with vines. Rain tore the earth down, and men carried it up the steep hillsides in baskets on their backs, mended the stone terraces every spring, hoed, fertilized, pinched back the young shoots, and hoped for that not impossible good year that hangs over every vineyard like a mirage.

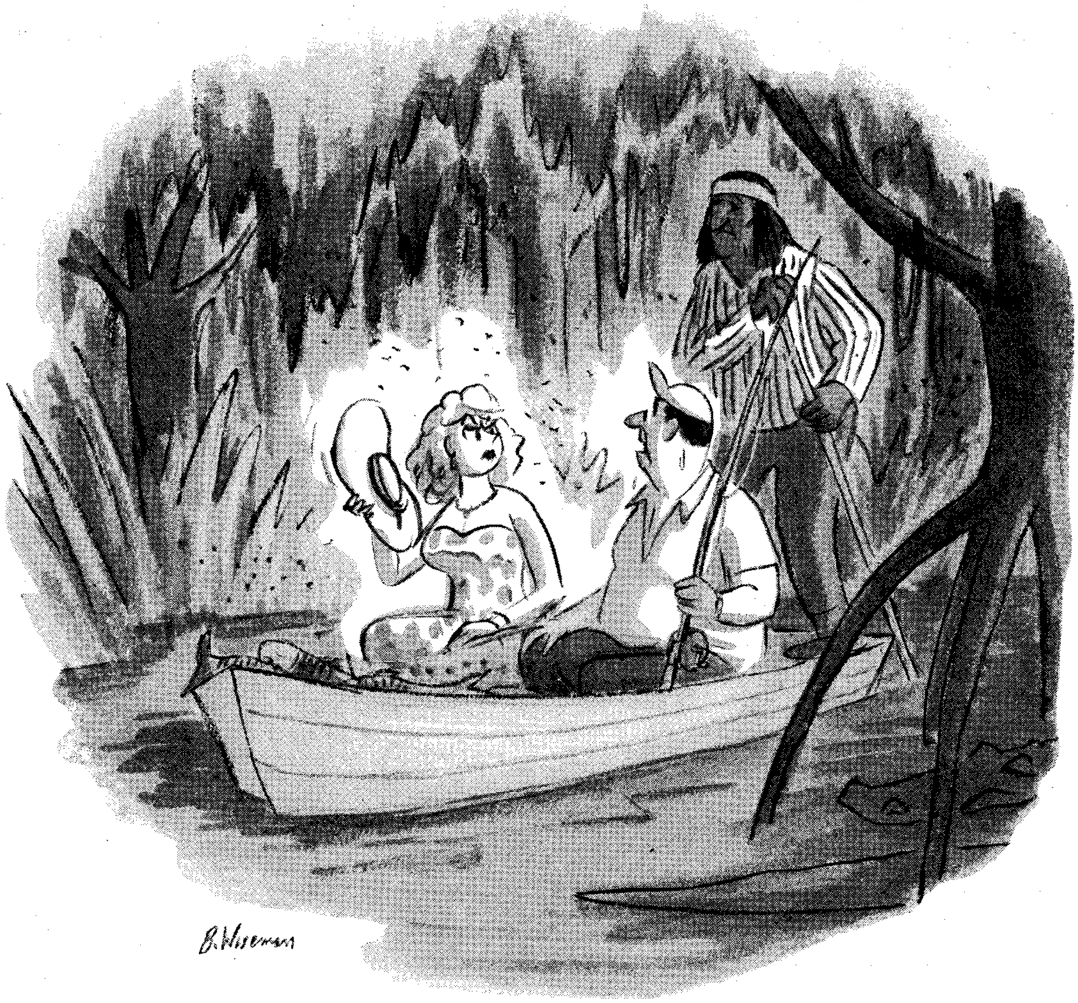
Marc Turian's family settled three hundred years ago at Satigny, just back of Geneva, in territory that was then French and is still passionately Francophile. Up from the banks of the Rhône to the stern, steep profile of the Jura climb the vineyards, including those of La Roselle, the Turian property. People who have held the same land over several generations, who cut a crest in the stone portals of their farms, the *patrons* who know the taste of their own wine and regard vine-growing as an art rather than a trade, might be called the aristocracy of the peasantry; of such are the Turians.

In Marc's complex nature there is one steadfast passion—that of the producer of a small wine who works hard to make it better each year, even though this may be, financially speaking, a losing battle. For in the Swiss economy the wine industry has been sacrificed, and cheap wine imported from France, Italy, and Spain floods the market, a counter used in the exchange of products like watches, chocolate, electrical power, and locomotives. And, of course, the Swiss "name" wines have never been able to compete with the great French ones. Many a vigneron in the valley of the Rhône has to borrow money from the bank to pay off his grape pickers at the vintage; many a vintage just covers the year's debts. When I saw Marc two years ago, he was in severe financial straits; he was facing having to sell land as the only way out. For such a man, selling land can be compared only to selling a thumb or a hand. One can live without a thumb, but the idea is repugnant. It is significant that over the years the village of Satigny has had its share of "crimes of passion," but the passion was for land; someone was roused to homicidal fury over a question of inheritance of those ancient vineyards that hardly pay their way.

This fall, as I drove out from Geneva and came to the rolling plateau, brilliant green in the evening light against the purple wall of the Jura, I wondered how much of this was still Marc's and how much he had given up in the two years since my last visit. I was full of these thoughts and anxieties when we met. There he was, a great oak of a man, swelling his bright-blue shirt as if he would burst out of it, a man in his middle fifties with something of the look of a benign Teddy bear; a Teddy bear from the front, in profile a Roman emperor—that perfectly straight nose, massive forehead and chin; his hands, the hands of a workman, capable of great delicacy, though black-grained and stubby. Standing there in thick, muddy boots, he seemed the image of an earth-bound farmer, but his first words, after we had greeted each other, were not of the weather or of the possible harvest. His first words were "You know, the Duchesse de Guermantes is dead." This singular greeting was so perfectly in character that I have been turning it over in my mind ever since, listening to its reverberations. For, firmly rooted though he may be on the hillside at Satigny, the world of Marc's imagination, which constantly flows into the real one and out again, is tethered nowhere and carries him, like Ariel, to the far corners of the earth in the twinkling of an eye. His inner life is so rich in fantasy that at times one feels that he will vanish into it and never be seen again. The death of a woman who had been a model for one of Proust's characters seemed, of all the events of the summer, the one significant one to Marc. Here, for once, the real world and the world of imagination were perfectly blended *in a news item.*

When Marc, standing at the gate, said that the Duchesse de Guermantes was dead, I knew that I was back at La Roselle. The house sits at the bottom of the hill, where the vines leave off. Close to the village street, it is well hidden behind a high wall and iron gate, and by a linden tree. It was once a convent, this high stone house with its overhanging roof, faded green shutters against distempered walls, rough cobbled courtyard where the usual blue and pink hydrangeas in wooden tubs stand about, and just then (for it was late September) the foreground taken up with huge casks and vats being cleaned and calked for the vintage. It is a house that over the last fifty years has been softened and made rich by the presence of three women, and one cannot begin to understand Marc without considering them. For, since he lost his father when he was a baby, his character has been stamped by feminine influences, and though he radiates masculine sunshine, his nature has a lunar aspect, which sheds a less obvious light. In the old days, La Roselle belonged to his aunt, a power in the village, who delighted in gossip and ferreted out both sides of every story. Although Marc lived with his mother until her death, she has always seemed a shadowy figure. His aunt's powerful personality dominated his childhood, and she must have felt a peculiar tenderness for him. As a boy, Marc had trouble with one foot and had to wear a special boot; even now, his walk is a rolling gait, rather like that of a sea captain holding the deck in a heavy sea, but this slightly irregular walk is so much a part of his rhythm and personality that it does not seem like an infirmity. As a child, however, he was set apart; when other children were playing out-of-doors, he was more often than not sitting on a stool at his aunt's side. There he listened as she read the great French poets aloud; there he was plunged into wonder as she passed him the heavy volumes of the Larousse Encyclopedia, one by one. Through his aunt, he learned pride in his family and race, the sense of being "somebody," and a certain independence in relation to the village. He has always gone his own way.

When the vignerons banded together to form a coöperative, he sold his own equipment and became a founding member of what amounts to a small wine factory. But I think Marc was never entirely happy about this affair; the hope was that by pooling resources



“What are you beefing about, Sugar? I said a week in Florida and we’re having a week in Florida.”

and cutting costs the society could produce wine cheap enough to compete with the mass importation of gross French and Italian wines. But at the coöperative press, of course, all the grapes are dumped in together, and the incentive to improve the vintage of one hillside or another, the complex art of the vigneron working with his own wines, is lost. Possibly Marc was relieved when, after four years, the associates split up over a business matter. At any rate, he led the minority opposition and, with a few other vignerons, finally withdrew and went back to being the *patron* of his own cellar, responsible for growing, producing, and selling his own wine. Getting out meant investing again in a wine press, casks, and all the other machinery of the vintage, as well as hiring his own labor. It nearly ended in ruin. But he has certainly never regretted his decision. By it he won back his honor; he could open a bottle of La Roselle again, as all the Turians had done for three hundred years. He was back in the stream of his own history.

As a boy, under his aunt’s influence, he had dreamed of a university education. But there was really no question of choice; his mother needed help, and when he was eighteen he took over a man’s responsibilities as manager of her estate. It is just as well, perhaps, that a curiosity so childlike and various, so undogmatic and fluid, has been allowed to go its own way—that, like the wine of La Roselle, its master is not a factory product educated just like everyone else.

One branch of his grandfather’s family emigrated to Uruguay. Now and then, over the years, one or another of these transplanted cousins came back, homesick for the long sweep of hills down to the Rhône, for the French language, for Satigny the village. They came back bringing their tales of adventure and success; looking, in their Paris clothes, like strange, opulent birds, they came back to dazzle the little boy—*she* came back. For the second powerful feminine influence in Marc’s life was one of these Uruguay cousins—Elizabeth, a few years older than he. She took the boy under her wing, and became the center of his emotional life for many years.

• •

When the aunt died and Marc, in his early thirties, inherited La Roselle, Elizabeth, at his invitation, took over the upper floor for her own, and spent months at a time at Satigny, bringing books, flowers, her beautiful presence into the cold stone house, and creating a garden at the foot of the vines. It was, no doubt, at this time that Marc began his long explorations of Proust, losing himself in dreams of that hothouse world of experience and sensation that Elizabeth symbolized for him. She had come back to Satigny first when he was still a boy and she was already—or seemed to him—a personage in her own right. She must have sensed under his peasant ways the imaginative, singular creature waiting for a magic wand to wake him. And there is no doubt that she carried the wand, became his fairy princess, and for years captivated him, so that as long as she lived, he never wished to marry. Yet when Elizabeth’s sophisticated friends came out from Geneva for a day in the country, Marc was too shy to do more than peep over the wall at the Proustian world coming to life in his own domain. This somewhat ambiguous relationship with a cousin older than he must have intensified the split between his two worlds, and although he took Elizabeth into his own circle, he remained an outsider in hers. He was forced to build an inner life for himself, a life which found expression in his own room downstairs. Because this is where the secret side of his life becomes visible, Marc rarely invites anyone in. I remember vividly the first time I saw it. I remember how incongruous the huge pair of muddy boots looked on the soft elegant carpet with its design of ocean liners. (“*Fuir! là-bas fuir!*”) One whole wall is covered with books to the ceiling; the three others are filled with paintings by contemporary Swiss painters. The desk is a rich disorder of literary, agricultural, and political journals. There are always unemptied ashtrays, bearing the faint, sweet scent of his Dutch tobacco, which fills the air with a remembrance of hay and wild flowers. Open the door and you are in an artist’s room, a poet’s room, but hardly (you would have thought) the room of a hard-working vigneron.

With his cousin's death, eleven years ago, La Roselle was, for the first time, without the presence of a woman; it must have seemed a desert, and Marc must have felt himself moving through a world that had lost its meaning. It was not strange that he turned a year later to a woman of Elizabeth's circle, to an artist. Happily, in Meta Budry he found a wife whose imagination, independent spirit, and flair for living matched his own. Meta and my mother were students together at an art school in Zurich forty years ago, and it's through Meta that I have come to know La Roselle. Nothing about this marriage in the autumn of life is ordinary. The house is still divided horizontally into a masculine domain on the ground floor and a feminine domain above it. On the ground floor, Marc and Emilia, the Italian cook, do all the planning of meals and the cooking for the workmen as well as the family, and here also is the small, cozy dining room, which is the heart of the house. There is a comfortable old sofa in the window, a round table, an open hearth, two glowing still-lifes on the wall, shelves of cookbooks in one corner, and on the top of the highboy, where Griboule chooses to eat, several cat's dishes. Here every morning at seven or before, the shutters are thrown back and the day begins; here, during the daytime, the buyers come to order a barrel of wine, which Marc will deliver in his old Chrysler when he gets around to it; here every evening the baker leaves a big round loaf of bread on the window sill; Griboule appears like a gray ghost at the window, and Marc throws a fagot—a bunch of dry vine twigs—on the open fire and then a thick vine root, which will burn half the night when he sits listening to plays and concerts over the radio from Prague, Vienna, Paris, London. This is Marc's domain.

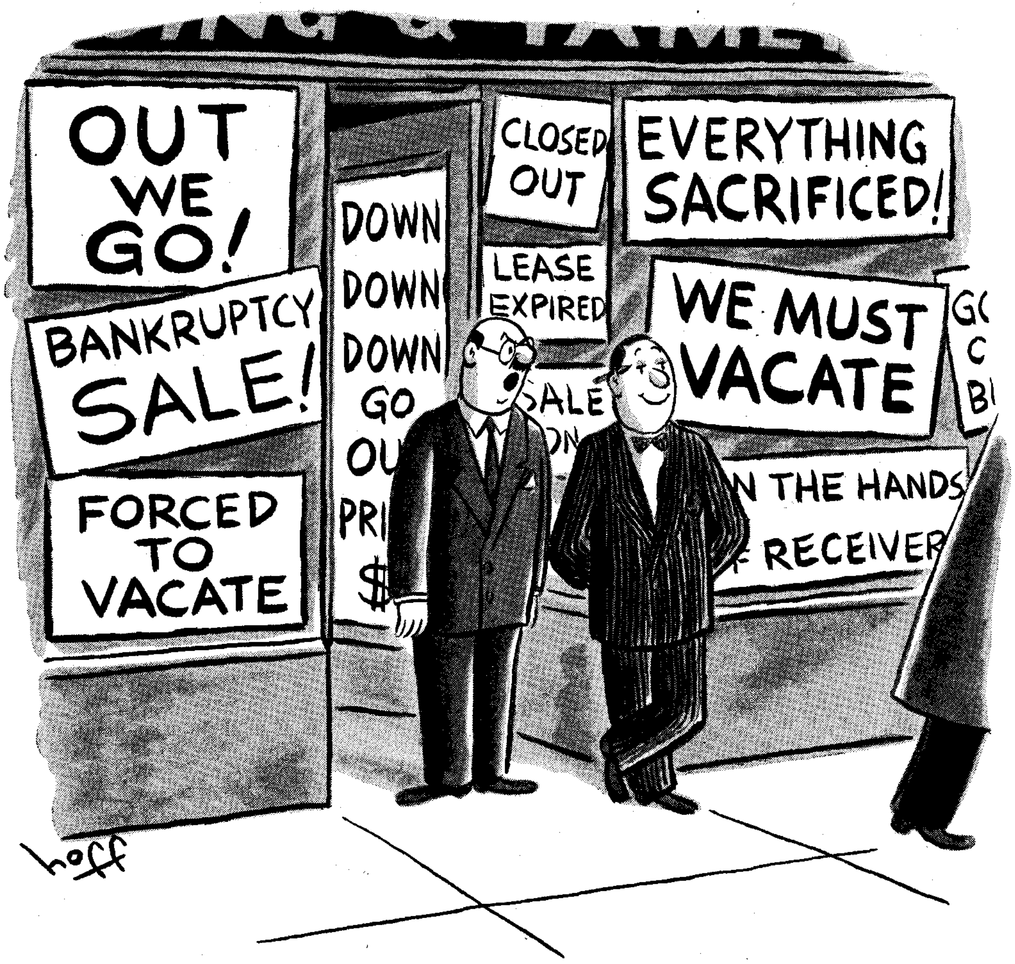
Meta's begins halfway up the stairs, which are stone. On the landing, there is sure to be a great copper brazier of flowers. Meta is the gardener, bringing in sheaves of roses, zinnias, asters, and chrysanthemums, which she will spend the morning arranging. Upstairs, there is order and grace—an elegant drawing room, soft rich colors, flowers, that small gray eminence, Griboule, rolled up in a tight ball on a fur throw on the bed. When Marc comes up each morning at about ten, he puts on felt slippers over his boots, and he looms here like some primeval god making a visitation. He has been out into the vineyards to give his orders to the workmen and lend them a hand; he has stopped to gather a plateful of ripe figs from the fig tree; he has been over to the barn across the street; and now he comes to squeeze his huge bulk into a Louis XIV armchair and to have a talk with his wife. Relaxing, he fills his pipe, and the fantasies he has been brewing since seven are released in the clouds of smoke. Conversation with Marc is an exercise in metaphor. He throws his ideas into the air like a juggler, slightly surprised himself at their shape and lightness, his eyes sparkling suddenly. For instance, once when I was there, Griboule had been on a night out, and a mouse had found its way into a drawer and eaten a hole in a silk blouse. On being informed of this domestic catastrophe, Marc was off on the wings of metaphor. "That mouse," he announced in a puff of smoke, "was an *entrechat*."

When there is a guest in the house, a third domain is opened up—a great attic room with one wall knocked out to make a long window, which opens on the sweep of vines up the hill, on the water tower, the red tiled roof of the church, and finally the cloud-capturing wall of the Jura. From here, one can hear the laughter downstairs, which means that the day has begun.

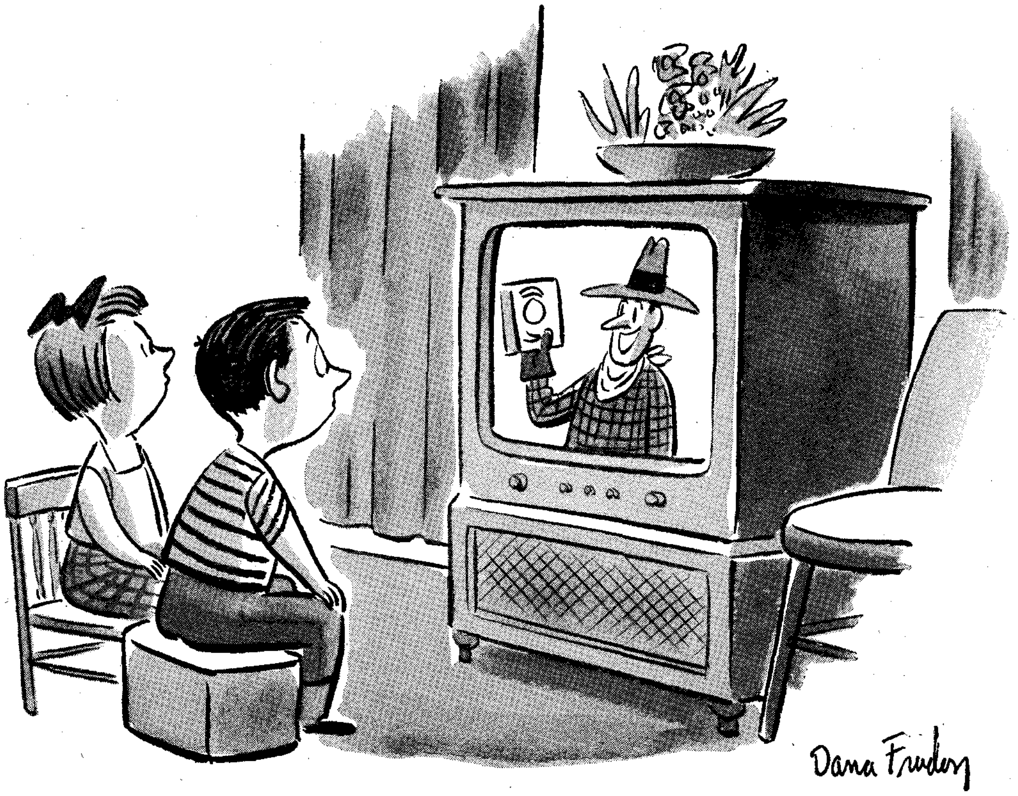
Two years ago, when I was staying at La Roselle, Marc's fantasies took the shape of pretending to wish he had a factory job; he would embroider the joy it would be to set out on a bicycle each morning and go into a quiet, clean factory, without an anxiety or responsibility to bear. Later, as his financial predicament began to get really frightening and the bailiffs were at the door, he would dream of setting out on foot, a knapsack on his back, to see all the cathedrals in France, sleeping in haystacks, a volume of Péguy in his pocket.

One morning he said, "Let's pay a visit to Voltaire; let us go to France," and the rest of the morning was spent preparing an enormous picnic, with at least one hot dish, and at noon we set off for France, for Ferney—only to find the gate locked. But what matter? We had spent a whole day talking about Voltaire, and we could imagine Ferney very well. From Marc's point of view, we had actually been there.

Marc does nothing quickly. He broods over every plan, taking it out, putting it back again, not to be hurried. The bailiffs were at the door, and he could not make up his mind to sell land.



"If you must stand outside, at least look worried."



"Just remember this, all you wranglers. The Texas Kid loves Crunchies, and that mean, no-good Rustlin' Sam prefers all those other brands."

• •

Instead—and this is typical—he suddenly decided, after a long period of rumination, to buy. Borrowing from the bank, using his house as security, he bought some acres in a small town that might soon become a suburb of Geneva. Such speculations require courage and patience, of course. Marc waited, though to wait meant to risk losing La Roselle. But every vigneron must have a gambler in him, and this time the gamble, though fantastic, has paid off. The danger is past. Marc no longer speaks of setting off with a knapsack on his back as a pilgrim to France, or of working in a factory for greater peace of mind.

This latter was, indeed, the most erratic of his fantasies, for never was a man more addicted to his own independence. I have often wanted to accompany him through one of his rich and various days. What does he do when he sets off to town with a couple of barrels of wine to deliver? One morning I remember, he was gone for hours, and when he came back, he sauntered in bearing meringues for dessert and a little bag of candies to suck; he announced that there was a wonderful Japanese movie to be seen. But it turned out that what he had really been doing was talking the bank into another loan for another speculation, and on the strength of this he had stopped off to order a chicken for a sick friend of Meta's. This brief encounter with illness led him back to his own single and never to be forgotten experience with flu. "*My* flu," he always calls it, as one might speak of "My journey to Moscow." If one has the slightest cold, Marc's memories of his flu flood back—of the great time when he lay in grandeur "upstairs" with a high fever. Was it for weeks? Was it for days? At any rate, it was fifteen years ago, in Elizabeth's time.

A part of Marc's day is spent in the kitchen; here his imagination can go happily to work. With the intransigence of the true artist, he interrupts Emilia to slide a just invented sauce in beside her baked eggplant or spaghetti. He opens the oven door "just to take a look" when a blast of air may be fatal to a soufflé. He's always in a good humor, always tasting whatever is in the making. Occasionally, Emilia has a tantrum and throws up her hands. But no one can be angry very long with one who wears the armor of innocence.

Everything in the ordinary world of our time works against the kind of life Marc chooses to lead. He takes on the aspect of a legend for me as soon as I find myself at a distance from him, as soon as I look back, because he is like a final explosion of individuality and character under circumstances that will soon no longer exist, even in Satigny, where the big factory for pressing anonymous grapes dominates the village. I see him, in my mind's eye, walking ahead of me between the orderly rows of vines that come to his thigh, stopping to taste a grape now and then, until we reach the top of the hill and stand for a moment looking down over the valley where his parents and grandparents and great-grandparents have worked the same vineyards. His bright-blue shirt, his pure profile of a Roman emperor stand out alone in all that green landscape; he looks as if he were surveying an empire. What will the vintage be like?

Last year, on the very day of the grape picking, it snowed; the harvest was made in silence, the vintage ruined at the eleventh hour. Two years ago, there was a long drought, and the grapes shrivelled. This year, it rained buckets during July and August. There was hope if September proved sunny, for a gold September makes a golden wine, softens the tough skins of the grapes, and makes them translucent. But September hesitated and then veered toward cloudy days—a few tantalizing hours of sun, no more. Thirty thousand litres of wine lie in the long ranges of vines on that hillside, the wine of La Roselle. But while I was there, in those crucial days just before the vintage, Marc never looked at the variable sky with impatience, or grew sombre when it rained. Calmly he ordered a thousand kilos of sugar, cleaned and calked the casks, and oiled the press. There is no way of telling the quality of this vintage yet, and so with the patience of an artist and the wisdom of a philosopher, he stands and waits for the year of the wine to turn. But in the back of his mind, you know, there is the Duchesse de Guermantes.

—MAY SARTON

•

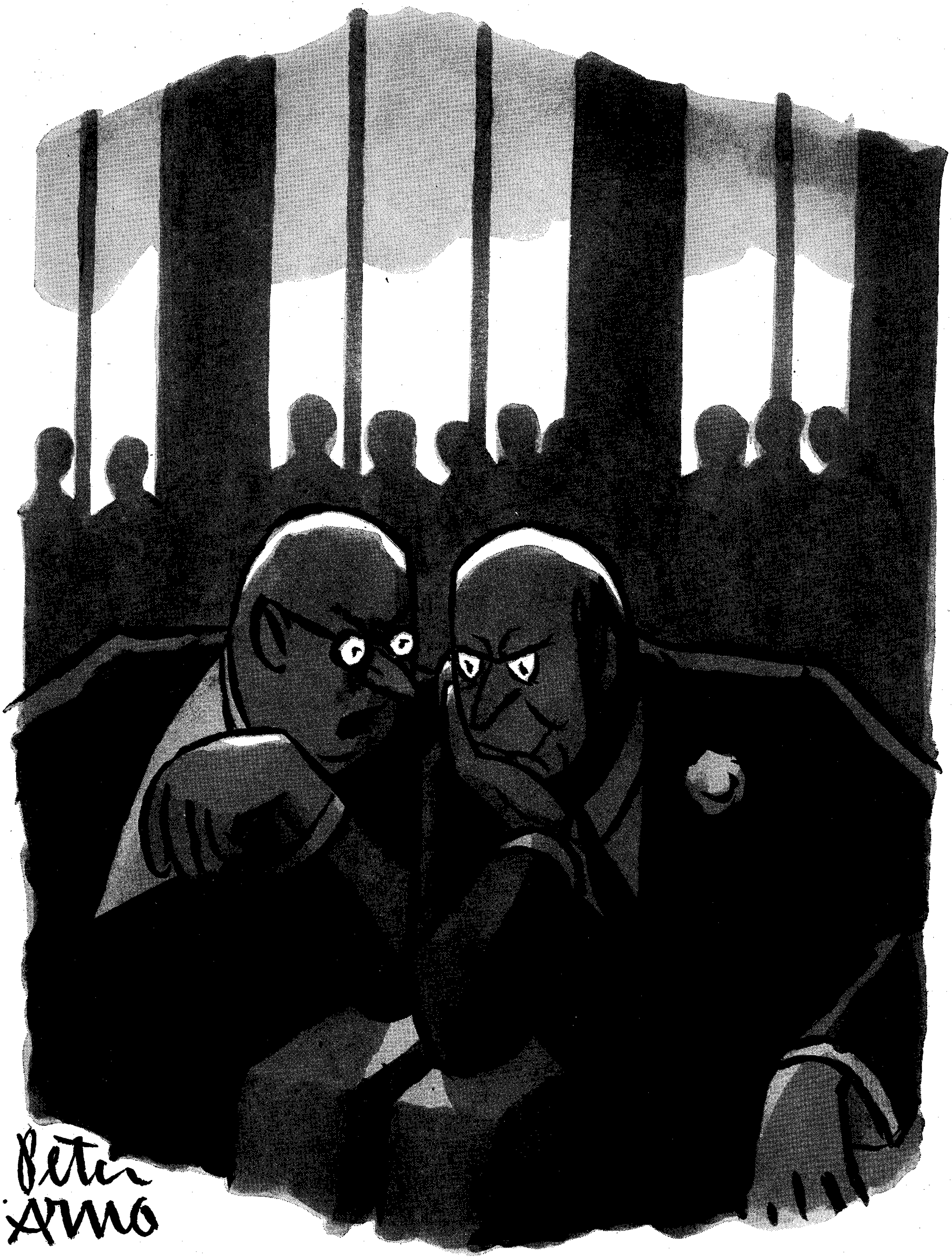
SONG OF THE OPEN FIREPLACE

When silly Sol in winter roisters
And roasts us in our closed-up cloisters
Like hosts of out-of-season oysters,
The logs glow red.

When Sol grows cool and solely caters
To polar bears and figure skaters
And homes are turned refrigerators,
The flames are dead.

And when idyllically transpires
The merger every man desires
Of air that nips and wood that fires,
It's time for bed.

—JOHN UPDIKE



"Basically, what I have in mind is a twelve-nation conference for the purpose of setting up a nine-power treaty organization governed by a five-nation steering committee, which in turn will be dominated by you and me."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAKE OF THE CUI-UI EATERS—II

SOME species of fish never take a bait the first time it is presented. They nibble, go away, decide they must have more, come back, and strike. In putting together the pieces of a complicated situation, I follow a similar pattern of behavior. While I was idling away a good part of the summer of 1949 by the shores of Pyramid Lake, in Nevada, I learned that the Paiute Indians on the reservation that surrounds the lake were engaged in a long contest with several families of white ranchers over the use of some two thousand acres of land, of which about six hundred were "under the ditch"—that is, irrigated, or at least irrigable. In that vast, generally arid country, irrigable land has a value hard to imagine here, for it can produce the alfalfa necessary to carry cattle over the brief winter. Without this supplementary feed, the sparse, enormous range is all but useless. Both Indians and whites are cattlemen in the Pyramid Lake country; riding the range, they look precisely the same. The whites' original "predecessors in interest," to employ a legal term with which, since my first trip out there, I have become very familiar, squatted on the disputed land at about the time of the Civil War, and the Indians have been trying intermittently ever since to get them and their descendants off. Some Indian Commissioners—there have been twenty-seven since the argument started—have made honest efforts to aid the Paiutes. Others have abetted the squatters. In 1924, Congress passed a bill allowing the squatters to acquire legal title to the land by buying it at an arbitrarily fixed price. By 1936, they hadn't paid up, and the Department of the Interior, of which the Bureau of Indian Affairs is a part, called the deal off and undertook to evict them. The Indians had never consented to the proposed sale, but up to that time nobody had asked them.

As soon as the Department of the Interior, then headed by Harold Ickes, asked for possession of the land, the late United States Senator Pat McCarran began introducing bills to give it—or, at worst, sell it for practically nothing—to the squatters, who according to him weren't squatters at all but the unfortunate successors in interest to stalwart pre-reservation pioneers. He contended that the reservation hadn't been founded until 1874. The Indian Bureau said 1859, according to its interpretation of the facts. The predecessors arrived in the interval between those two years. By 1949, when I arrived at Pyramid Lake, McCarran had introduced seven of these bills, one into each new Congress. Five of them had passed the Senate; none had got through the House.

Meanwhile, the government, acting for the Indians, had carried the eviction case through the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and won, and the Supreme Court had refused to hear a further appeal. But with McCarran still vigorous at sixty-eight and as full of bills as a cui-ui fish is of eggs in spawning time, the settlers wouldn't give up. The cui-ui, or *Chasmistes cujus*, is a fish found nowhere in the world but in Pyramid Lake—it has relatives in certain lakes in Utah, Oregon, and India—and the early Paiutes who lived around the lake were known to their neighboring tribesmen as "cui-ui eaters." McCarran was equally *sui generis* and equally indigenous to Nevada. In 1949, as a sideline to his Indian-fighting, he was trying to get a loan of a billion and a half dollars for Chiang Kai-shek, who was in the process of being chased out of China, and one of fifty million for General Franco, and, in addition, was raising hell with the Maritime Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board, the United Nations, and the idea of European aid for anybody *but* Franco. While McCarran continued to introduce bills for the squatters, each side out in Nevada found a way to make the disputed land useless to its opponent—the Indians by fencing it into the reservation, and the ranchers by cutting off the water from its irrigation ditches. The ranchers said the water rights didn't go with the land; to obtain them would entail a whole new litigation. Without water, the land was drying out, and Indian cattle were dying on the range in winter for lack of the hay the deadlocked acres might have produced.

I LISTENED with interest to a good deal of talk about these matters while I was out in Nevada, but when I got back to New York, Pyramid Lake seemed very far away from the view out of my favorite window at home, which includes the North River piers where the great Cunarders and Frenchmen lie. By Christmas Eve, 1952, however, McCarran was with me again. I could see the lights on the Liberté, once the Nazi Europa, as she lay at her berth with two hundred and seventy-one of her seamen still on board because they had snubbed the brand-new McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Law by standing "on their rights as free men not to reply to questions"—a quotation ascribed by the *Times* to a delegate of the French seamen's deck union. If the sailors had been willing to answer the questions, they would have been welcome ashore, even though they had been Nazis or members of the Fascist Milice in France during the war. It was a measure of the extent to which McCarran had been able to force his opinions on his brother palefaces. On Christmas morning, the *Times* carried a picture of Senator McCarran himself, returning from a South American cruise on the Santa Rosa. He was sitting at an immigration officer's elbow while the officer interrogated members of the Santa Rosa's crew. Roman-nosed and full-jowled, the Senator had his white hair combed out in a laurel-wreath effect. He looked like the Emperor Galba on a coin—a guaranteed-by-the-government ninety-and-a-half-cent-an-ounce silver coin it would have to be, of course, since McCarran, in collaboration with other Western senators, had forced the United States to buy a billion and twenty-five million dollars' worth of silver in the world market during the years between 1934 and 1942, in order to maintain the price of domestic silver, of which the total production amounted to a bit over three hundred and forty-seven million dollars' worth. I wondered whether McCarran, while on his cruise, had thought of a way to have the Paiutes deported. To find out if he had, I telephoned to a neutral white I know named Harry Drackert, who runs a guest ranch at Pyramid Lake, and asked him how things stood between the Indians and the Italians. (All the squatters are of Italian descent—a fact that has its political bearing on the case.) Harry said that nothing had changed. The Indians still had the waterless land and the squatters the landless water. Pat had introduced one of his bills to take the land in the 1951 Congress, and it had bogged down as usual. But it was a cinch he would introduce another come spring, Harry said. "I entered for the state legislature myself, and I would of run good if I could of broke in," he added, passing to other news of northern Washoe County. "The only trouble was I got stuck in the gate. I was beat out in the primary."

"Wouldn't the Indians vote for you?" I asked.

"This was a Republican primary," Harry said. "All the Indians is registered Democrats. I got beat by one vote—twenty-one to twenty. If Joan could of voted for me, I'd of tied." Joan is his wife.

"Why couldn't she vote for you?" I asked.

"Turned out she's a registered Democrat, too," Harry said. "If I'd got nominated, I could of won, because all those Indians would of voted for me instead of the Democrat in the elections. As it was, the Democrat won easy. The pay would of helped buy penicillin for those yearlings I got. Come New Year's, they'll be some of the runningest two-year-olds in America."

"Quarter horses?" I asked. In 1949, Harry, who used to be a world's champion rodeo rider, had owned mostly dude horses, but had aspired to better things.

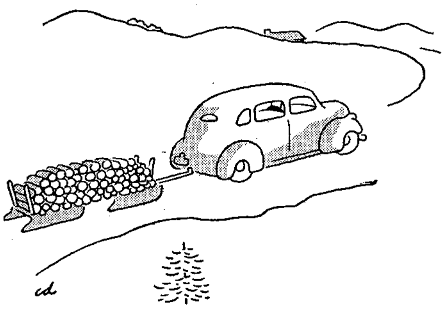
"These is thoroughbreds," Harry said. "I got a stud—Andy K.—and I'm using him on my mares."

I shuddered. Andy K., I remembered from seeing him race at Saratoga, was an extremely fast horse with an incurable habit of running out on the turns.

"Do they run—" I began, but delicacy prevented me from completing my question.

"I don't know," Harry shouted, understanding. "I ain't got them up that fast yet."

I cannot deny that curiosity about Harry's two-year-olds increased my desire to revisit Pyramid Lake. So did an effectively simplified version of the situation that I had built up in my mind during the intervening months, which went like this: Here were these funny Indians, the first I had ever known and, unlike my preconceptions, neither solemn nor tragic nor mysterious but dressed in J. C. Penney cowboy clothes and talking, like everybody else in that part of Nevada, about the two annual staple crops of the region—Herefords and divorcées. I had heard all sorts of yarns about what the narrators called Indian shiftlessness. For example, there was one that hinged on the disappearance of the great cutthroat trout from the receding lake. When the level of the lake dropped, the cutthroat had found it impossible to ascend the Truckee River, the lake's lone feeder, in the spawning season. The reasons for the drop were two—a cycle of dry years, beginning in 1917, and the diversion of water from the river for a power plant and irrigation ditches along its course. After the trout had disappeared, the State Fish and Game Commission offered to restock the lake with a species that would not have to go upstream to spawn, on condition that when the new trout caught on, other residents of the state would be allowed to fish for them, provided they bought a tribal license. The Indians, according to the story, turned the Commission down cold. They wanted the lake for themselves. I had also heard that they would not permit prospectors on the reservation—although, for all anybody knew, it might be shot full of valuable ores—because they just didn't want to be disturbed. This lack of a soaring, General Motors type of ambition appeared to be a hereditary characteristic. "The old Paiutes never had anything but a pot to cook in, and even that was only a watertight basket," an Indian Bureau man had told me. "They'd cook in it by filling it with water and heating the water with hot stones. They'd take the pot and wander after food—berries, or small game, or grasshoppers, or pine nuts—always using the lake as the center of their orbit and counting on the fish for their main supply. They were unpretentious Indians."



THE unpretentious Indians, however, were standing off the internationally omnipotent old calliope of a Senator. I had never met McCarran, but I had heard a miscellaneous lot about him, and in the months that followed my talk with Harry I pursued a lazy kind of research on the subject of the Senator. I looked in the Congressional Directory and saw that he was born in 1876—in Reno, it said, although I had been given to understand he was born on a ranch a few miles out, which he still owned. He had four daughters, two

---

ON TRANSLATING "EUGENE ONEGIN"

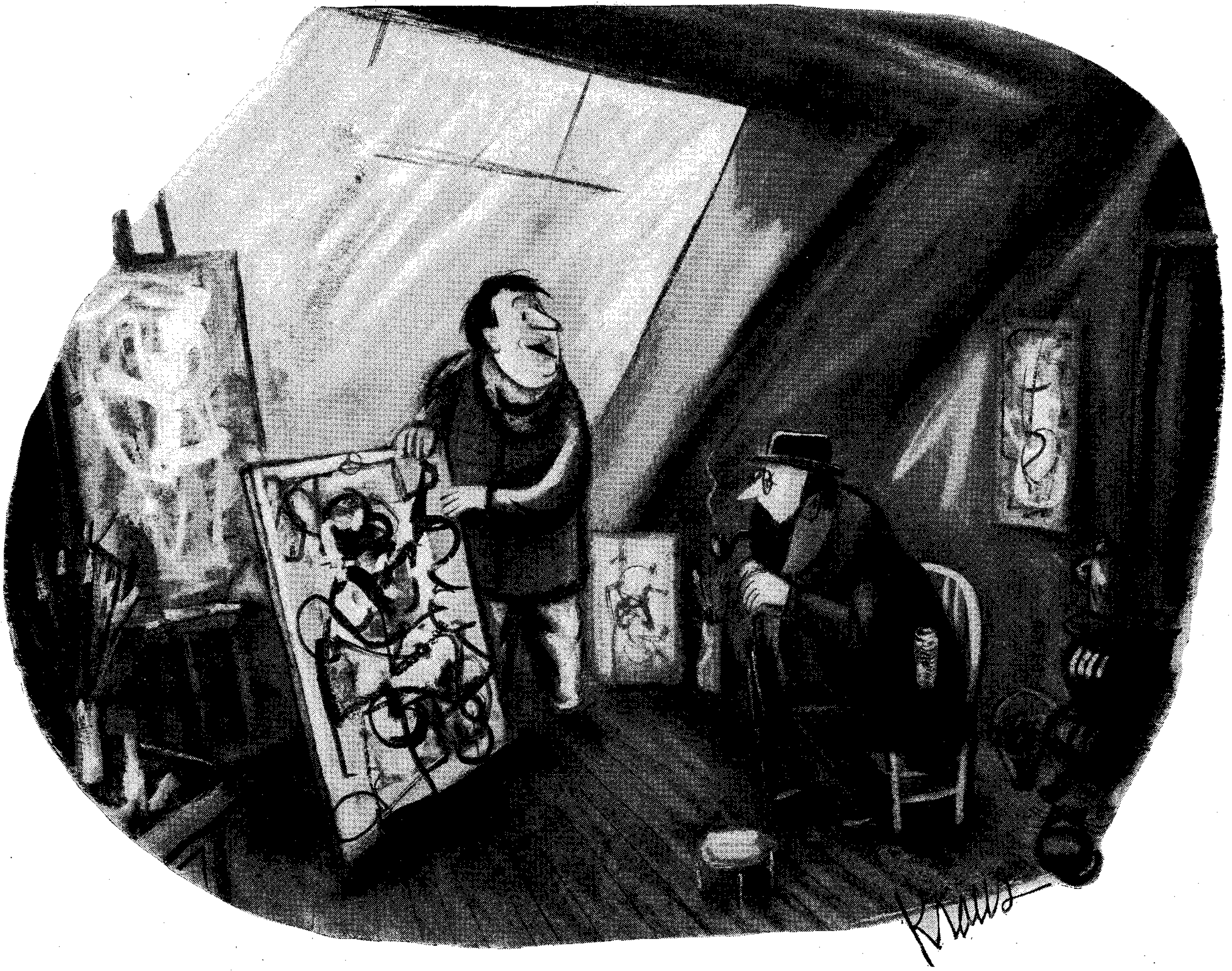
(AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE "ONEGIN" STANZA—METRE AND RHYME PATTERN)

What is translation? On a platter
A poet's pale and glaring head,
A parrot's screech, a monkey's chatter,
And profanation of the dead.
The parasites you were so hard on
Are pardoned if I have your pardon,
O Pushkin, for my stratagem.
I travelled down your secret stem,
And reached the root, and fed upon it;
Then, in a language newly learned,
I grew another stalk and turned
Your stanza, patterned on a sonnet,
Into my honest roadside prose—
All thorn, but cousin to your rose.

Reflected words can only shiver
Like elongated lights that twist
In the black mirror of a river
Between the city and the mist.
Elusive Pushkin! Persevering,
I still pick up Tatiana's earring,
Still travel with your sullen rake;
I find another man's mistake;
I analyze alliterations
That grace your feasts and haunt the great
Fourth stanza of your Canto Eight.
This is my task: a poet's patience
And scholiastic passion blent—
The shadow of your monument.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

• •



"I paint what I don't see."

of whom were nuns, and a son. He had taken his A.B. at the University of Nevada in 1901 and been admitted to the bar in 1905, dates that showed him to have been about four years older at both stages than the average candidate. While studying law, he had farmed and been a member of the state legislature. It must have been a tough grind, and I could imagine young McCarran, only a few miles from Pyramid Lake, envying his Indian contemporaries when they took off to go fishing. There is nobody so resentful as the man who wants to get ahead; instead of being grateful to other people for not competing with him, he wants them to be miserable, too. The Senator's parents, named in the Directory as Patrick and Margaret (Shea) McCarran, had, I knew, been Irish immigrants; the elder Pat had gone to Nevada as a soldier in the Regular Army in the sixties. For Nevada, that's Mayflower stock; out there, you can't go more than ten years further back without being a Washoe or a Paiute. The Senator had "practiced in Tonopah and Goldfield during the mining boom of those places," the Directory said; he had been District Attorney of Nye County, which includes Tonopah, from 1907 to 1909, and had then "resumed practice in Reno." He had been Associate Justice and then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada between 1913 and 1918, as well as state chairman of the Four-Minute Men, who sold Liberty Bonds in movie theatres during the First World War.

After again resuming private practice, in 1919, he had been president of the State Bar Association in 1920-21, although, I knew from reading elsewhere, in 1920 there had been talk of disbarring him because of an instantaneous divorce he obtained for Mary Pickford by exploiting a loophole in the law that concerned the state's residence requirement for divorce, which then was six months. According to this neglected aperture in the statute, if the defendant in a divorce case could be served within the same county of the State of Nevada in which the plaintiff resided, he might be haled into court and a decree granted instantly. Miss Pickford's husband at that time, Owen Moore, wandered fortuitously into Douglas County (pop. 1,400), where his wife just as fortuitously happened to be. A McCarran catchpole, apprised of the astonishing coincidence, served his summons. Mr. Moore appeared in court in Minden, the Douglas County seat, and the Douglas County judge forthwith severed the knot, accepting the assurance of both parties that there had been no collusion. McCarran had not discovered this loophole; a lawyer named Sheldon, the father of the Nevada divorce business, had for some time been working it for obscure clients and relatively inconsequential fees, being reluctant to publicize the goose that laid small but regular nuggets. McCarran's resort to it left Miss Pickford free to return to Hollywood and marry Douglas Fairbanks, which she did (in a wedding of international interest), with no interruption of her professional career as America's Sweetheart. She turned over to McCarran a house in Reno, which he still owned at the time of his death. Its acquisition in the first place had been part of the tactical screen with which he masked his strategic intention; the house indicated that Miss Pickford meant to stay the full six months. After her return to Hollywood, she had no use for the house, so McCarran took it in trade.

The explosion of indignation that followed Miss Pickford's divorce showed how strongly Nevadans resented a threat to a basic industry. The Governor of Nevada and the local Bar Association and Chambers of Commerce denounced the outrage, which, if made a precedent, would permit bipedal sources of income to escape from the state without running up a board bill. Sheldon was indicted, but the indictment was dismissed; he had not written the law. That set a precedent, so McCarran wasn't indicted at all. There was newspaper talk of annulling Miss Pickford's decree, but that would have delegalized the status of Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks, and the faith of America's younger generation might have been shaken forever. In the end, the Governor and the legislature decided to let bygones be bygones, and simply amended the statutes to plug up the loophole. This made Sheldon so mad that he went to Hollywood and became a movie producer.

Musing upon this *Märchen* of old Nevada, I resumed my scrutiny of McCarran's skeletonized autobiography in the Congressional Directory. (The Senator had omitted any specific reference to the Pickford case, even though it marked his first emergence as a name in the national press. On that occasion, he had shot across the firmament like a meteor, and had then gone out like a three-dollar-and-forty-nine-cent Fourth of July flowerpot.) The entries covering the next dozen years were sparse; the Senator noted that he had been president of the Truckee River Water Users' Association in 1921-22, vice-president of the American Bar Association in 1922-23, and chairman of the State Board of Bar Examiners in 1931-32.

As the depression began to take hold in Nevada, the legislature, by way of countermeasures, lowered the residence requirement for divorce to six weeks and relegalized gambling. (Games of chance had been banned in 1910 by an over-optimistic legislature that thought the gold mines would hold out.) McCarran, for all his lifetime of striving, was hard up; he might as well have gone fishing with the Indians all along. In 1932, all but six of the banks in Nevada closed. Of the collapsed ones, all but three were owned by another Goldfield and Tonopah man named George Wingfield. The depression levelled a lot of scores. Up to that time, Wingfield had had all the luck that had evaded McCarran. He had gone into Nevada as a cowboy driving cattle down from Oregon to provide ten-dollar steaks for the gold-rushers. He had worked as a bartender, then had traded a stickpin for a claim, which he ran up into an empire with full Congressional representation in Washington. A square-shouldered old man with hard, tight fists, he had won fortunes in poker by pretending to be dull. The stables he built for his racing stud are now a de-luxe motel. Wingfield did things in style.

McCarran found a way out of his difficulties. He got himself elected United States senator. To do this, he had to beat Tasker L. Oddie, a Nevada bipartisan institution. The primary function of a senator from Nevada is to get all he can for the home folks. In order to get it, he needs leverage, and he attains this by seniority. Unlike Southern states, which can attain seniority only within the Democratic Party, Nevada can accumulate it in both parties—in the Senate, that is. It won't work in the House, because the state is entitled to only one congressman. Oddie was the Republican and Key Pittman the Democratic member of a team aimed at the big double; both men were popular in the state and, since they never had to run against each other, they could always pretty much count on reelection. If 1932 had been a normal election year, the system would have made Oddie a hard man to beat and the Democrats would have had trouble finding a candidate willing to have his throat cut. But McCarran recognized how abnormal 1932 was. He volunteered for nomination. His posters read, "A New Deal for America: Roosevelt, Garner, and McCarran." When he was elected, he at once began bucking Roosevelt and Pittman to prove his independence.

A second Democratic senator from Nevada made Pittman feel like a high-school senior with a new baby sister. Pittman, then sixty, was only four years older than McCarran, but he had been a United States senator since 1912. He had mined in the Yukon and then lawyered at Tonopah, where he and

"Have a cigar, Pop!"

I never dreamed I'd look this young at my age

I'm glad I discovered Revenescence when I did... for my skin has remained soft, smooth, youthful looking longer than I had ever dreamed possible—thanks to Revenescence and its moisturizing benefits.

REVENESCENCE

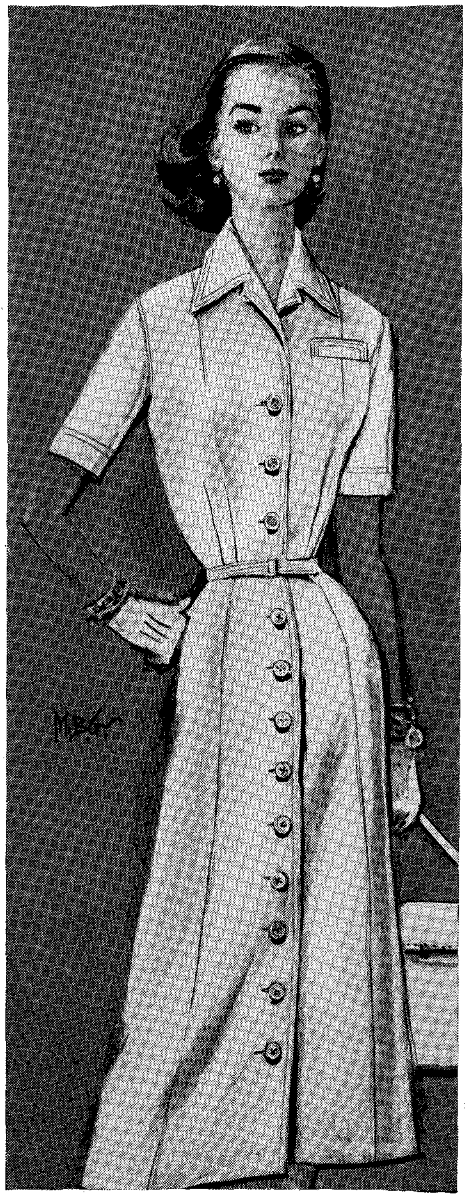
AS A CREAM $3. 5. 9. 15. 25.

AS A LIQUID $5. 9. 15.

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

Charles of the Ritz

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N Y.



Best's exclusive

*SHIRTMAKER

In imported Swiss Lanella.
A creamy blend of worsted and
cotton . . . wonderful against a
background of sun . . . perfect under
your furs! A timeless classic
with all the perfection of fit and
tailoring that have made
*Shirtmakers famous throughout
the world. Washable, in pale pink,
blue, yellow or white. Sizes 10 to 20,
38 and 40. **45.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Order by Style Number N-2
Please include postage beyond
our motor delivery areas.
AND 16 CONVENIENT BRANCHES
*Trademark

McCarran had been rivals in high-flown frontier hyperbole. The senior Senator from Nevada, who was chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, was a red-hot anti-dictator man, and called isolationism "that damn word." Along with Oddie's place in the Senate, the newcomer took over his moral obligation to the squatters—in 1924, Oddie had got the bill passed that let them buy the land. Besides, the squatters themselves were McCarran's fellow-members of the Truckee River Water Users' Association. So it was an important test for him when he went to bat for his first Pyramid Lake bill, on April 12, 1937, before the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs.

THERE is to my taste no better reading than the straight record of a good hearing or trial. Accordingly, in order to follow the junior Senator's maneuverings, I wrote to the Government Printing Office for all the available printed records of the hearings on the McCarran Pyramid Lake bills, of which there were now eight—S.840, 92, 13, 24, 22, 30, 17, and 2, in the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, Seventy-ninth, Eightieth, Eighty-first, and Eighty-second Congresses, respectively. Luckily, I suppose, I received the records of only three hearings—substantial little paper-bound books of about a hundred and fifty pages of small print each. Hearings on the other bills either had not been printed or were out of print. The works supplied were dated 1937, 1943, and 1949, relating to bills S.840, 24, and 17, respectively, and provided a well-spaced selection chronologically. I was especially pleased that the 1937 hearing was included, for I could thus be present as McCarran made his initial sortie. I felt that I was seeing the curtain rise upon a play I had already heard a good deal about when I read the title on the cover of the 1937 volume:

> FIRST SESSION ON S.840
> A bill to authorize the Secretary of the
> Interior to issue patents for certain
> lands to certain settlers in the
> Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation, Nevada.
>
> April 12, 13, May 3 and 17, 1937

The names of the fourteen members of the committee appeared on the inside cover. (Of the fourteen, only one has survived into the present Congress—Senator Dennis Chavez, of New Mexico.) But only four attended the hearing of April 12, 1937, which was held in Room 424-A of the Senate Office Building. Chavez was one. The three others were Elmer Thomas, of Oklahoma, chairman; Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana; and Lynn Frazier, of North Dakota. "Present also" were Senator McCarran, of Nevada; John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; James M. Stewart, Chief, Land Division, Office (later the Bureau) of Indian Affairs; and J. R. T. Reeves, Chief Counsel, Office of Indian Affairs.

The hearing opened quietly enough, like one of those plays that begin when a butler walks out on the stage and answers the telephone.

> THE CHAIRMAN: We have before us for consideration this morning S.840, a bill introduced by Senator McCarran: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Interior is authorized and directed to issue to each person who entered lands under authorization of section 1 of the Act entitled 'An Act for the relief of settlers and townsite occupants of certain lands in the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation, Nevada,' approved June 7, 1924, or to the successor in interest of such person, a patent for the lands so entered for which part of the purchase price has been paid, without requiring that any further sum be paid on the principal of such purchase price or the interest on the unpaid part of such principal."

The chairman then remarked that the Department of the Interior had made an adverse report on the bill and, upon being asked by Senator Frazier, "What is their objection?," read a letter signed by Charles West, Acting Secretary of the Interior, who wrote, among other things:

> At the time of the filing, one-fourth of the purchase price was paid, the balance to be paid in installments with interest at five per cent. None of the five entrymen [squatters] who would be affected by S.840 made any further payments. . . . Claims of the entrymen that the appraisals were too high were considered, and on November 30, 1934, the appraisements on their entries were materially reduced. The interest also was reduced from 5 per cent to 4 per cent. No interest has been paid by any of the five entrymen. [The five entrymen were J. A. Ceresola, W. J. Ceresola, Domenico Ceresola, M. P. De Paoli, and a number of Garaventas incorporated under the name of the Garaventa Land & Livestock Co.]

The proceedings continued:

> SENATOR WHEELER: How did they originally file on an Indian reservation?
> SENATOR MCCARRAN: May I make a statement?
> THE CHAIRMAN: Yes.

And we were off.

> SENATOR MCCARRAN: Mr. Chairman, the history of this runs into the history of Nevada. In 1864, the Central Pacific, now the Southern Pacific, was constructed through Nevada. At that time, certain settlers came in on the Truckee River at a point that was established as a division

FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
INCOMPARABLE HI-FIDELITY
BLUEBEARD
SIDE 1
Capitol

In the hands of a master

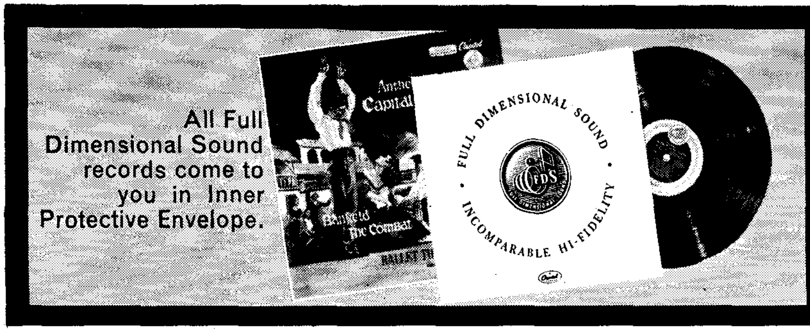
His is a performance you never hear on a Capitol Full Dimensional Sound recording—yet the extreme fidelity of every note you hear in Full Dimensional Sound is a tribute to his superb work. For he is a Capitol engineer. Working in constant collaboration with the producer, he hears *for you*, capturing on tape the performances by great artists of our time.

And this is no simple task. It demands a clear understanding of the composer's intent, plus a full working knowledge of acoustical and recording factors—and above all, great skill and taste. With the producer, he must decide what type of microphone to use, how many to use and where to place them.

During the performance, he must, with split-second timing, analyze each microphone's "voice" in relation to the overall musical pattern and simultaneously determine how these voices should be mixed to achieve the utmost fidelity in tonal balance and dynamic range.

The high level of his artistic judgment and technical precision may be judged by reviews such as this one by C. G. Burke, writing in *High Fidelity:* "The spaciousness vaults the sound, lifts it and broadens it, so that the orchestral surges seem circular and enveloping. The reverberation has been so judiciously estimated that the expansiveness does not weaken impact and impoverish timbre: indeed even the most minor orchestral details are clear amidst the general solidity of sound."

As you listen to a Full Dimensional Sound recording, you may find yourself agreeing with Mr. Burke that the record "instills a strong sense of concert hall actuality." Much of the credit for this feeling must go to the "first chair" man... at the control panel in Capitol's recording booth.



All Full Dimensional Sound records come to you in Inner Protective Envelope.

Incomparable High Fidelity
in Full Dimensional Sound

FDS
FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

Capitol
REG U S PAT OFF
RECORDS

THE TROPICS BEGIN AT THE COTTON SHOP

LINEN LAGNIAPPE

A dress you'll reach for mornings and afternoons both. The cut is easy—a combination of sheath and shirt, zippered down the front. Gross Sydney's imported Sichel linen bon-bon, the collar and sleeves elegantly tucked, a rhinestone pin on one sleeve. Powder blue, Dior blue, pink, gold or raspberry. Sizes 10 to 20, **29.95**

ZACHARY BOGERT
the Cotton Shop inc.
711 Fifth Avenue at 56th
Washington, D. C. Wilmington, Del.
Palm Beach Miami Beach
Ft. Lauderdale Delray Beach

point by the Central Pacific Railroad, known as the town of Wadsworth, located on the Truckee River about 35 miles east of the city of Reno, and about 15 or 16 miles from Lake Pyramid.

In 1859, an order was made by the Interior Department that a survey be made of certain territory surrounding Pyramid Lake with the idea of thereafter creating an Indian reservation for the Paiute Indians. Nothing was done about that order, or anything subsequent to that order, until 1874. [Actually, I found, a lot of relevant things happened during that period.] These dates are significant, and I would ask you to bear them in mind as I go along. Along about 1864, as I have stated, settlers came in on the Truckee River close to the town of Wadsworth, and there took up arid lands, constructed a ditch, and diverted water from the river and irrigated the lands.... There was then no reservation, nor was there more in contemplation of a reservation than what I have stated; namely, a letter saying that a survey should be later made and that it should be set aside for the Indians.

These settlers took up tracts of land and cultivated the land, irrigated the land, and established farms thereon.... The successors of those early settlers are now in possession, and have been at all times. Many of them are families or descendants of the early first settlers. [As a matter of fact, none of them were. The first settlers were roughnecks with German and Irish names.] In 1874, President Grant issued an executive order creating an Indian reservation and ordered that a final survey be made establishing the lines of the reservation. I draw your attention to the difference in dates between 1864, 1865, and 1866, when the early settlers went in there, and the date of the executive order by President Grant creating the reservation.

SENATOR WHEELER: Of course, all over the West, when they filed on land prior to its being surveyed, they got a right, after it became surveyed, to take up those lands. [I imagine that he had had to fix up a lot of shaky claims for constituents, too.]

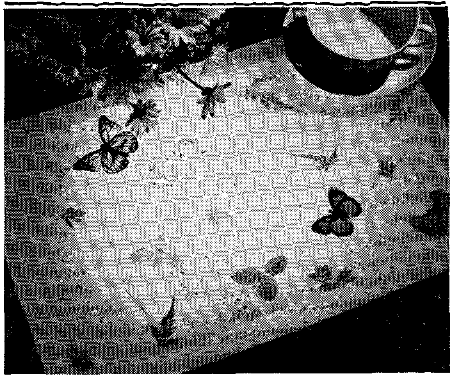
SENATOR MCCARRAN: Excepting in a case of this kind, Senator, where they had already been in, and then were surveyed into the reservation.

McCarran then expounded something that I knew to be true—that the "predecessors in interest" had been allowed to claim some land within the reservation in the sixties and acquire it in "fee simple," which, in lay English, means outright. They purchased it from the state at a dollar and a quarter an acre. "So that if the government should eject these five entrymen from the tracts of land in question they would not and could not eject the entrymen from the reservation, because they hold lands in fee simple adjacent to these very lands in question," McCarran said. What happened in the case of the fee-simple land was that the federal government told the infant Nevada state government in 1864 that it could have seven

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE LEANING TOWARD
"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"
(IT'S FABULOUS)

Every room at least 14'x22' with **individual large screen console TV, air-conditioning,** butler's pantry, refrigerator and **bathroom extension phone.** All luxurious hotel services. Just around the corner from Grand Central, both Airline Terminals, most shops and theatres.

THE Tuscany
Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street, just East of Park Ave., New York 16
MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392
P. S.—May we send you a brochure?

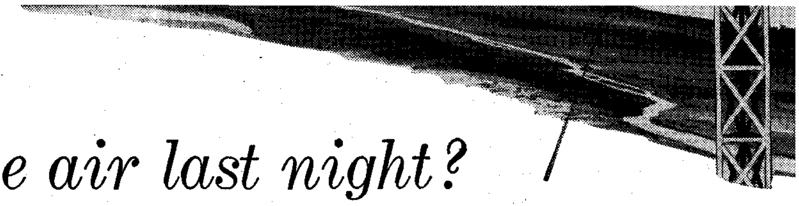


butterfly place mats

Feathery, Japanese rice paper with real butterflies and vari-colored leaves, pressed between layers of vinyl plastic. Translucent softly textured, washable, virtually indestructible—yet delicate as a Japanese print. Dimensions: 19" by 13". each **2.75**

Twining and Buck Salisbury, Conn.
Send for free catalog
add 50c postage east of Miss., 90c west

Fantasia in Captiva
Go native . . . with modern conveniences. Spend your vacation at South Seas Plantation . . . a Florida tropical island resort, on the Gulf of Mexico American Plan. Open year-round.
SOUTH SEAS PLANTATION
CAPTIVA, FLORIDA
INQUIRE AT YOUR TRAVEL AGENCY FOR RESERVATIONS



Weren't you on the air last night?

Think back. Did nothing unusual happen last night?

How about that phone call—from a distant friend or a boy in service or a business associate, separated from you by long miles, maybe mountains, water, forests, and desert?

You and your other party may well have been the momentary actors in a "radio show" that is changing the face of the earth, squeezing it smaller. It's a show carried on electronic wings which span mountains and lakes to carry your voice over country where only horses, jeeps or motorboats could penetrate.

This is the magic of *Microwave,* a modern development which makes the communication of man with man forever free of geographic bounds or obstacles. The words you speak into your telephone are transformed into radio signals of so high a frequency that your home radio can't catch them. Then they are "bounced" from tower to tower over terrain where the usual telephone poles and wires could be installed only with great danger and at prohibitive cost.

Microwave's advantages are obvious. Ice can't form on a radio beam; wind can't blow it down nor can landslides uproot it. Its high-frequency beams are as quiet and static-free as the familiar sound of your FM radio or high fidelity record player.

You need more than a screwdriver to furnish Microwave links to America's 5200 independent telephone companies, as we do. You've got to have a heap of knowledge in electronics *and* telephony, too. We've a corps of experts and 60 years of experience. Have *you* a problem we could tackle? If so, we would welcome a request for more information.

There is nothing finer than a

Stromberg-Carlson®

Rochester 3, New York

"Panoramic Vision" Television Receivers

Radios and High Fidelity Radio-Phonographs

Sound and Public Address Systems

Office Intercom Equipment

Electronic Carillons for Churches and Public Buildings

AND MANY OTHER ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS FOR THE ARMED FORCES million acres of public lands, anywhere on the public domain, and could sell them to homesteaders. The money so raised was to be used for schools. In making the gift, the federal government did not except from the public domain the brand-new Indian reservation. Each of the five squatters' first predecessors on the Pyramid Lake Reservation had filed on one quarter-section—a hundred and sixty acres—and had then appropriated without formality several hundred acres of adjoining land. The argument was over only the acres that the predecessors had informally glommed onto. These, in the course of years, had become confounded with the original, legitimately acquired quarter-sections, and Reno banks had granted mortgages on land that included fee-simple acres along with the rest. It was as complicated as the history of Trieste, and Chairman Thomas's attention was evidently wandering.

The Chairman: Are these Indians unable to make any further payments?

Senator McCarran: They are not Indians; they are white settlers. Everything that I am saying here is set out in a letter from the Land Office, of which I have a carbon copy, dated Dec. 19, 1929. The copy that I have is unsigned, but it is on the official stationery, and the original is somewhere. I do not know where it is. I shall be glad to have someone look that up.

Everything I am going to say here is set out in the report of Senator Curtis as to Senate Bill 225. The report was filed Oct. 20, 1921. It is set out in a letter addressed to Senator Curtis and signed by E. C. Finney, Acting Secretary at that time. This gives a very interesting history of the whole transaction. It is more in detail than I shall burden the patience of this committee with, and it is so authentic, so emphatic, and so clear that I beseech your careful attention to it.

These references to the 1921 and 1929 letters turned out to be the first bars of a motif McCarran kept introducing at approximately the same point every time he played the tune. Finney, to whom he referred with the reverence usually reserved for somebody like Thomas Jefferson, served under Albert B. Fall, who was the bagman's dream of a Secretary of the Interior. The passage in the Finney letter that particularly appealed to McCarran begins: "As to the equities in the matter, originally these Indians were nomadic, obtaining their living chiefly by hunting and fishing. Essentially they were not agriculturists and knew nothing of the art of irrigation. . . . As to the lands immediately here in controversy, the equities in favor of the Indians are far from strong." The 1929 letter reads, in part: "The Indians have never been in the actual possession of any of the lands in controversy and accordingly have done nothing toward the development of such lands. The white settlers have converted this wilderness waste into a productive and prosperous community." Neither letter mentions the fact that much of the manual labor on the lands in question was actually done by Indians, working as hired men on acres to which, the courts have since decided, they had much better title than their employers.

But back to the hearing:

Senator McCarran: Let me continue. Nothing was done with reference to ejecting these settlers or doing anything about them until 1909. Keep in mind the dates 1864, 1874, and 1909.

Senator Wheeler: When did [the courts] make the appropriation of the water on these lands? Was it prior to the lands being an Indian reservation?

Senator McCarran: Yes, sir. . . . Let me recite a little history to you.

The United States Government sought to adjudicate the claims of the Indians and the claims of the white settlers along the Truckee River. . . . The Federal Court, at the behest of the Government, did [issue a] decree, and that water is today a decreed [property of] these white settlers. What is more than that, under the law of Nevada and under the law generally, that water, being appropriated water, can be divested from the lands and sold by the white settlers, even though the Government were to come in and oust these white settlers. . . . [The Indians] would have nothing then but the bare land, valueless in that arid region. . . . To make this story a little shorter, this matter has been going the rounds between the Department and Congress and the courts now since 1864, we may say, and especially since 1924, when these settlers did pay up the part required of them at that time but were unable, and have been unable, to pay up since.

I have a very personal knowledge of the conditions of these settlers because I was born and reared in this very community. The very waters that irrigate the farm on which I was reared are the waters of the Truckee River, that also irrigates the farms of these men who were my neighbors during my boyhood days. I know their conditions. I speak of them and for them, because, if there ever were those deserving the consideration of Congress at this time, it is these five families which now remain there. They are honest, God-fearing citizens. . . . Here is a group of five unfortunate farmers who come before Congress now and say that by reason of financial conditions over which they have no control they have been unable to carry out their agreement. We only ask now that they be permitted to have the lands on which their families have been reared, on which they have married and given in marriage, and on which they have buried their dead, if you please. . . . They have been the sustenance of the Indians of that reservation.

Again I refer you to the letter of the Commissioner and to the letter of the Department in which it is stated that these Indians are not inclined to be agriculturists. . . . They are fishermen. They are nomadic. [They had occupied the same lands for several thousand years. I would

The Happy Mailman

They used to tell us when we were in business college that the people at Sears-Roebuck could tell pretty closely how many dollars' worth of checks and money orders they had each morning, simply by weighing the mail. Well, we're just as smart as Sears-Roebuck any day. We can tell in advance just by looking at an article, how much mail we're going to get. Well, frankly, not always, and not precisely — but at least "a little" or "a lot."

"Job Enlargement Boosts Production" from December Nation's Business is a classic example. The issue was hardly out when in came a request for 75 copies from a West Coast personnel director. A day or so later, an officer of the Methods Engineering Council asked for a dozen. Then, a supervisor at the New York Post Office . . . an executive at an oil refining company in Salt Lake City . . . a division traffic superintendent for Southwestern Bell Telephone . . . a vice-president of Bridgeport Gas Light Company . . . the owner of a Washington, D. C. storage warehouse . . .

A few months before, in October Nation's Business, it was "How to Buy a Business." Right through December the requests for reprints and extra copies kept flowing in . . . from a market research director of a large Baltimore department store . . . from the assistant to the president of a Philadelphia industrial outfit . . from the executive engineer of a large Chicago management firm . . . from businessmen in New York, Hartford, Hollywood . .

Mail to a magazine is just about like blood to a man. Certainly it's a good measure of the vitality of . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

CINZANO
VERMOUTH
CINZANO
CINZA

Act one, scene 3 from the new musical hit, "FANNY"*

Cesar (Ezio Pinza) in his waterfront cafe in Marseilles, makes one last effort to teach his son Marius (William Tabbert) how to make a Vermouth Cassis:

CESAR

(Firmly)

Now!

(He arranges the bottles, the glasses and the soda water on the bar. He suits his actions to his words)

One *medium* third vermouth.

(He pours with the precision of a master chemist and twists the bottle to avoid the last drop rolling down the side)

And twist the bottle to trap the last drop. You leave your bottles as sticky as fly-paper!

(He pushes the drop in with the cork, then puts the bottle down carefully and picks up the cassis bottle)

Clear?

MARIUS

(Nervous)

Yes, very clear, Father.

CESAR

Now, man-to-man – one *small* third cassis –

(Then giving Marius a look)

– and trap!

(He picks up the seltzer bottle)

Two *large* thirds . . . bubbles.

MARIUS

That makes four thirds.

CESAR

It depends on the –

(Catches himself shouting, puts his hand on Marius' shoulder and smiles as one adult to another)

– it depends on the size of the thirds!

STAGE NOTE:

The carved mahogany bar in this scene is the real thing, discovered in Marseilles by the Joshua Logans.

Just as authentic is the bottle of Cinzano Vermouth which Cesar flourishes so eloquently. (Cinzano *means* vermouth on the Continent.)

Cinzano belongs here, too, in well-appointed homes as well as cafes. It makes a perfect Vermouth Cassis, regardless of the size of your thirds. It's worth your while *as is*, or on-the-rocks. And it really *makes* your cocktails.

Cinzano French Dry Vermouth – light, smooth, very dry – is imported from the heart of the French wine country, where grapes are cultivated especially for dry vermouth.

Cinzano Italian Red Vermouth, ruddy, and rich in taste, comes from the grapevine-covered hills of Santa Vittoria d'Alba, in Italy, where it's made according to the original formula dating back to 1816.

A toast to "Fanny" with Cinzano!

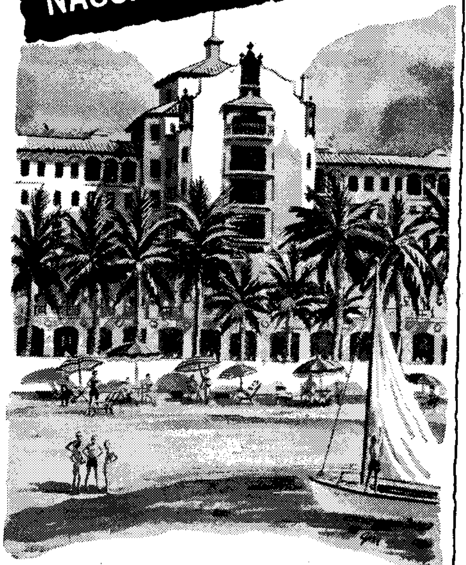
**Adapted from the Marcel Pagnol trilogy by S. N Behrman and Joshua Logan, copyright 1954. Music and Lyrics by Harold Rome. Produced by David Merrick & Mr. Logan. Majestic Theater, N. Y.*

CINZANO

WORLD-FAMOUS – SINCE 1816

For your free copy of Cinzano's Drink Recipe booklet, write to Cinzano, Inc., sole importers, 1 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

NASSAU in the BAHAMAS



THE British Colonial HOTEL

. . . preferred for luxury

There's an air of continental charm here . . . plus a feeling that is distinctly Nassau. The cuisine and service are notable . . . the location superb—overlooking the Harbour, secluded in its own magnificent tropical estate, yet just a step from everything.

Enjoy swimming and water sports at two beautiful private beaches or in the pool. Tennis on championship courts . . . golf at the Nassau Country Club. Dine and dance in the air-conditioned Continental Room. Bask in glorious summer sun this winter at the luxurious British Colonial Hotel.

Now open for the Winter Season

Reginald G. Nefzger
General Manager

For reservations, see your
TRAVEL AGENT *or*
Robert F. Warner, inc., U. S. Representative
588 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.
JUdson 6-5500
Chicago • Washington, D.C. • Boston • Toronto

have liked to hear the Senator's definition of a permanent resident.] They are a rambling tribe. They never showed any inclination, in their native state, to be agriculturists. But, be that as it may, and assuming that they could be converted into agriculturists—and we hope they can—there are approximately 300,000 acres in the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation. There are thousands of acres—I have not the figures, but there are thousands of acres yet available for cultivation.

THE CHAIRMAN: Are there other lands available for irrigation purposes on which the Indians might go if they wanted to?

SENATOR McCARRAN: Yes, sir. . . . The shortage of water is a thing that is common. Whenever the Sierra Nevada range is not heavily covered with snow, the Truckee River does not run sufficient water, but the Federal Court, protecting the rights of the Indians, has put a water master on that river, and they get the first right to the water, ahead of any white settler, for the Indian lands that are cultivated in the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation. [The water master's chief duty is to see that each landowner takes only the annual share of water allotted to him by court decree. He is a federal official, but his salary is paid out of a kitty levied on these proprietors.]

THE CHAIRMAN: The facts are, as I understand, that there is plenty of good land, as good as this, susceptible to irrigation, that the Indians might go on if they cared to farm it. [There wasn't, of course.] So they are not being deprived of their homes, as are the Indians in some reservations?

SENATOR McCARRAN: No, sir.

SENATOR WHEELER: What does your bill propose?

SENATOR McCARRAN: My bill proposes that a deed shall be issued by the Department of the Interior to the white settlers.

SENATOR WHEELER: Without any further payment?

SENATOR McCARRAN: Without any further payment.

The statement of John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was pallid in comparison with Senator McCarran's heavily rouged exposition.

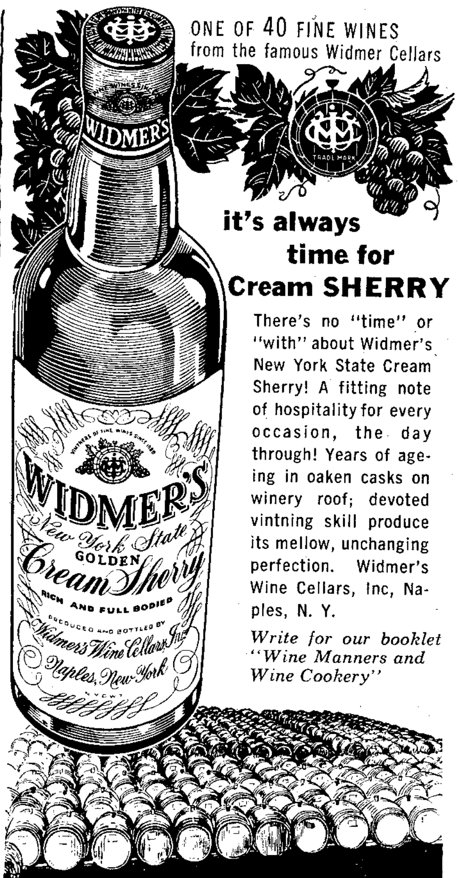
MR. COLLIER: . . . There is one date which has been omitted. It is undoubtedly covered in these various documents. It has been pointed out that it was in 1859 that the General Land Office directed that the Surveyor General of Utah reserve this area for the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation.

SENATOR WHEELER: When was that?

MR. COLLIER: That was in 1859. That was merely a direction by the General Land Office to the Surveyor General. But in 1861, according to our record information, the lands were withdrawn from sale and settlement as an Indian reservation.

SENATOR McCARRAN: By whom, Mr. Collier?

MR. COLLIER: By the Land Office. That reservation was not created until 1874, but the lands were withdrawn, in contemplation of creating a reservation, in 1861, so that no entry could be effected after that date. . . . No rights could have arisen after 1861 except through some act of Congress. There was no act of Congress until 1924. . . . Now, may I speak for a



ONE OF 40 FINE WINES
from the famous Widmer Cellars

it's always time for Cream SHERRY

There's no "time" or "with" about Widmer's New York State Cream Sherry! A fitting note of hospitality for every occasion, the day through! Years of ageing in oaken casks on winery roof; devoted vintning skill produce its mellow, unchanging perfection. Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc, Naples, N. Y.

Write for our booklet "Wine Manners and Wine Cookery"

WIDMER'S
New York State WINES

BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO HASN'T GOT BUTTONS?

Sole trimming on pastel spun rayon sleeveless sheath dress and white zephyr wool cardigan.

BOTH WASHABLE

Pale Pink, Sand Beige, or Aqua.
Sizes 10 to 16.

$25.00

Please add 50c for postage

The Clothes-Horse
58 E. 58th St., N.Y.C. 22—PLaza 9-1915

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants

Sea-Fare
1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
41 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

• THE GOLFER'S FIRST RESORT

Aquarama—Private beach—11 mile lake—Dancing Nightly—Entertainment—Fine Food—Amer. Plan

18-Hole Course . . .
GOLF IS FREE!

HARDER HALL
DAVID R. JACOBSON, Mgt.
NEW YORK PHONE UN 5-4501
SEBRING, FLA.

moment about the matter of the water, which is all-important in this country? . . . The water goes with the land. Is not that elementary?

Senator McCarran: . . . No. . . . The courts of the West have decided it, Mr. Collier.

Mr. Collier: . . . Leaving that question . . . if the Indians do not get this land, can they get the water to cultivate an equivalent amount of land?

Senator McCarran: It has been decreed to them.

Mr. Collier: But the water does not exist.

Senator McCarran: May I answer that? Would you want information on that, Mr. Collier?

Mr. Collier: Yes.

Senator McCarran: If water does not exist, it is because nature does not produce it. [This statement, one of the profoundest dicta of a gigantic mind, has no rival that I can think of.]

Senator Wheeler: It seems to me that the question involved here is one similar to the one we have had upon other Indian reservations. First of all, there is no question at all that the equities are with the white people.

Mr. Collier: That is one side. The other side is this, Senator. . . . From the standpoint of the Indians' position, the situation is simply this: They have not got, at present, at least, the irrigated land on which they can make a living. They are developing the cattle business and they need this land to supplement it. . . . If it were put up to the Indians whether they would take back the land or the appraised value, they would take the land today. . . . The Indians want this land.

Senator Wheeler: So do the white people, and the equities are with the white people.

When I had read that far, I could see that the Paiutes had fallen into an ambush.

In the ensuing sessions of the hearing, Collier struggled gallantly, but in vain. I learned why the Indian Bureau had no authoritative witness on hand when I read:

Mr. Collier: . . . I should like to be allowed to offer for the record a document that I do not ask the privilege of reading, because I do not want to take your time. It is the statement that the superintendent, Miss Alida C. Bowler, superintendent of the Carson Agency, would have made had she been able to testify. I would like to offer it for the record if Senator McCarran has no objection.

The jurisdiction of the Carson Indian Agency, I knew, included all the reservations in Nevada. The character of a woman Indian agent struck me as offering an attractive role for somebody like Rosalind Russell. I had never before heard of Miss Bowler. But McCarran apparently had.

Senator McCarran: I want to say, Mr. Chairman, that ordinarily I would not object to this; and I do not care to raise an atmosphere here that is not pleasant, but Miss Bowler's attitude in this

B·O·A·C ROUND-THE-WORLD SPORTS SAFARI

FARES AS LOW AS 6¢ A MILE OR LESS!

Somewhere in the world, each of your favorite sports reaches perfection. Let B.O.A.C. speed you there on a round-the-world sports safari that actually costs less per mile than driving a car!

B.O.A.C. does the hurrying. Its swift airliners save you precious days and weeks to enjoy big game hunting, fresh water or deep sea fishing, mountain climbing, skiing, golf, skindiving.

FLY 1,000 ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD—
FOR AS LITTLE AS $1,347.90 TOURIST AIR FARE

JAPAN
Mountain climbing, skiing and winter sports in settings like Japanese prints!
NEW ZEALAND
Sea fishing plus world's top trout streams, where you throw 'em back under 14 inches!
AFRICA
Big game shooting. Angling for tiger fish, world's gamest. Kite fishing for shark.
INDIA
Tiger hunting from elephant-back in Bengal jungles. Wild pig sticking.
SOUTH PACIFIC
Skindiving and spear fishing in warm, clear coral waters. Deep sea fishing.
EUROPE
Climbing, skiing or chamois hunting in the Alps. Polar bear shooting in Lapland.
AUSTRALIA
Kangaroo or buffalo shooting. Trout fishing, or trolling for 900-pound marlin.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
Offices in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, San Francisco, Washington; Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

What to pack and wear: Ask Ouida Wagner, Flight Wardrobe Advisor, at B.O.A.C.'s New York office

B.O.A.C., 342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
MUrray Hill 7-8900 DEPT. R-4

Please send me free Round-the-World Planning Chart and literature on round-the-world air tours.

NAME____________
ADDRESS____________
CITY________ STATE________
My travel agent is____________.

Ask about NEW B·O·A·C 10 20 BUDGET PLAN
FLY NOW—PAY LATER

FLY B·O·A·C

> whole matter has been so unpleasant; her published statements have been so unfair, and the fact that she has resorted to unfair publicity in this matter, prompts me in doing something that ordinarily I would not do at all. . . . I understood the statement was made when we recessed . . . that I did not want to face Miss Bowler, and that that was the reason I withdrew. I wish that Miss Bowler were here. I want to correct that statement. If she was here before, I am sorry that I did not have the pleasure of meeting her. But the lady has so reflected upon this committee, in the press and out of the press, and has made it so much of a political issue, that I must in the nature of things raise a question against any fugitive instrument that is not presented by the original author so that cross-examination can be had. It is only in that spirit that I raise any objection whatever; and if, after what I have said, the chairman sees fit to admit it in the record, it will be all right with me so far as I am concerned.

Abandoning Miss Bowler for the moment, Chavez and McCarran now jumped all over Collier for giving pro-Indian interviews to the press, to which Collier replied, "I do not believe you will find anything to object to, except that you do not agree with my views." The wrangle ended with the following passage:

> SENATOR McCARRAN: I do not think any of this is material. I only raised an objection in reference to this fugitive instrument. If she wants to present it, let her present it herself.
>
> MR. COLLIER: She was here for weeks endeavoring to present it.
>
> SENATOR McCARRAN: I did not know that.

The letter was admitted to the record, but not until McCarran had launched out on a rhetorical, allegorical, pastoral-symphonical statement that outdid his exposition on the first day:

> SENATOR McCARRAN: I would like to draw a picture for this committee. It comes out of an expression that the Commissioner used, that the Indians want these lands; they do not want money, but they want these lands. It is not to be wondered at that they want these lands. These are highly cultivated alfalfa fields; beautifully cultivated alfalfa fields, indicating the everlasting diligence of man there, and in one instance the diligence of De Paoli, one of the entrymen. He has one of the nicest little ranches that you ever saw in your life. If this Congress were to permit this man to be ejected, here is the picture. De Paoli's house is over on his fee-simple lands. His barns and corrals are over on the disputed land. The line runs so that the home and hearthfire of his family, if you please, is on one side of a fence and his corrals are on the other side. The corrals are modernly constructed and are up to date.
>
> SENATOR CHAVEZ: Probably other people would want the land, according to your description of it.
>
> SENATOR McCARRAN: Certainly. . . . This question involves the homes and hearthfires of these five poor, unfortunate families. And when I say they are poor, I say it emphatically, because for years I have lived by their side and I know what I am talking about. This whole question is one of fair play, justice, and equity. It is not one of cold-blooded, heartless law. We can oust these settlers; we can throw them out, and they will become destitute, unless perhaps their little holdings otherwise would help them to go on. Or we can let them live as they have lived for years and years, in neighborly friendliness with these Indians. . . . I know that there is many an Indian down on that reservation today that does not want those lands, but there is a group that has gone in there and has used political methods.
>
> I say, without fear of contradiction, that today the superintendent of the Indians of Nevada is using the Indian vote as a political club to try to compel me to withdraw this bill. I do not fear any contradiction of that statement, because it is true. The Indians vote in Nevada, and their vote has been thrown in my face ever since I introduced this bill, and it can be thrown in my face just as long as I am in the Senate of the United States. But neither the Indian Bureau nor an imported Indian superintendent for Nevada can threaten me with any such a club as that and get away with it. The time has gone by for cheap politics of that kind. [This was not quite so reckless as it sounded, because there are only five thousand Indians in Nevada, and three or four times that many citizens of Italian blood.]
>
> I know the merits of this case, and that I cannot present it more forcefully is really a sorrow to me. These people came in there as early as 1864. [He meant, as usual, the predecessors, but he never missed a chance to promote this emotional confusion.] They came in in good faith on the open, public, unsurveyed domain of the United States. They have been continuously in occupation of those lands. They made what the Westerner looks upon as beautiful little self-supporting homes. They are in the desert country where no Indian ever grubbed brush before the brush was grubbed by these white people. No Indian ever constructed a ditch before a ditch was constructed by these white people. No Indian ever took possession of these lands in any way, form, or manner. So you are taking nothing whatever from the Indians. What they never had they never lost. . . .

McCarran then turned to the question of why the settlers had not made good on their payments for the land under the 1924 arrangement. "They could not get the money," he said. "I can testify under oath to this matter, to my personal knowledge of their efforts to raise this money. [At the time] you could not borrow a dollar on a twenty-dollar gold piece."

Miss Bowler, in her letter, wrote that the Pyramid Lake Tribal Council, knowing she was to be in Washington on other official business, had expected her to present their side of the case at the hearings. But the hearings had been postponed twice, and she had had to go back to her work in Nevada. "On September 17th [1936], the Secretary of the Interior requested the Attorney

Skiing is believing at Sun Valley IDAHO

No wonder Sun Valley is world-renowned as *the* place to ski! Combine its nature-endowed assets of perfect powder snow, big, ever-pleasing sun and made-to-order slopes with its large variety of runs served by electric chair-ski lifts and you have the answer. There's just no place like it, anywhere.

Outdoor, warm-water swimming . . . skating . . . dancing and evening entertainment complete the fun picture so why not make your plans now?

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!

Address Mr. Winston McCrea, Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho, or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 2040, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see your local travel agent.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

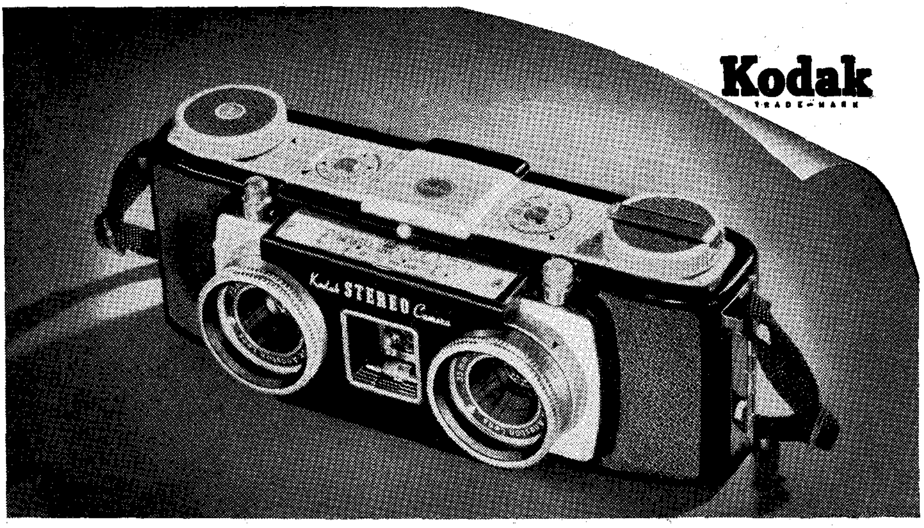
OWNED AND OPERATED BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

General to institute suit to evict these white squatters," she went on. "The Attorney General instructed the United States Attorney in Nevada to prepare the suits. But before he had filed these suits he received an order to bring no action until he received further notice. An exchange of wires revealed that this had been done at the request of Senator McCarran. . . . To date the suits have not been filed."

ON May 3, 1937, I reëntered Room 424-A, Senate Office Building, via the transcript. Present, besides the chairman, were Senators Chavez, Frazier, and Frederick Steiwer, of Oregon. Wheeler was absent—possibly out fleecing some Blackfeet. Collier presented 1936 Washoe County tax records to prove that the settlers hadn't paid taxes on most of the land in dispute. He also offered data on the yield and prices of alfalfa in northern Nevada for the years when the settlers said they were broke. According to the figures, they shouldn't have been. Then McCarran arose and denied a story he said he understood was in Miss Bowler's letter, which he hadn't bothered to read. Informed that the story wasn't there, he said, very handsomely, "That is not my understanding. If you are correct in that, then I am in error, and I will be corrected." But as to Miss Bowler's personality, he remained bearish:

SENATOR MCCARRAN: The attitude of the lady who represents the department in the State of Nevada has been the most unfair that I have ever seen on the part of a Government official. The result has been to arouse class hatred between races. [An amalgam of the evils of Marx *and* Hitler.] In other words, the five entrymen here are Italians, and in every publication that is made in the press of Nevada coming from Miss Bowler, she refers to them as . . . "those Italians" or "the Italians," drawing the line between the Indian population of that particular section and the Italian population. [In his own statements, McCarran had called them Italians, I remembered, and naturally he always called the Indians Indians.] . . . So far as [the settlers] having any money is concerned, I give my word of honor to this committee—and I regard that as about the most valuable thing I have in this world—that no such condition prevails.

ON May 17, 1937, I returned once more to 424-A, by courtesy of the Government Printing Office, to hear the closing discussion of S.840. McCarran on this spring morning was all business. He offered an amendment to his own bill, stipulating that the settlers, instead of getting the land gratis, must pay up in cash, but "with the interest to date written off." Collier introduced what I found a fascinating compilation of in-



At last a fine stereo at a moderate price

New Kodak Stereo Camera only $\$84^{\underline{50}}$

You'll make excellent 3-dimensional shots with your very first roll. Simplified controls make stereo pictures as easy to take as ordinary snapshots. Brilliant *f*/3.5 lenses, shutter speeds to 1/200, many automatic features—all for a modest $84.50, inc. Fed. Tax.

Kodak also presents two new viewers. Both have handy focusing control and adjustable eyepieces. Kodaslide Stereo Viewer I, battery-operated, $12.75. Kodaslide Stereo Viewer II plugs into house circuits, has exclusive brightness control—$23.75.

Prices subject to change without notice . . . most Kodak dealers offer convenient terms.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Why we say

"SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT"

Complet . . . "no rooms" . . . "full up!" . . . a sad start for a European Holiday. This just doesn't happen to folks who see their travel agent. Taking advantage of his service, advice and counsel saves you money, insures freedom from worry, makes your trip a happy one. He gets your tickets, makes all reservations at *no extra cost to you.*

P. S. In case you don't know "your" travel agent, we will be happy to send you a list of those in your community, accredited by KLM. Write: KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 430 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

WORLD'S *FIRST* AIRLINES

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

formation on how the "predecessors in interest" had done their squatting in the first place. "One of these cases . . . is that of a white man who killed an Indian in order to gain possession of the Indian's land," Collier reported, prompting the chairman to remark, "As far as I am personally concerned, I have very little interest in that ancient history."

The committee took McCarran's amended bill under consideration and eventually recommended its passage. On July 22, 1937, it passed the Senate; in its final form it contained a provision requiring payments that totalled about twenty-two thousand dollars and one excusing the settlers from paying the interest that had accrued since 1934. The House Committee on Indian Affairs amended the measure to the extent of requiring the settlers to pay all the interest, and recommended its passage in this form. But the Honorable James Scrugham, the lone congressman from Nevada, organized an objection to the bill on the floor of the House, and it died there. Scrugham was a Democrat, too, and he detested McCarran just as heartily as McCarran detested Pittman. The House, jealous of its powers vis-à-vis the Senate, has a habit of following the wishes of a state's congressmen, rather than its senators.

A SIMILAR McCarran bill met the same fate in the Seventy-sixth Congress; so did another in the Seventy-seventh. By 1943, when McCarran dropped S.24 in the entry box, there had been a considerable change both in the Nevada Congressional delegation and in the state of the nation. McCarran was the senior Senator from Nevada, entering on his eleventh year of office. The obstructive Scrugham was his junior colleague, and a newcomer named Maurice J. Sullivan, a Democrat, was the Nevada representative. The change had been precipitated by the death of Senator Pittman in November, 1940, just after President Roosevelt's election to a third term, which McCarran opposed. "Nevada has lost an able and zealous representative and the nation has lost one of its greatest leaders," McCarran said at the time of Pittman's death. McCarran, however, had consistently refused to be led. During Pittman's chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, McCarran not only had never followed but had never even partially concurred. In February, 1940, he had voted against a loan of twenty million dollars to Finland for the purchase of arms, although the Finns had been attacked by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Before Russia's involvement in the war against the Reich, he had gone down the line against compulsory military service, lend-lease aid to Britain, the dispatch of troops to Iceland, and the use of militia against strikers in a North American Aviation plant that was manufacturing warplanes. As a Party-line voting record on foreign affairs, McCarran's compared favorably with that of the late Vito Marcantonio. Pearl Harbor rather flabbergasted him, but six months after we entered the war he had found his own satisfactory *casus belli* against Germany. This came when eight trained Nazi saboteurs landed from submarines on the coast of the United States—four in New York and four in Florida. "If they landed—as they apparently did—in violation of the immigration laws, that is an overt act," McCarran said, and from then on he was as implacable in his opposition to the enemy as he had been in 1917, when he sold all those Liberty Bonds. From the benign, oleaginous first-termer who in 1937 had combined Western courtliness with Morton Downey charm in his entreaties for his original Pyramid Lake bill, he had changed, especially since Pittman's death, into a blustering, arbitrary type. But on May 20, 1943, when he descended into the House of Representatives, like Orpheus to plead for Eurydice, he reverted to his kindliest manner. His Eurydice was S.24.

The chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs was a Democrat named James F. O'Connor, of Montana, a cattleman in private life. "I might say that we had some hearings on this bill before," O'Connor began when McCarran's bill was put before the committee. "This is Senator McCarran's bill, and we will hear from the Senator first." And now, reading, I had the feeling of pleasurable anticipation that as a youngster I experienced once a year at the Palace Theatre, the capital of vaudeville, at Seventh Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, when the orchestra played a medley of "Ida" and "Roley-Boley Eyes," and Eddie Leonard, the great old minstrel man who never changed his act, made his annual appearance. During the intervening months, Leonard had been performing the same act at other theatres; by the time he got back to the Palace again, the audience was filled with a pleasant, because sure to be satisfied, nostalgia, as for turkey on Thanksgiving.

This time, the curtain rose on Senator McCarran saying, "A little of the history will do no harm, although it may be a little irksome on those who have

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
"*Superb Shocker . . . Season's First Dramatic Smash!*"—WALTER WINCHELL
NANCY KELLY
in
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
BAD SEED
Adapted from the WILLIAM MARCH Novel
EVELYN VARDEN, HENRY JONES, EILEEN HECKART, THOMAS CHALMERS, PATTY McCORMACK
Staged by REGINALD DENHAM
46th STREET THEATRE, 226 W. 46. CI 6-4271
Evenings at 8:35. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
"*Restores our theatre to an art again*"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN'S production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON
ANTHONY PERKINS
(*Produced with Mary K. Frank*)
BARRYMORE THEATRE, 243 W. 47. CI 6-0390
Evenings at 8:35. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A SMASH HIT!"
—Coleman, Mirror
"SOCKO SUCCESS!"
—McClain, Journal Amer.
"DANCING SPECTACULAR!"
—Atkinson, Times
COLE PORTER'S
CAN-CAN
book and direction by
ABE BURROWS
dances and musical numbers staged by
MICHAEL KIDD
settings and lighting by JO MIELZINER
costumes by MOTLEY
Evgs. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 2.90, 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Tax Incl.
SAM S. SHUBERT 44th W. of B'way. CI 6-5990

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."—Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."—Atkinson, Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch"
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • George Keane • Rita Morley
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.: $4.60-1.73; Sat. Evg. $5.75-1.73; Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.45-1.15 (Tax Incl.)
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th St.

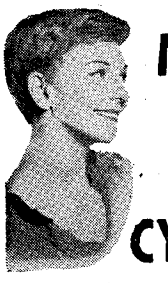
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Thriller
WITNESS for the PROSECUTION
Production Directed by
ROBERT LEWIS
with FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN • PATRICIA JESSEL
ERNEST CLARK • GENE LYONS
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A HUMDINGER!"—KERR, H.-TRIB.
JOHN JANIS
RAITT · PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE
PAJAMA GAME
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.

"ROWDY, DYNAMIC SEX FARCE!"
—WATTS, N.Y. POST
SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S
NEW FARCE
"Lunatics and Lovers"
Starring
DENNIS KING
SHEILA BOND · VICKI CUMMINGS · MARY ANDERSON
and
BUDDY HACKETT
Directed by MR. KINGSLEY
BROADHURST THEA., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A funny comedy. Harry Kurnitz' wit is sharp, mordant and tonic."
—Brooks Atkinson, Times
MARTIN GABEL and HENRY M. MARGOLIS
(in association with Peter Cusick)
present
"Reclining Figure"
A Comedy by HARRY KURNITZ
Directed by ABE BURROWS
HOLIDAY THEA.
B'way & 47th St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40
Evenings at 8:40

"A RESOUNDING HIT!"
—WATTS, POST
MARY MARTIN
as
Peter Pan
(A GAY NEW MUSICAL)
with
CYRIL RITCHARD
Production Directed & Staged by JEROME ROBBINS
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St., CI 5-4878



"Tallulah's dynamite" — CHAPMAN, NEWS
MOROSCO THEA.

heard me on this before. There is on the wall just back of you a map which portrays the locale of the land in question." This was an innovation since 1937. He had added props. But it changed nothing essential, any more than anything essential was changed when Leonard wore a new cinnamon-colored satin suit. Then McCarran read the passage from the anonymous report of 1929 about the settlers who "converted this wilderness waste into a productive and prosperous community." After that, he told how the railroad reached Western Nevada in 1864 and how the United States government gave the state seven million acres of public lands, which the state had allowed settlers to take up, and which accounted for the acres held by the squatters in fee simple, not to be confused with the land in dispute. The Senator was sticking by 1874, too: "In 1874, President Grant made an executive order in which he set apart lands surrounding Pyramid Lake, pictured on the right on the map, for an Indian reservation for the Paiute Indians. That was in 1874. Keep that date in mind. . . . It all hinges on the executive order of President Grant of 1874."

Now the Senator was back in 1860:

> So along these rivers the white settlers took up the lands. . . . They took the lands at that time, and at the present we would perhaps call them "squatters." . . . They and their predecessors have been there and are now in occupancy of those lands continuously from the time they were first taken up until the present moment. . . . These white settlers are now ready to pay in full, plus the interest and all of the charges that have been made by reason of the appraisement of these lands, notwithstanding the fact, gentlemen, that the appraisal value is, in my judgment, far out of range of any land in that locality—$30 an acre for alfalfa land. Why, you can buy it for $15 an acre anywhere around there. They are willing to pay that high figure although their ancestors came in here as pioneers. They are the sons and daughters of pioneers. They were born on some of these tracts of land. Here they gave their young life, they were married, they gave in marriage, they buried their dead. [Like Eddie Leonard, he never cut a good line out of the act.] It has been their home from time immemorial for most until the present day. . . . I will tell you why [the Indians] want these lands. [I could sense repugnance for their base *motivation* throbbing in his voice.] I will be frank. These lands have been cultivated for years and years. . . . They stand up like little green gems along the river. They do not require any hard work. There is no sagebrush there to grub. It has all been cleared and levelled, and it is pretty to look at, and it will produce crops right away if it has the water. . . . The settlers can move that water away from the lands if the land is taken from them so [the Indians] will have no ditch and no water. . . . Gentle-

"SHEER DELIGHT!" McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
JOHN C. WILSON & H. M. TENNENT, Ltd., present
ALFRED LUNT LYNN FONTANNE
BRIAN AHERNE EDNA BEST
QUADRILLE
NOEL COWARD'S Romantic Comedy
PRICES: Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $5.75; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $6.90; Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.: Orch. Divans (First 6 Rows) $4.60; Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. (Taxes Included). Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope with check or money order and suggest alternate dates.
CORONET THEA., 230 W. 49th St., N. Y. 19

VIVECA EUGENIE
LINDFORS · LEONTOVICH
IN A NEW PLAY
ANASTASIA
with JOSEPH ANTHONY
AND
HURD HATFIELD
LYCEUM THEA. W. 45th Street
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Underneath the Purple Tree
Where Cocktails bloom instead of flowers,
There's a table just for us,
To while away the pleasant hours.

It's cool and calm and comfortable,
With music in a minor key.
For luncheon, cocktail hour or supper,
Meet me at the Purple Tree.

Purple Tree
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
OF THE
Vanderbilt
HOTEL
ON PARK AVENUE AT 34TH STREET
THOMAS J. KELLEY II, Gen. Manager

Beau Sejour
RESTAURANT
Bethpage, L. I. Phone: Hicksville 3-0091
Closed Tuesdays
Enjoy real country dining on our new patio

Cherio
RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.
46 E. 50TH ST. · MU 8-1190

GUY LOMBARDO'S East Point House
OVERLOOKING PICTURESQUE GREAT SOUTH BAY
Sea Food Our Specialty
Dancing Fri. & Sat. Nights. Cocktails. Trophy Room. Open daily from 5 P.M. Sat., Sunday & Holidays from 1 P.M.
Foot of South Grove St., FREEPORT, L.I.
OPEN ALL YEAR
Closed Mondays

The Ultimate in Fine Hats

DOBBS

Guild Edge®

Dobbs is famous for men's fine hats. Among details contributing to this reputation is the Guild Edge, an exclusive Dobbs feature which appeals to the most discriminating. Available in newest colors, crown and brim dimensions. $15, $20, $40 and more. At shops of merit.

Also available in Canada

DOBBS HATS, New York's Leading Hatter,
Park Ave. at the Waldorf, New York 22, N.Y.

men, it is entirely a matter of equity and entirely a matter of justice. That is all that is in the bill.

A congressman named Fred Gilchrist, of Iowa, asked, "Well, has there ever been any decree against the [settlers] under which their rights were terminated?"

To this, Senator McCarran, with perhaps a trace of sorrow that anyone should ask him so pointed a question, replied, "The action commenced about a year and a half ago and was tried in the District Court of the district of Nevada, and judgment was rendered in their favor. That case was appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals by the Government, and the judgment of the lower court was reversed. . . . That was against the white settlers. There is now an appeal on the part of these settlers to the Circuit Court of Appeals." This was not true. The Circuit Court of Appeals had rendered a verdict against four of the settlers, and had the fifth case still before it.

Mr. Gilchrist then ventured to say that thirty dollars an acre did not seem to him a high price for irrigated alfalfa land—especially during a war boom, when cattle were cash on the hoof, he might have added, but he respectfully refrained. McCarran said, "Thirty dollars is high, since we are remote from a hay market." [This was precisely one of the reasons the land was so valuable; if the Indians couldn't grow alfalfa for their cattle, they would have to send far and pay dear for it.] Gilchrist asked McCarran if he thought even President Grant in 1874 had a right to set up a reservation, and the Senator replied that personally he didn't.

Anthony J. Dimond, delegate from Alaska, confessed that he was still confused about the status of the lawsuit, and McCarran repeated that the district judge had ruled in favor of the settlers (he always began that way, like a Brooklyn fan who says that the Dodgers were ahead for eight innings, before admitting they lost), and then mentioned the regrettable action of the Circuit Court of Appeals. He referred the committee to the Finney letter of 1921, with its opinion that the equities were with the whites. (The strains of "Ida.")

Antonio M. Fernandez, of New Mexico—another state afflicted by uppity Indians—got the point. "Unless the Circuit Court is reversed, under its decision the Indians would have a legal title and could prevail in ousting the white settlers, unless something is done here," he said. Quite right, said McCarran. (He had done *his* best to prevent this shocking lapse on the part of our legal system, I have since learned. Immediately after the lower court's decision for the settlers, he had called on Ickes and asked him not to appeal it.)

Mr. Gilchrist, possibly being hungry, suggested adjournment, but Representative Sullivan, of Nevada, said he had two Indians from Pyramid Lake with him, "and they cannot stay very long because Washington is a very expensive place." John Murdock, of Arizona, said, "So we have found," and then, with all parties pleased by this exchange of Congressional jocosities, the committee resigned itself to hearing Sullivan and his savages:

> MR. SULLIVAN: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, I am sure you will agree that it is not a pleasant task for me to disagree with the distinguished Senator from Nevada. He has a duty to perform and he is doing it as he sees fit and I also have a duty to the people of my State and I trust the committee will give me credit for doing what I think is right and proper. . . . The present bill now before the Congress is an appeal from the court to the Congress. . . . These Indians are citizens and voters. More than 40 of their number are in the armed forces of the United States. This country is under a peculiar obligation to them by legislation as well as the most rudimentary principles of justice to treat them in good faith and to afford them at least equal protection under law. [The allusion to the Indians in service was the first reminder in the text that in 1943 the country was in the midst of a war.] The settlers who seek relief in this bill have paid an average of one-fourth of the purchase price of the lands and the appraised price has been reduced nearly 50 percent. Many of these settlers and their predecessors in interest have occupied the lands more than 50 years, and so long as title remained in the Government they escaped state taxation. The down payment does not even approximate a fair rental for the land or any return for the exemption from taxation so long enjoyed. . . .
>
> MR. O'CONNOR: Now, under all of the circumstances, do you feel that these white settlers have any equities?
>
> MR. SULLIVAN: I do not think so. I do not.

McCarran then went into his water-rights-explanation routine, disregarding the incredulity of Murdock, of Arizona, who interjected, "In my country, water rights go with the land and the two are inseparable," and after a bit more palaver, Sullivan introduced the Paiutes—Albert Mauwee, secretary of the Pyramid Lake Tribal Council, and Albert Aleck, the Council's chairman. Aleck, whom I know personally, spoke first, and I could visualize him before the Little White Stepfathers. A straight, slender, bespectacled man with thin, rather severe features, he supplements his income from a few head of cattle by driving the school bus on the reservation in winter. My feeling of inside knowledge was accentuated when I observed that the Government Printer had spelled Aleck's name wrong.

Mr. Alec [*sic*]: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, this is the first opportunity we have had under the reorganization act to have a word in a matter like this. [The bill under consideration was the fourth of its kind to reach the Senate.] I will read our statement on it:

Need for land [Aleck read]: On the Pyramid Lake Reservation there is actually under irrigation 936 acres. Of this amount, 300 acres is an irrigated pasture down toward the lake which is very poor land, being sandy and subject to wind erosion and water erosion.... Of the 636 acres of irrigated farming land, 500 acres are in cultivation for crops and 136 acres are in irrigated farm pasture. This 636 acres is operated by 70 families.... On top of that there are 21 able-bodied heads of families living here right now who have no land at all.... It is our opinion that the average family should have at least 30 acres of irrigated land to be economically sound without any outside employment.... In 1942 the population of the Pyramid Lake Reservation was 288 males of all ages, and 278 females of all ages.... At the present time there are 37 men from Pyramid Lake in the armed forces. This is 12.85 per cent of the male population.... Nine of the 37 have volunteered, approximately one-fourth. None of these men have any land to come back to when the war is over. How are they going to make a living?... Why was the land reappraised in 1934? [Nobody else had bothered to ask McCarran that.] Is it customary when one party agrees to buy real estate from another party at a specified price to reappraise the property when the buyer fails to meet his payments?... We are free men. We are citizens of the United States with the right to vote, desiring to assume our full responsibility as citizens as fast as possible.... All we ask is justice, not as wards of the Government, but as free, self-respecting, patriotic Americans.

Some of the Western congressmen may have thought that another hand had written the speech for Aleck; in any event, they now began to put him through an agricultural quiz:

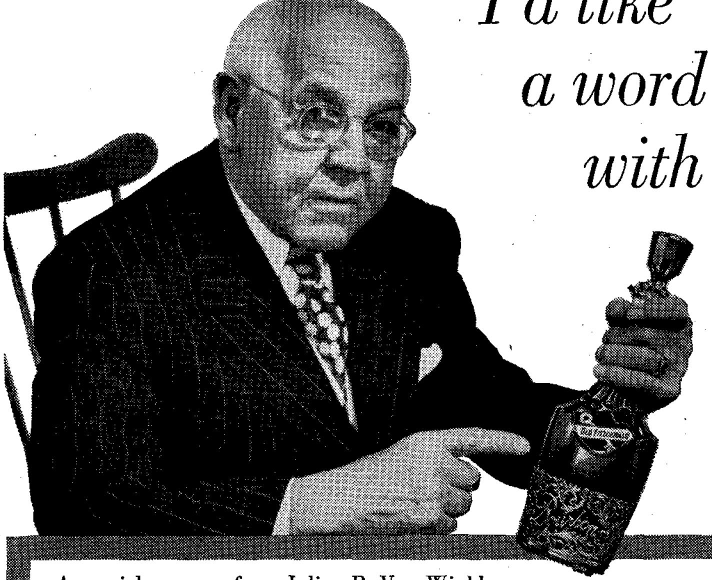
Mr. Murdock: Did I understand from your statement that that land had been recently subjected to wind and water erosion of some sort so that it is not in very good condition?... Is that a recent happening?

Mr. Alec: No; it has been going on probably for as long as the weather.

Mr. Murdock: You have a water right to a much larger amount of land, have you not?

Mr. Alec: Well, according to the record, but we only get the benefit of the water during the spring. In July and the last of the months of the summer, why, the water is cut down to very little. On the lower land, the sandy soil is such that we cannot very well keep up a crop under evaporation.

Then a number of the congressmen got into a powwow with the two



"If you got THIS for Xmas...

I'd like
a word
with you!"

A special message from Julian P. Van Winkle,
President, Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Louisville, Ky.:

Maybe you wonder why I tapped *you* on the shoulder to read this message—so I'll tell you straight, without fancy phrases.

First, I hope you liked your Old Fitzgerald Gold-Coaster. We're prejudiced, but we think it speaks mighty well for the taste and judgment of the friend who gave it to you. We sold a boat-load of them, by the way—and we're sorry some folks were disappointed because we couldn't supply enough.

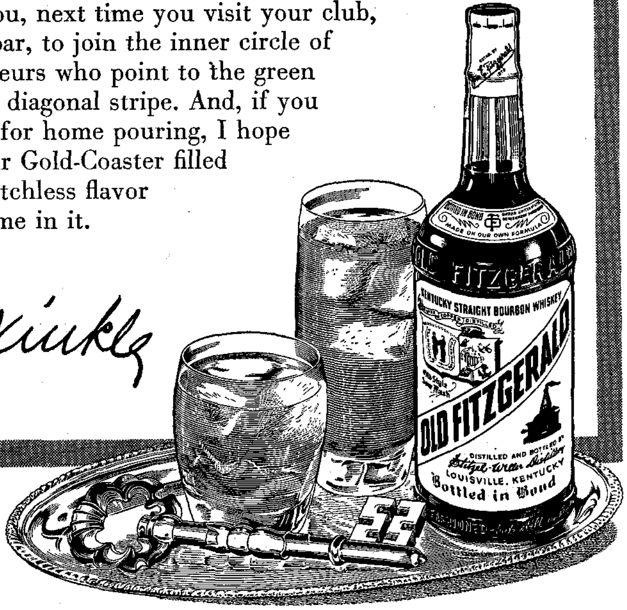
Mainly, though, I hope you liked the genuine sour mash *whiskey* in it. It's the real article, and we've got the connoisseurs to prove it! Fact is, I'm counting on that fuller, richer Fitzgerald flavor to make you wonder if you haven't been a little underprivileged in your enjoyment of good bourbon up to now.

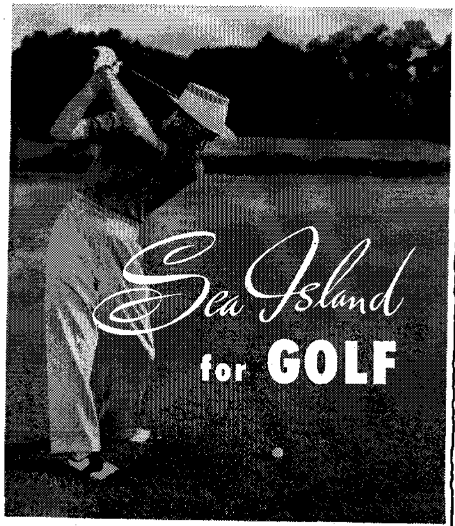
I'll be pleased—but not surprised—if you decide you want your *next* whiskey purchase to be that same Old Fitzgerald—in the regular bottle.

So I'm inviting you, next time you visit your club, package store or bar, to join the inner circle of bourbon connoisseurs who point to the green label with the red diagonal stripe. And, if you prefer a decanter for home pouring, I hope you will keep your Gold-Coaster filled with the same matchless flavor that originally came in it.

J.P. Van Winkle

100 PROOF KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON


OLD FITZGERALD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY Stitzel-Weller Distillery LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Bottled in Bond



COME TO SEE OR PLAY IN THESE TOP INVITATION GOLF TOURNAMENTS

LADIES OPEN—January 15 and 16

ANNUAL SENIORS—January 20, 21, 22

Enjoy the many sports and entertainment facilities of this fine ocean-side resort. Congenial social life. Reasonable American Plan Rates. Homes for lease.

THE CLOISTER

SEA ISLAND, GEORGIA

Write direct for Booklet W, see travel agent or New York Reservation Office, 630 *Fifth Avenue, Tel.* CIrcle 5-8055.

MISSILE SYSTEMS

Research
and
Development

PHYSICISTS AND ENGINEERS

Inquiries are invited from
those who can make
significant contributions to,
as well as benefit from,
a new group effort of
utmost importance

Lockheed

MISSILE SYSTEMS DIVISION

research
and
engineering
staff

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

Paiutes about agricultural details. It was friendly, for the most part, but all through it the congressmen appeared to assume that if the Indians could possibly get along without repossessing their lands, they ought to. O'Connor, the chairman, addressed the Paiutes as "you boys," but most of the other committee members were more civil. The chairman asked Aleck if his father and mother had been raised on the reservation.

MR. ALEC: Yes, sir; to my knowledge they were....

THE CHAIRMAN: Did you ever hear them say, or anybody say, as to who improved this land in the first instance?

MR. ALEC: Well, as far as my knowledge of it goes, why they have always sort of told us that they used to camp along that particular spot all along the river. At that time the Indians used to own quite a few horses all along the river bottoms and they used to build corrals for their horses and would camp at sites up and down the river from that point.

THE CHAIRMAN [apparently the kind of man who would keep on walking into a left jab]: That does not quite answer the question. Maybe I did not make it clear to you. It has been generally understood out there that the white settlers improved the land in the first instance.

MR. ALEC: Yes, sir; but there is one incident happened there. The Indians started ditching at one point, that is about the Ceresola place, and it can be seen a little today. I could not tell you for just exactly what reason they moved out of there. Some of the old Indian stories was that there was a party living below the Ceresola ranch and after the Indians went out fishing their houses were burned down. They were just made out of sticks and different other things and their houses were burned down and the women and children were killed. That is a story that I have had in my memory for quite a long time....

A bit further on, Aleck remarked, "We are just a little minority group." This evidently needled the chairman, who demanded, "Where did you learn that expression, 'minority group'?"

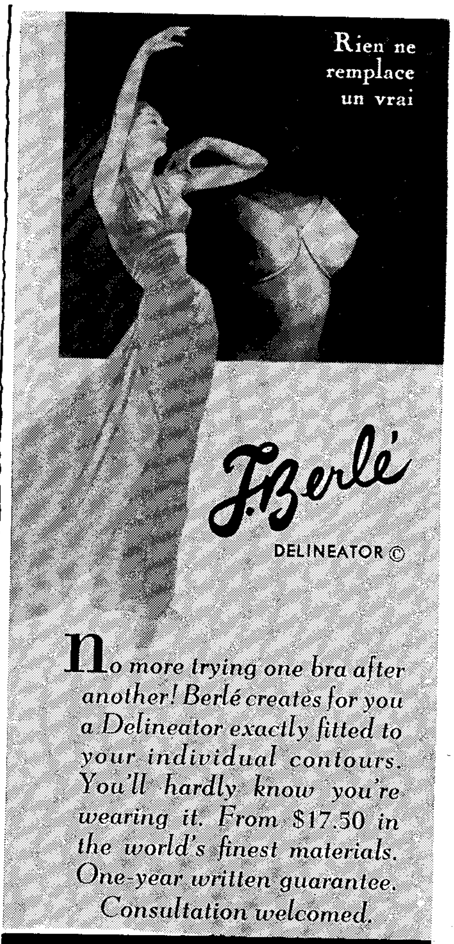
"That is part of the modern vocabulary," Aleck replied.

Fernandez, making a last attempt to prove that the Paiutes didn't need their land, said, "You have got more water than you can use on the irrigated land."

Mauwee, a less frequent contributor to the dialogue than Aleck, said, "In July and August we cannot see it."

After that, the chairman blew the whistle, and the Indians were free to terminate their expensive stay in Washington.

THE next day's hearing began with another item I had learned to expect—a statement by Collier. Collier, a bit stiff in his lines in 1937, had acquired confidence through familiarity with the script, and by now he played

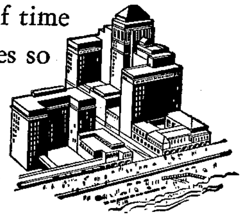


No more trying one bra after another! Berlé creates for you a Delineator exactly fitted to your individual contours. You'll hardly know you're wearing it. From $17.50 in the world's finest materials. One-year written guarantee. Consultation welcomed.

J. BERLÉ 26 West 58th St.
New York 19, N. Y.

STARGAZER

Not even an astronomer can keep track of time here, it passes so quickly and pleasantly.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 65 years
Write for illustrated folder

BULLFIGHT POSTERS!

Authentic full-color Bullfight Posters, printed in Spain; from Plaza de Toros de Madrid, Granada, Seville, y Valencia. Featuring Spain's most renowned matadors: Manolete, Bienvenida and others. Printed in vivid colors with complete description in Spanish of matadors, dates, bulls. Genuine collectors' items; superb original wall decorations 21″x40″. **2 for $3.00; complete set of 3, $4.00 ppd.** Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Order from importer.

MANUEL RIVERA ANDALUZ
29 Sixteenth Avenue, San Francisco 18, California

HB
HOTEL BAMER

MEXICO CITY
NEWEST AND
MOST DISTINGUISHED
HOTEL

FOR RESERVATIONS ATLANTIC INTERNATIONAL HOTEL SERVICE N YORK CHICAGO MIAMI
OR DIRECT WITH EDUARDO E THOMAS GENERAL MANAGER

with almost as much authority as the star. He had a whole arsenal of court decisions and Attorney General's opinions, which he handled with a *maestria*, although not a *brio*, equal to McCarran's. To support the Bureau's contention that the reservation dated from 1859, not 1874, he went into what, when I was a high-school boy, we used to call a sequence of plays, in which, without waiting for signals from the quarterback, a team ran through a succession of maneuvers designed to annihilate the opposition psychologically as well as tactically. The steps in the formation of the reservation, Collier said, were, successively, recommendation by Special Indian Agent Major Frederick Dodge in a letter of Nov. 25, 1859; concurrence by the then Commissioner of Indian Affairs on Nov. 26, 1859; proclamation by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, on Dec. 8, 1859; posting of notices on the land in May, 1860; an attempt at enforcement by Territorial Governor James W. Nye in August, 1861 (the first squatters had already appeared); completion of a detailed survey in 1864-65; and, finally, President Grant's proclamation of 1874, which McCarran was still trying to palm off as the inception of the whole affair. According to Collier, it had been no more than a postscript to an epilogue. Collier went on to ring in the text of the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals when, on July 6, 1942, it awarded the land to the Indians. In 1926, a United States federal court, he said, had granted the Indians water rights as of 1859, proving that the court must have recognized their land claim as of that year. Here McCarran, who in 1937 had made much of this decree, because it also gave the squatters water rights as of 1864, proving that they had been there before President Grant issued his executive order in 1874, appeared to shift his position. If the decree implied that the reservation dated from 1859, he naturally wanted no part of it. "The matter is still in a tentative form, being in a tentative decree; that is, being tried out by the water master under the direction of the federal courts for the time being." ("Tentative" was not quite the word. The decree was "operative" as of 1926; it was made final in 1944.)

Collier then went into his big speech, which showed a considerable improvement in style over his earlier efforts. "What we have here is a proposal to take property from one citizen for the benefit of another citizen; to take the property for private purposes," he said. "It is a

The International Golf Association

announces the selection by

The Professional Golf Associations

of Canada and the United States

of their teams for the

International P.G.A. Team Matches

Representing Canada:	*Representing the United States:*
Stan Leonard, Captain	*Charles Harbert, Captain*
Pat Fletcher	*Ed Furgol*
Henry Martell	*Lloyd Mangrum*
William Kerr	*Jack Burke*
Al Balding	*Jerry Barber*
Jules Huot	*Marty Furgol*
Gordon Brydson	*Dr. Cary Middlecoff*

The Matches will be played at

La Jolla Country Club, La Jolla, California

January 18 and 19, 1955

John Jay Hopkins, President
International Golf Association

EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH
EXTRA DRY
LEJON

Model boss John Powers keeps his martinis **dry** *with*

LEJON EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

A discerning taste has John Powers. He chooses the vermouth judged best among *all* brands entered at America's two major vermouth-tasting events this year. Best *dry.* Best *sweet.* We think you'll judge Lejon best too.

***P.S.** Ever taste a dry Brandy? Remarkable! Only Lejon makes it. Lejon DRY Brandy. 84 Proof.*

SHEWAN-JONES, ASTI, CALIFORNIA • DRY OR SWEET • PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

taking in such a way that it probably would be unconstitutional as between white citizens or between citizens and Filipinos or between white citizens and Negroes, or between Negroes and Japanese. It is possible to do this thing to Indians only upon the theory that Congress can disregard constitutional restrictions in dealing with Indian parties."

The chairman said, "The Chair recognizes Senator McCarran," but Gilchrist interrupted him: "Mr. Chairman, I would like to tell the Senator and the Commissioner my point of view regarding this legislation or bill. I do not know which side it will help or hurt, but I am of the opinion that if there is litigation involving this very thing, then Congress ought not to step in and decide that lawsuit. If these parties are in court let them continue in court and have them take the results. I do not believe we should try lawsuits in the legislature."

McCarran, O'Connor, and Fernandez tried to talk Gilchrist out of such a picayune view of the function of the legislative branch of government. If Congress wasn't there to overrule the courts, they argued, what *was* it there for? McCarran began calling Gilchrist "Judge," which I took as an indication that he was worried.

Then there appeared in the text a name and, soon afterward, a prose style that have since become familiar to the nation. Karl Mundt, a congressman from South Dakota at the time, spoke up. "What was the year when they were found in default?" he asked, explaining that he had missed the first day's hearings. In giving a brief synopsis of the case for Mundt's benefit, McCarran said that Secretary Ickes had been willing to accept his bill in 1938, after it had passed the Senate in amended form. "I would like to ask Mr. Collier the reason why Mr. Ickes has apparently changed his stand from then and now," Mundt said, and Collier told him that it was primarily because by now the courts had ruled clearly in favor of the Indians. "The property is Indian property without a cloud on it now," he said.

Another thought occurred to Mundt. "Is there anything peculiar about this deal which makes a difference between the parties?" he asked. "If a man buys a piece of land and makes an initial payment on it and then forfeits under his contract, he has no more claim than anyone else, has he?"

The bill died without coming to a vote in the House.

In December, 1943, the Circuit Court of Appeals decided the one re-

BONWIT TELLER

COME RAIN...

LET IT SHINE

Glamor in the drizzling rain...Bonwit's wonderful raincoat classic done for us in the marvelous new exclusive pima-satin, water-repellent cotton broadcloth with a silken finish. Lined in checked cotton. In natural, black, navy, white. Sizes 8 to 16. By Mainstreet, 29.95

Mail, phone orders. New York Chicago White Plains Cleveland Boston

It "tops" the finest in furniture...

CHEST BY HERMAN MILLER

Westinghouse

micarta®

A gleaming MICARTA surface enhances the simple beauty of this smart 3-drawer chest. Makes it more practical, too, for MICARTA repels scuffs, scratches, nicks, stains and burns. Look for lovely, carefree MICARTA-topped furniture when you buy.

distributed by UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION largest plywood organization in the world and U.S.-MENGEL PLYWOODS • INC.

CAFE Nino

Closed Sundays

10 East 52nd Street • PLaza 3-9014

the St. Regis Roof and PENTHOUSE

are available for private parties

Make your arrangements with MR. LAWRENCE—PLaza 3-4500

HOTEL St. Regis

FIFTH AVENUE at 55th Street

maining squatter case in favor of the government, and in 1944 the United States Supreme Court denied certiorari, which in nonlegal language means it declined to hear a further appeal. That would have stopped most fellows, but it didn't stop McCarran.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of a series of articles on the late Senator McCarran and the Paiute Indians of Pyramid Lake.*)

•

You will certainly enjoy playing doctor and nurse with this realistic medical kit. The plastic toy instruments will not only give hours of instructive play but, equally important, will help you gain confidence and understanding should you ever have to visit a real doctor's office.

As a guide in playing doctor and nurse, we offer these suggestions:

First thing to do, is to set up an imaginary office or hospital. A very small area is needed, in view of the fact that all doctors have very few patients in the beginning.

Open up your medical kit, put on your glasses and arm band or apron. The next thing is to find a patient. A doll makes an ideal patient, because they not only are willing patients, but they respond so rapidly to almost any treatment. As soon as you have a patient in your hospital, or office, a doctor's or nurse's first step is to find out what is wrong with the patient. How badly they are hurt, or the kind of illness which they have. A great deal can be found out by asking the patient a lot of questions as to how they feel, where it hurts, and how long they have been suffering from this illness.

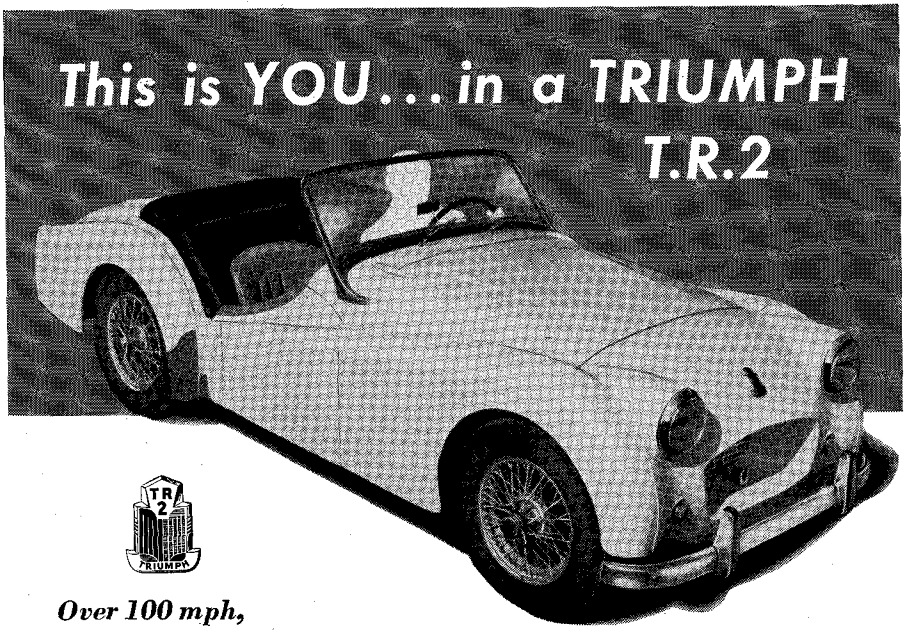
Of course, with a doll patient, it is going to be a little difficult to get any answers. So, we suggest that you find out for yourself. The doctors call this a diagnosis. Your set contains many instruments to help you complete the examination. One of the best ways to find out a person's condition, is to take his temperature. That is to find out the temperature of his blood. Normal temperature is 98.6. If the temperature is above this or below this point, you have a sick patient on your hands, that definitely needs treatment.

Place the thermometer in the patient's mouth and leave it there, looking at your watch, until you count to 15. The next step is to look at the patient's mouth and throat to see if the throat is red or the tongue is white. If either is the case, be sure to prescribe complete rest. Use the tongue depressor to make the patient say "Ah."

After the examination has been completed, be sure and write up a prescription. Often times you will find that the pills in the set will perform a miraculous cure. However, in most cases, you will find it necessary to make another appointment for the patient for frequent treatments.

It is necessary for you, as a junior doctor or nurse, to be able to treat first aid cases. In most cases, a few of your Mothers Band-Aids will help.—*Leaflet found in a toy medical kit by a four-year-old boy.*

If they don't work, try some of your father's whiskey.



This is YOU... in a TRIUMPH T.R.2

TR 2 TRIUMPH

Over 100 mph, up to 35 mpg.
$2499
(plus tax and license at U. S. ports of entry)

Over 175 dealers, coast to coast. See your local paper, or write:

YOU NEVER KNEW a sports car could be so comfortable—there's leg-room galore! You never dreamed *any* car could put so much pure joy back into driving. And, as you realize that you are handling one of the really great sports cars of all time, you'll marvel that so much performance and distinction can be yours at such little cost.

THE STANDARD-TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY, INC.
Importers of Triumph and Doretti Sports Cars—99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
IN CANADA: The Standard Motor Co. (Canada) Limited, 496 Evans Avenue, Toronto 14

DON'T MISS CUBA
The American Riviera

CUBA...
Nearest truly foreign country ... still being "discovered" by tourists 462 years after Columbus. Modern where you want it, Cuba after more than four centuries retains all the flavor of the Old World, the charm of colonial times.

from Miami ...
One Hour by Air
Overnight by Cruise Ship
or Drive your Car by
CARIBBEAN FERRY
from KEY WEST

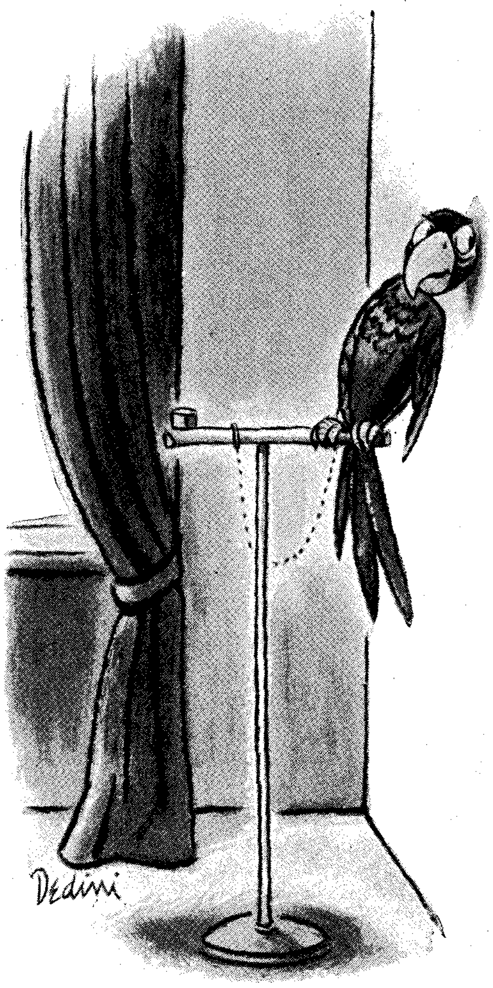
CUBAN TOURIST COMMISSION
610 Fifth Avenue, New York
P.O. Box 1609, Havana, Cuba • 336 E. Flagler St., Miami
NO PASSPORT REQUIRED • SEE ANY TRAVEL AGENT

THE THEATRE

ALL SIZES AND SHAPES

Pictorially, "House of Flowers," at the Alvin, is like a lovely dream. The curtain goes up on two rival bordellos in the West Indies, and the architecture of these establishments—a radiant suspension of fantastic color and design—surpasses even the products of the gifted young men who concoct the illustrations for travel advertisements. Later, the scenery splits and revolves, and we see what these places look like inside, and it is safe, I think, to say that Du Barry herself never entertained in quite such wicked style. The other points of interest on the island—a conjure man's jungle hut, a cockfight arena, a carnival site on the harbor of the town—are naturally more primitive, but still the atmosphere is rich and strange. The costumes, too, are works of rare imagination, art, and wit. The young ladies residing at Mme. Fleur's favor barbaric shades and saucy lines, while those at Mme. Tango's prefer the menacing chic of black from head to toe. The simpler natives of the town and the adjacent hills defer, on the whole, to the climate and wear as little as possible, but their taste is admirable and each is practically a separate symphony. It is all completely enchanting, and, barring a subsequent unlikely miracle, Oliver Messel, who created it, is assured of my vote for the most brilliant theatrical decoration of the season.

The play, the music, and the dancing framed by all this splendor are harder to assess. The idea of a brisk commercial rivalry between two acknowledged mistresses of a complex and exacting trade obviously has fascinating possibilities, but after a wonderfully promising beginning, when the warring commanders meet and, so to speak, review their troops and plot their campaigns, the hilarity trails away. The author, Truman Capote, has put all his best jokes into that preliminary encounter, and there is nothing left for the rest of the evening but a gradually broadening repetition of them. They remain daring by suburban standards, but they get irritatingly monotonous by mine. There is, of course, a species of connective plot—something about a young girl, innocently resident in one of the houses, who wishes to escape with the simple-minded choice of her heart—but this struck me as a frail and tedious business, and the perfunctory treatment it received led me to suspect that Mr. Capote thought so, too. Much of Harold Arlen's music has the sort of thumping, tomtom beat that never fails to stir my own savage and untutored ear, but I doubt if any of it is particularly distinguished, and the lyrics, on which he collaborated with Mr. Capote, are remarkably unsophisticated, considering the advanced character of their themes. Thanks largely to the acrobatic skill and natural rhythm of the performers, most of the dances contrived by Herbert Ross are very good indeed—especially a couple of street processions, which have the humor, abandon, and curious air of delighted improvisation that seem to be the special accomplishment of the colored race. My only complaint in this department, in fact, is that rather too much attention is devoted to bumps and grinds, which, while undoubtedly in the spirit of the occasion, do not exactly show the human figure to its best advantage and, even if executed by the young and lithe, really give me no enduring aesthetic pleasure.



As the proprietor of the resort named in the title, Pearl Bailey does her magnificent best to disguise the fact that she actually hasn't much of a part. I loved her most, I think, when she was denouncing one of her assistants as "an old ex-algebra teacher," but she was always a commanding figure—cold, stately, and obstreperous—even when she was entangled with a lamentable song in praise of nymphomania. There are few women in the world I would like less to encounter in an argument, and practically none I would be more grateful to employ in a play. Of the others, Diahann Carroll, as the virtuous little prisoner of vice, has a touchingly childlike air and a pretty voice; Rawn Spearman is also melodious, as her rural suitor; Juanita Hall is imposing as the contending madam; Frederick O'Neal manages some humor as the conjure man; Ray Walston and Dino DiLuca are acceptable as white adjuncts to the plot; and Dolores Harper, Ada Moore, and Enid Mosier are invaluable as three of the most boisterous of the girls.

In the course of "The Flowering Peach," by Clifford Odets, Menasha Skulnik, as a sort of garment-district Noah, asks plaintively from time to time why God selected his family, out of all those in the world, to save from destruction and, in even greater bafflement, what on earth He expected to achieve by the entire excursion. As far as I could tell after two and a half hours of anxious attention at the Belasco, no answer was provided to these hard questions, and the equally troublesome problem of why Mr. Odets had chosen to write a Biblical folk play more suitable for production in a high-school auditorium than in a Broadway theatre remained insoluble, too. The piece had its moments of fugitive charm. In the opening scene, for instance, I was entertained by a passage between the hero and his wife in which, seeking to divert his mind from his lunatic shipbuilding project, she suggested a more rational employment. "Why don't you just get a stick and kill some mice?" she asked. It was pleasant, too, when, checking up on the passenger list for the trip, he said in

Callender of World Events

Paris is a busy world capital these days. Big news is made there almost every day. Yet more than once, the first Paris knows about it is Harold Callender's story sent from Paris to The New York Times and then relayed back to Paris.

Callender is a formidable man at reporting international affairs. His diplomatic acquaintance, built up in 25 years of covering Europe, pays off in many an exclusive. One of these was Molotov's rejection of the Marshall Plan at a secret meeting in Paris. Moscow confirmed Callender's story the next day.

Callender was the first to report the Schuman Plan, the European Army Plan, the European Payments Union. And during last year's hectic activities over the European Defense Community, Callender called the turn of practically everything that happened in advance, explaining it all as he went along.

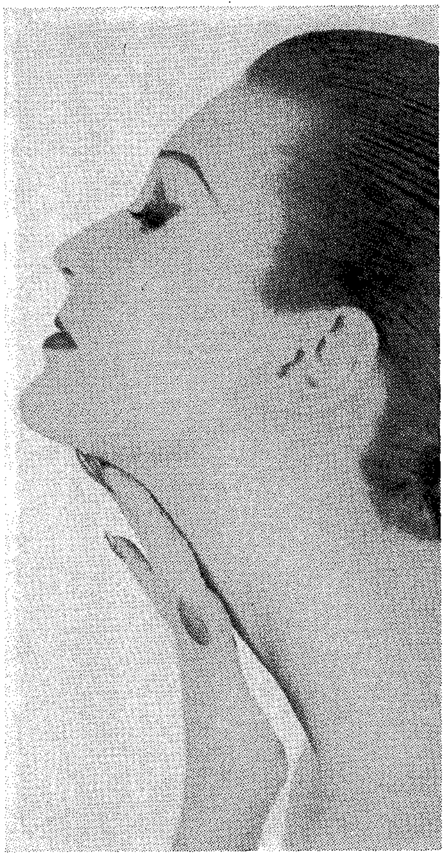
Harold Callender did his first reporting for the Kansas City Star, later worked for the New York Sun and The Associated Press. He joined The New York Times in 1924, spent a year in Washington, has been covering the foreign scene since...Spain, Germany, Norway, the Far East, South America, Mexico. In 1943 he went to Algiers to cover the French provisional government, followed it to Paris in 1944, has been chief of The Times bureau since then.

Callender's informed reporting and lucid interpretation of world events have won wide acclaim. France made him a Knight of the Legion of Honor. The Overseas Press Club of America voted him its award for outstanding correspondence in 1949.

Harold Callender is one of many news specialists all over the world who make The New York Times team unmatched for enterprise and performance. They work together to produce a daily newspaper that is vital and alive, interesting and informing, different from any other. They put more into it. You get more out of it. Read it every day.

The New York Times

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"



...she never

seems to age

"The look of continuing youth depends primarily on the preservation of skin tone. My Salon treatments—identical everywhere—are conceived to help improve the elasticity of the skin, the tone of the supporting muscles."

FIRMO-LIFT

Treatment

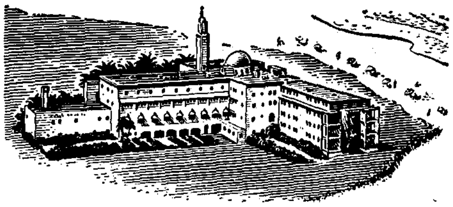
To actively combat sagging contours, dry, fatigued skin and jawline heaviness, you need only Firmo-Lift Treatment Lotion, Special Salon Treatment Oil, and your own two hands. Press on, mould in, work up; years seem to lift away.

Firmo-Lift Lotion ... 3.00 and 5.00. Special Salon Treatment Oil ... 3.75, 10.00. Follow with Ardena Perfection Cream ... 3.25, 6.00, 10.00. *prices plus tax*

Elizabeth Arden

an executive manner, "And no more animals came today?" And an interview with an actor fetchingly disguised as a lion amused me, as, in "The Wizard of Oz," "Androcles," and others, it has so many times before. Except for these agreeable animal jokes, however, and in spite of the appealing performances given by Mr. Skulnik and his associates, the play seemed to me a very wan little affair. It aims, I suppose, at combining with the simple faith and moral dignity of "The Green Pastures" the surefire hilarity of Yiddish dialect comedy. Such a blend may, of course, be possible, but in this case I'm afraid the two designs serve only to defeat each other. The stature of the protagonist as a man of some ethical significance in troubled communion with his God is almost fatally diminished by the fact that he is simultaneously a baggy-pants vaudevillian; the humor not only is generally out of key with lofty pathos but often, since a lot of it is concerned with divine omnipotence as opposed to mortal frailty, has the faintly embarrassing effect of presenting the Almighty as an accessory clown in a blackout sketch. In addition to this fundamental difficulty, it might be said that while Mr. Odets has improved to a certain extent on Genesis, introducing, among other things, a blond temptress named Goldie, who adds a note of rampant sex to the already sufficient congestion on the Ark, he hasn't invented much that is of any genuine dramatic interest, and the cruise is for the most part so placid that when it is reported that its director has been lying drunk below decks for upward of nine weeks, one finds it easy to attribute this lapse to simple boredom. Some years ago, a colleague whose name escapes me at the moment headed his review of one of the author's less successful offerings with the caption "Odets, Where Is Thy Sting?" It is still a very interesting and pertinent question.

Having struggled before, in dealing with Mr. Skulnik's activities in an exhibit called "The Fifth Season," to define just what quality it is that makes him so irresistible on the stage, I'll content myself now with saying that the whole thing is quite beyond my powers. It may be that his mannerisms—the limp exhaustion, the brief and futile rage, the terrible resignation—are not precisely what might be expected from a patriarch, but they are fascinating and unique. He is one of the most technically accomplished actors of our time, and I am suitably grateful for an opportunity of watching him in anything. Of the others, Berta Gersten—



GOLF

and BEACH

right at our door

A complete Florida resort ... friendly club-like atmosphere... beautiful private beach where guests enjoy luncheon and cocktails as they bask in the sun ... 18-hole championship golf course. Tennis, riding, fishing and other sports. Invigorating climate.

OPENING JANUARY 26TH

Reduced rates through February 15th

The COQUINA

ORMOND BEACH, FLORIDA
Mrs. Walter Bovard, Owner-Manager
NEW YORK RESERVATION OFFICE:
630 FIFTH AVE., CIRCLE 6-6820

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

The Barbizon

If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $3.75 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet N.

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

SMOOOTHES

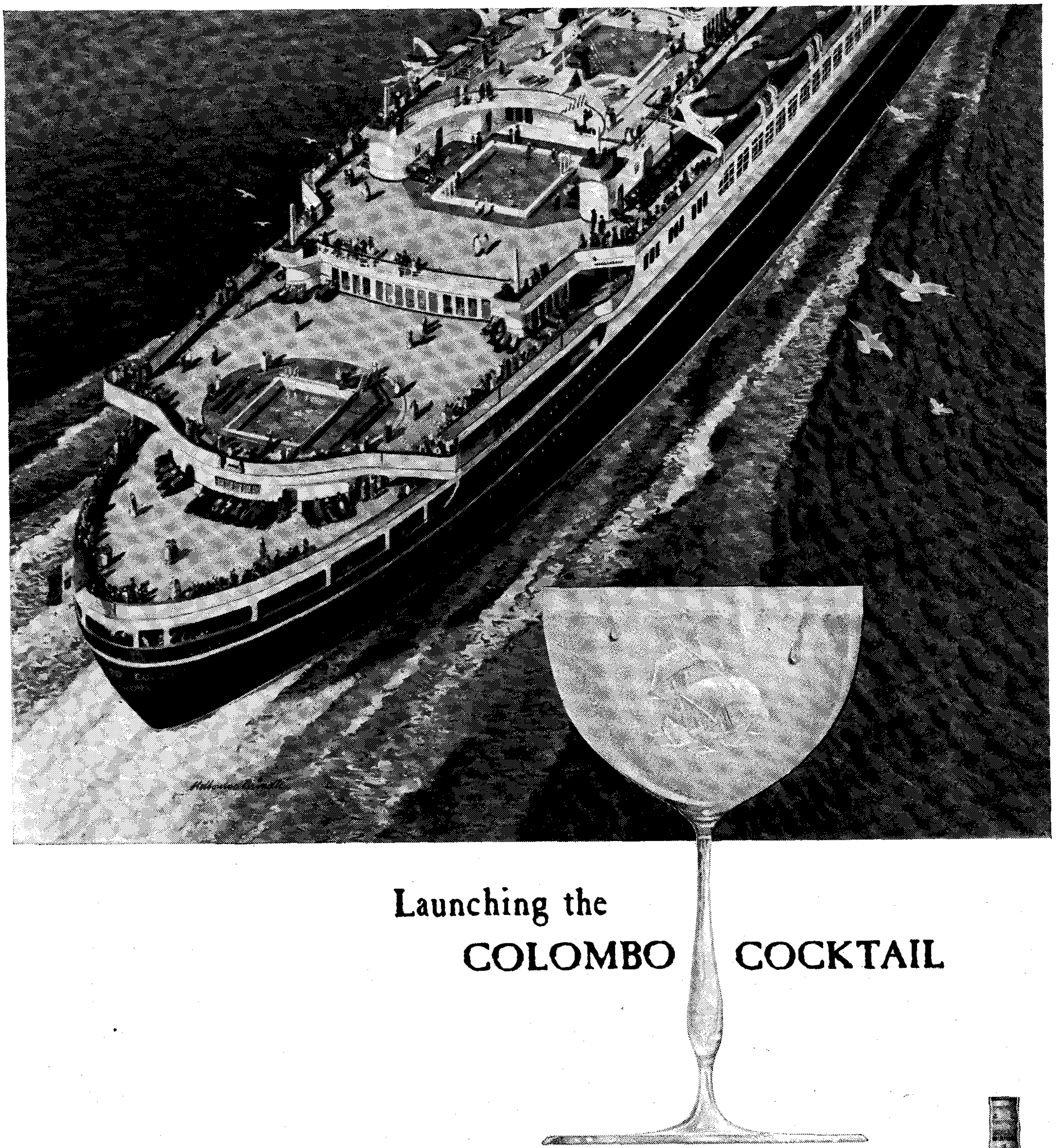
THE TASTE

OF WHISKY ON-THE-ROCKS

Smooth the taste and accent the flavor of your favorite on-the-rocks (or Old Fashioned) with Angostura.

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS
Makes Better Drinks

IN PHILADELPHIA, IT'S
Helen Sigel's
1523 WALNUT ST.
RESTAURANT BAR

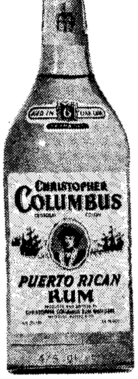


Launching the
COLOMBO COCKTAIL

The magnificent Colombo Cocktail was inspired by the magnificent new luxury liner, the Cristoforo Colombo.

A great ship in the finest tradition of Italian craftsmanship and service, the Cristoforo Colombo offers superb accommodations and cuisine. That's why, at the ship's bars, the rum featured is Christopher Columbus . . . the golden rum that is aged to perfection for 6 years.

THE COLOMBO COCKTAIL is honored by its selection as the featured cocktail of the Cristoforo Colombo. *You* can also enjoy a Colombo Cocktail at your favorite bar or restaurant, or make it at home like this: 1½ oz. of Christopher Columbus rum, 1½ oz. of pineapple juice, fresh juice from ½ lime, ½ teaspoon sugar (or less, to taste). Shake vigorously with ice and serve very cold.



CHRISTOPHER **COLUMBUS RUM**

86 PROOF, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS RUM DISTILLERS, MAYAGUEZ, PUERTO RICO

the Separate Shop

MATCHING-MADRAS

HAND-WOVEN INDIA MADRAS. The blouse: convertible collar, one pocket, button front. $8.95. Shorts: Bermuda length, stitched crease, side zipper. $8.95. Express predominant color desired. Sizes 10 to 16. Both by

LOMBARDI OF HARTFORD

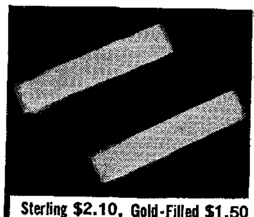
Write for mail-order catalogue

Sherwood Square in Westport, Conn.

A CAMERA STUDY BY FABIAN BACHRACH

...and direct colour photography too.

Bachrach 54 East 52nd Street, New York PLaza 5-6233



LINGERIE CLIPS make wonderful going-away gifts, bridge prizes, birthdays, the College Miss. You'll want to order several pairs. We'll pay postage. Air-Mail, if desired.

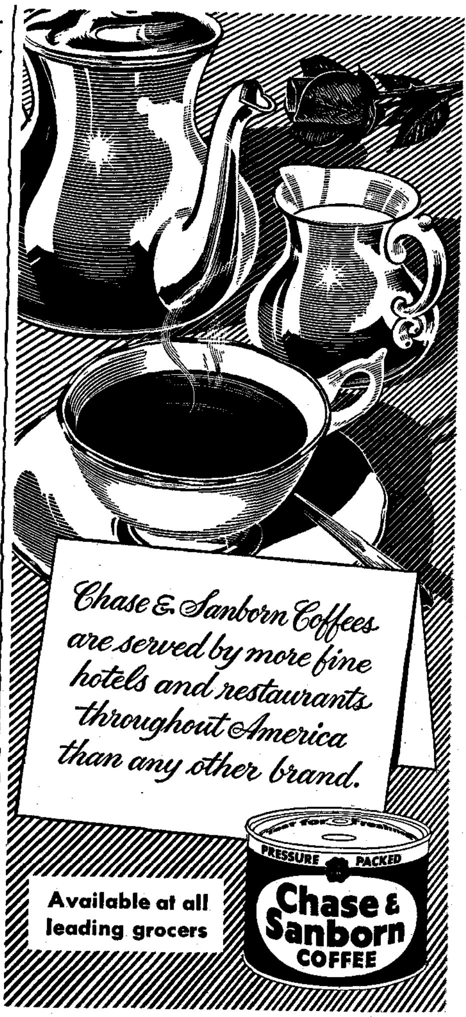
Sterling $2.10, Gold-Filled $1.50

THE SELDEN COOPER SHOP
in world-famous Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C.

like Mr. Skulnik, a product of the Yiddish theatre—gives a funny and handsomely stylized performance as the mistress of the Ark; and Janice Rule, Barbara Baxley, Leon Janney, Martin Ritt, Mario Alcalde, and Osna Palmer are effective as its other human occupants. The legendary vessel, as designed by Mordecai Gorelik, falls short of the dimensions specified in my Bible, which calls for three hundred cubits—or about five hundred feet in over-all length—but she looked snug and moderately seaworthy, and the lighting effects, arranged by Feder, suggested the dawn and death and rebirth of the world with fine dramatic force.

IF you can clear your mind of all troublesome adult conceptions of life, you will probably have a very good time at "Anastasia," which, in spite of some shaky claim to a foundation in history, is practically pure Graustark. The play, adapted by Guy Bolton from a French original by Marcelle Maurette, has to do with the theoretical survival of the Czar's youngest daughter, a girl of seventeen, after the Bolshevik executions in 1918. The child—or so the story goes—was only wounded by her drunken assailants, and when her body, along with those of her murdered family, was thrown into an abandoned mine, it was retrieved by one of the guards, loaded into a farm cart, and taken to Bucharest. After various hardships, the girl attempted suicide in a canal in Berlin and was committed to an asylum, where she confided her story to one of the nurses. The drama at the Lyceum carries the narrative on from there. A trio of White Russian scoundrels come upon the girl starving, bedraggled, and clearly in a state of shock, and while it never occurs to them that she may really be a Romanoff, her physical resemblance to the lost Princess is such that they decide to palm her off on the Russian colony as the genuine article, in order to lay claim to a fortune of ten million pounds to which she is the natural heir.

This is obviously a very promising situation, and Mr. Bolton develops it handsomely. In the beginning, the audience is pretty well persuaded that the conspirators are right and that their candidate is a mental case, the victim of an intermittent but majestic delusion. Gradually, however, the astounding truth appears. As the girl's mind clears, she recalls bits and pieces of the magnificent and terrible past; the Russian language comes back to her and, with it, small happenings and private nicknames that could be known only to


Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.
Available at all leading grocers
PRESSURE PACKED
Chase & Sanborn COFFEE

FINEST IN CARACAS

The beautiful modern Avila, ideally located on the highest and coolest point of the city. 120 rooms with private bath. In New York call CIrcle 5-6727, in Chicago CEntral 6-6846.
Carter L. Gardner, Manager

HOTEL **AVILA**
CARACAS • VENEZUELA

Lake Shore Drive HOTEL
Rooms and Suites
181 East Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO

GRAND TETON and YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARKS

FISH CREEK RANCH
JACKSON HOLE COUNTRY, WYOMING
A Dude Ranch of Distinction

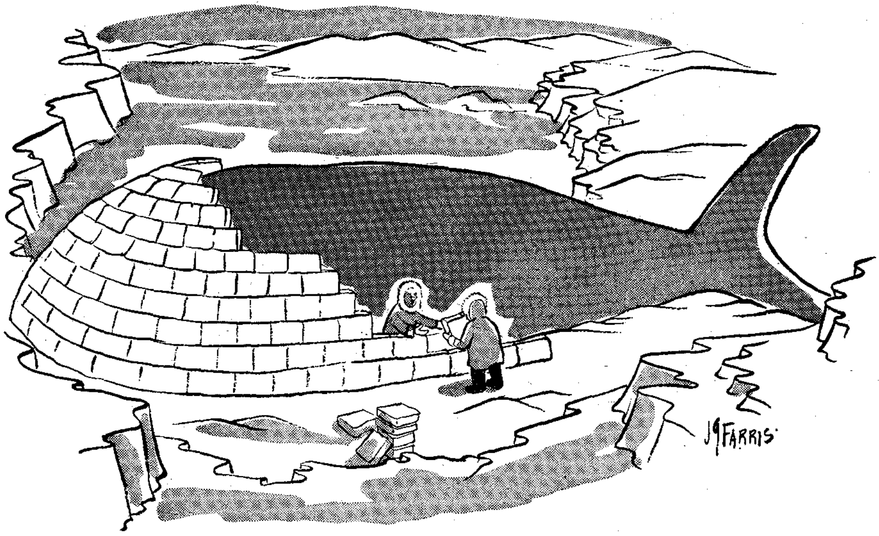
CATTLE OPERATION — SWIMMING — FISHING — RIDING
SKIING AND WINTER SPORTS
Write: Fish Creek Ranch, Wilson, Wyoming

a member of the Royal Family; and, climactically, in a scene for which Mr. Bolton may well congratulate himself, she reduces the icily skeptical old Dowager Empress to a state of tearful but rapturous acceptance. From then on, the demands of recorded history assert themselves, and a conventional sentimentality replaces hurrying melodrama. There is, it seems, a man of the people, a crippled physician, and thanks to his uplifting influence the Princess comes to see the hollowness of worldly splendor, renounces her position and her inheritance, and slopes off into the night, heading for America, where, of course, a Romanoff is no better than anybody else.

The acting that accompanies all this is high-grade E. Phillips Oppenheim. As the harried Princess, Viveca Lindfors accomplishes the transition from rags to glory with admirable style, and if her ultimate change of heart is something of a letdown, the fault lies only in her script; Eugenie Leontovich, as the formidable Dowager, is always a brilliant caricature of the pilloried but still arrogant aristocrat, and in the great moment when she recognizes the heroine as one of her own blood she manages to lift the play rather above its general level of amiable preposterousness; and Joseph Anthony, Hurd Hatfield, David J. Stewart, Boris Tumarin, Michael Strong, and Vivian Nathan are all more than acceptable as accessories of one kind and another. Alan Schneider's direction has the correct tongue-in-cheek air, and Ben Edwards' originally desolate and then, as the conspiracy thrives, garishly opulent living room is a triumph of humorous design.

"THE TROUBLEMAKERS," at the President, has practically every imaginable fault. The prose fancied by its author, George Bellak, is alternately flat and lurid; not only is the plot, which has to do with a community's persecution of a nonconformist minority, one of the most familiar of our time but it also fails to explain several important points; and the acting, especially in the main role, is undisciplined, being conducted at a monotonously high pitch, regardless of the emotional content of the scene. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, however, the play has a valid and exciting story to tell, and I should say that it has more real dramatic interest, and more vitality, in its clumsy way, than any other serious work we have had in this generally deplorable season.

The action takes place in an Eastern college town, and it opens with the



(Advertisement)

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

MIAMI BEACH

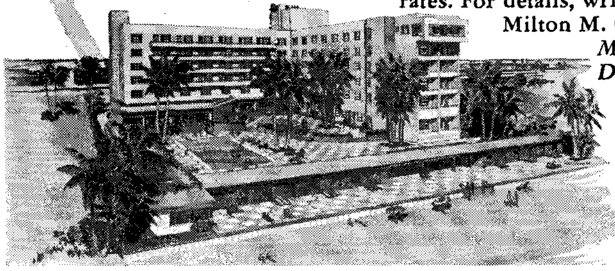
A great, new oceanfront resort... designed to ease the tensions of today's high-pressure pace... providing every thoughtful facility and service for relaxed and sociable suburban living. In exclusive Bal Harbour Village adjoining Miami Beach.

☆ FEATURING: Delightfully private bathing beach, full-size pool, spacious cabana colony. Superb dining room and open terrace. Solarium, sports deck, ample parking. Planned entertainment and social program... plenty of good, wholesome fun!

THE NEW Bal Harbour HOTEL

On the ocean at 10101 Collins Avenue. Direct access on through routes to all beach and mainland attractions. Moderate rates. For details, write or wire Milton M. Chapman *Managing Director*

OPEN ALL YEAR
COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED AND HEATED



Pendleton Skirts

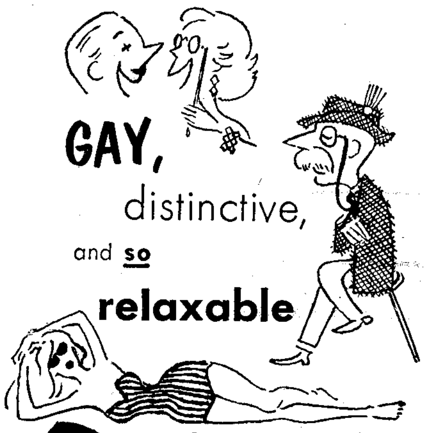
pure virgin wool Turnabout*...
Pendleton's reversible, two-skirts-in-one!
Six Scotch Tartans that change color
in a trice...pleats stitched to stay.
10 to 16, $29.95. Write for name of
nearest store and Pendleton's
complete skirt story.
P.P.S. See Pendleton's sweaters, too!
*Patented
Write Dept. 26
Pendleton Woolen Mills • Portland 4, Oregon

SERGE OBOLENSKY
presents the New
Embassy Club
OF THE AMBASSADOR

Theatre Dinner—$4.50. Dinner.
After Theatre Supper.
CHAUNCEY GRAY
and his orchestra
QUINTERO & his Rhumba Band
JANI SARKOZI
and his Royal Hungarian Orch.
Closed Mondays • Reservations:
Henri • PLaza 5-1000
The
Ambassador
PARK AVE. • 51st ST.

senseless, drunken killing of a student by a group of his fellows, who are ostensibly enraged, first, by the circumstance that he accidentally wears a football letter to which he isn't entitled and, second, by a series of theoretically controversial editorials he has written for the college paper. Actually, as Mr. Bellak tries, not too successfully, to say, they are moved by the fact that he is different, intellectually superior, and therefore dangerous to the only kind of society they can understand. The hero of the piece is the victim's roommate, who also finds the boy rather irritating and incomprehensible but still remains immune to the general hysteria. He is a witness to the murder, but though he is horrified by it, a dim sort of divided allegiance keeps him from interfering physically. The rest of the play is concerned with his inward struggle to decide whether or not to tell what he knows. The pressures on both sides are almost equal: His conscience and his affection for the boy's family (almost inevitably there is a beautiful sister) urge that he should; schoolboy ideas about informing, the veiled threats of the aggressively realistic father of one of the culprits, and the feeble cynicism of a professor, who apparently represents the attitude of the faculty, impel him to keep quiet. Ultimately, he goes to the police, but they, too, are inclined to hush the whole thing up, and it is only when the culprits confess, naming him as a ringleader, that a kind of parody justice (suspended sentences and five-hundred-dollar fines) is achieved. In the final scene, which has its Grand Guignol aspects, the four killers silently close in on him, and only his fortunate possession of a baseball bat saves him from extinction.

The principal flaw in Mr. Bellak's treatment is a failure to provide sufficient motivation for the original violence (the editorials, as quoted, are not even mildly subversive, and the victim's general behavior certainly suggests no threat to a way of life), but there are a good many others, including an ill-advised attempt to equip the boy with a revolutionary background, in the form of a grandfather who seems to have been some kind of low-comedy firebrand in Dublin, and a lengthy and almost totally meaningless speech by one of the killers, apparently intended to imply that his war service in Korea has conditioned him for civilian slaughter. In spite of these and further errors of what I take to be political and literary naïveté, I was rather impressed by Mr. Bellak's play, and I wish that, with some rewriting and recasting, it could be transferred to a theatre where more people



Delray Beach

The Florida Gold Coast's smartest resort city got that way for three very good reasons—her country-squire*ish* setting close to famed metropolitan centers . . . her brighter social and sportive mood that leads you on a gay whirl of recreation and congenial conviviality...her serene air of enchantment that helps you relax and get so much more good from a winter vacation. For all the tempting details, simply address:

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Dept. N
Delray Beach, Florida

ON A
FLORIDA BEACH

Directly on the oceanfront, the Seacrest Hotel is an ideal spot for a long winter holiday in the sun. Wonderful food. American Plan. Cocktail lounge. Ocean bathing directly from your room. Best deep water fishing. Polo. Golf. Between Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale.
NEW ownership management.

Seacrest
DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA
Write for folder A for rates

first N. Y. showing of paintings
RALPH
NELSON
Jan. 9-30
RIVERSIDE MUSEUM
103rd St. & Riverside Drive

Turknit®
Baby Goods
Shower Gifts
Bibs
Towels
Wash Cloths
Bath Robes
Bath Blankets
PUTNAM KNITTING CO., BOX N, COHOES, N.Y.

would have a chance to look at it. The current performers, for your information, include William Smithers, who, under better direction, gave a fine performance in a similar role last year, in "End as a Man;" Lois Wheeler; Curt Conway; and Bernard Kates. Ralph Alswang's set, in which the action alternates between a college dormitory and the living room of the victim's home, is unusually good for an off-Broadway production.

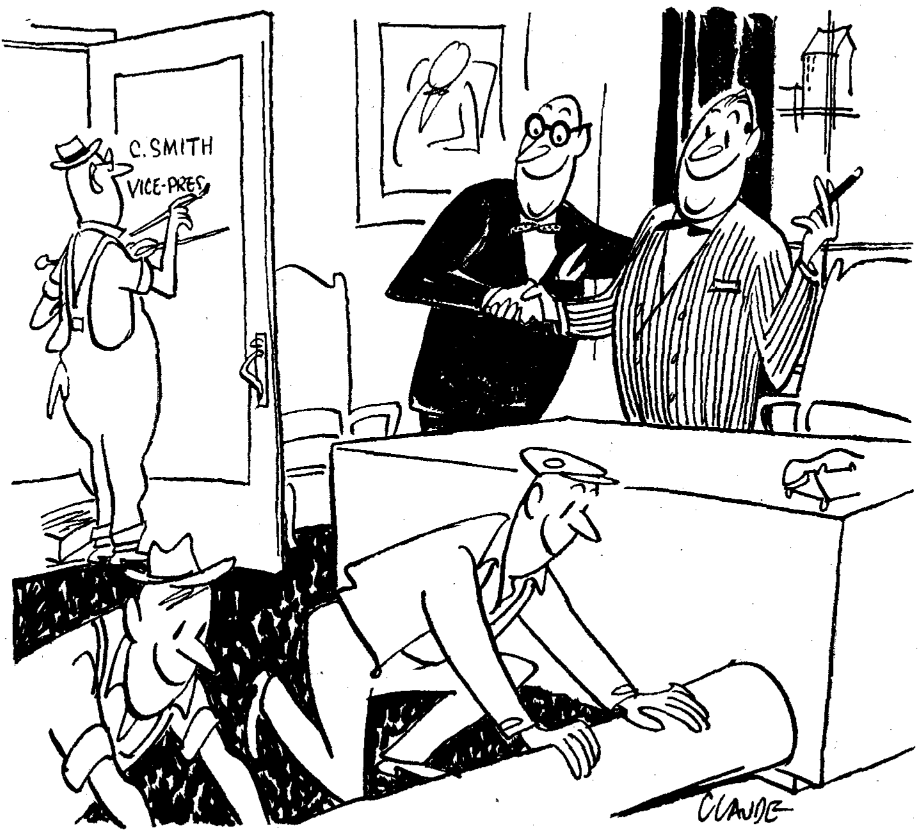
AS practically everybody knows, Ruth Draper and her nephew Paul are, respectively, the most brilliant monologuist and the most stylish popular dancer now at work in America, and their current joint recital at the Bijou is a remarkable exercise in strict perfection. I haven't space to go into any detail about the items in Miss Draper's extraordinarily capacious repertory, and it is enough to say that, in the group I saw, impersonating a British matron opening a bazaar, a multilingual actress disposing of her admirers, a New England spinster investigating an art exhibit, and an unconquerable French peasant in the terrible days of the invasion, she produces four widely ranging studies, any one of which would have established another performer as the character actress of the season.

Mr. Draper's work requires a special knowledge and a special vocabulary for adequate discussion, and, being substantially a terpsichorean illiterate, I can only remark of him that he seems to have elevated tap and soft-shoe dancing from a demonstration of simple, though praiseworthy, agility to a high and difficult art, which even, in one superb sample, called "Satire on a Political Speech," achieves a more hilarious criticism with steps and gestures than anyone else that I can recall has managed with the aid of words.

If I have any complaint to make of the program, it is that Miss Draper's selections—especially one conducted exclusively in the French tongue—all go on a trifle longer than a judicious editor might consider advisable, and that her nephew's choices might conceivably be rearranged so that the most effective numbers would be distributed through the evening instead of being concentrated in its latter part. These objections, however, are probably captious (a critic, after all, is employed to criticize), and they are certainly unimportant. You are unlikely to be offered a more polished and civilized entertainment this winter, and since it is advertised to conclude next week, I think you'd better hurry.

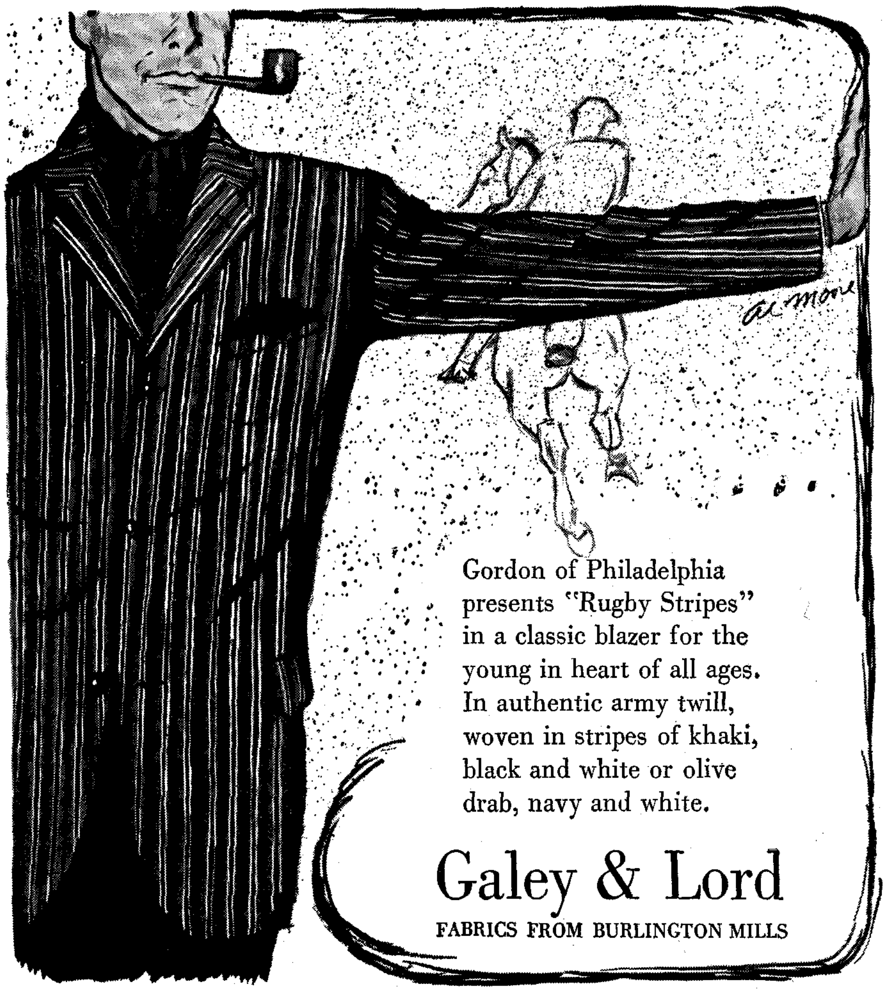
—WOLCOTT GIBBS

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Only a Bigelow carpet can give your office the distinction, comfort and quiet so important to an executive. Special designs, textures and colors available. Call any Bigelow district office or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Bigelow, Number 1 name in Carpets.



Gordon of Philadelphia
presents "Rugby Stripes"
in a classic blazer for the
young in heart of all ages.
In authentic army twill,
woven in stripes of khaki,
black and white or olive
drab, navy and white.

Galey & Lord

FABRICS FROM BURLINGTON MILLS

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.

100%
heavy weight
all-wool
lined
throughout
with collar
and
detachable
hood
*Trade
Mark
Reg.

THE GENUINE DUFFER* COAT . . .

How you can save $800 . . . and your good coat besides! Being a custom tailor, I get to Europe frequently to look for new ideas. The first time I saw a fellow in Denmark wearing a duffle coat, I was intrigued; when I saw fellows at winter resorts like St. Moritz and other fashion spots **all wearing the duffle coat,** I got hot on the idea. So I started to make the coat in my own shop. The style of the coat is **precisely** like the European original, down to the whittled mahogany wood pegs and Dutch fishing-hemp loops. **You'll want a Duffer.** Well, I'll save you the $800 or more it would cost you to go to Europe for it. Send us $25.00 and we will send you an authentic Duffer; and for that you get a smart, serviceable rough weather coat.—J. A. Use the easy-order coupon below.

The Duffer Co., Inc., 303 – 4th Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Please send me_______DUFFERS @ $25 each.
$________enclosed. Men's ☐ Ladies' ☐

Sizes	Navy	Camel
Small		
Medium		
Large		
Extra Large		

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY & STATE__________
Money gladly refunded if not fully satisfied.

Fancher's BUCKINGHAM

BUFFET IN GENUINE MAHOGANY

At selected decorators, furniture and department stores.
Send 25c to Dept. N for illustrated folio

FANCHER FURNITURE CO. • SALAMANCA, N.Y.

Mothersills

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
THE WORLD OVER

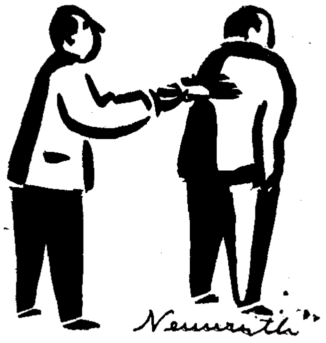
MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY
53
AT DRUGGISTS

BAD DREAMS

RICK had a hard time with his dreams when he was a boy. For a while, before he started school, there was hardly a night when he didn't call out, and his mother would come into his room in her nightdress, put on the light, and sit beside him on the bed. "It was just a bad dream," she would say, pushing the hair back from his forehead. "Now, I'll stay right here until you go to sleep again." But she never quite convinced him that he had only been dreaming. In the morning, however, with the sunlight streaming in and the room all light and cheery, he would realize that it *had* been a dream. When it came to dispelling nightmares, though his mother was a comfort, there was nothing to take the place of simple, uncomplicated daylight.

Of course, as he grew older and started school, he did not call for her so often. She wasn't able to get around too well then, anyway. She was tired most of the time, and the doctor, who came to visit her once or twice a week, kept her in bed a good part of each day. One time, when Rick did call out in the night, his father came down the hall in her place. "You've had bad dreams before," he said, rather peevishly. "You don't have to be calling for your mother, do you? Come on, now, back to sleep."

That was the last time Rick called for her, even though one night he had an awful scare. He saw a white face looking at him from across the room—a face with a long nose, and heavy, sagging brows that positively moved up and down. The face leered at him before it gradually faded away, and he lay there in terror, with the sheet pulled up to his eyes. But in the morning, when he woke up and looked across the room, he saw only the mirror and, in it, the reflection of a white towel hanging on the gas jet just over the head of his bed. The towel must have caught the moonlight, he thought, and the breeze must have swayed it enough to account for the moving brows. He felt immensely relieved to see what the white face really was, and he was almost proud of himself. He ran down to his mother's room to tell her.



She was propped up on the pillows, waiting for him, as she was most mornings before he went off to school.

"And you didn't even call?" she said, nodding her head in admiration, when he finished his story. "You're getting to be awfully brave."

"It wasn't a face at all," he replied. "It was just the towel."

"But it must have been quite frightening in the dark."

"I wasn't too scared."

She smiled, and patted him on the head. "Do you remember when you used to call me at night?" she asked. "You used to have the worst dreams—do you remember?"

He nodded. "I didn't even know they were dreams," he said.

"It helps a lot if you know it didn't really happen."

"You know what I do now sometimes?" he asked.

"What do you do?"

"I keep saying over and over again it was only a dream. Sometimes I even say it's a dream right *in* the dream!"

She laughed. "That's a handy trick," she said. "I wish I knew how to do it."

He was really getting much better. By the time he was nine or ten, he could cope with almost any nightmare. There were still some bad moments, usually after he saw a frightening movie, but even then he could be almost logical with himself. He would keep repeating to himself that it was his imagination or a dream and that, in a few hours, it would be morning; the room would be sunny and bright; everything would be just as he had found it the day before, and the day before that, and every day. In the morning, after checking to make absolutely certain that nothing *had* been disturbed, he would go down the hall and joke about the nightmare with his mother.

IN October, shortly after his tenth birthday, the doctor began making daily visits to the house. One morning, when Rick went down to his mother's room, his father met him in the hall and told him that it might be better if he waited until after school to see her. From that time on, all through November and December, he was allowed to go into her room only in the afternoons, and then for but a few minutes. She had grown very pale and sallow, and it worried him terribly. One night, he dreamed that she had gone away. It was the first really bad dream he had had in weeks. He dreamed that he was in his bedroom, looking for her; he had been emptying his bureau drawers and getting in behind the painted bookcase at the head of his bed and pulling the mattress off the bed trying to find her. When he awoke in the morning, he was still feeling the desperate tension of the search. He was almost afraid to look at the bookcase or the bureau drawers. But they turned out to be in order, and the mattress was still on the bed. When he passed her room on the way downstairs for breakfast, he stopped outside the closed door and listened until he heard her moving about in her bed. That afternoon, he told her about his dream.

"Did you really look for me?" she asked. She spoke in a whisper. She no longer sat propped up in bed but lay on her side, facing him, her head down on the pillow, her hair coiled loosely under her cheek.

"I looked everywhere," he said. "I even looked behind the bookcase."

She smiled vaguely. "You didn't think I'd fit in there, did you?" she asked. "You're just flattering me."

"I didn't know where you were. Someone in the dream told me you'd gone away. I didn't really believe it."

"No, I don't think I'll go away for a while yet," she said, still smiling. "But it was lovely of you to look for me so hard, anyway." Quite suddenly, her eyes filled with tears. "You're a dear, dear boy, Rick," she whispered, reaching out for his hand. "And I think of you all day long when you're at school."

Then his father came in to usher him out. "Rick's been flattering me," she said. "He's been telling me how nice and slim I am."

EARLY in January, she died. For the previous week, his father had been talking about taking her to the hospital, and each day when Rick came home from school, he had been almost afraid to look into her room, fearing that she had been taken away. But each day, when he looked in, she was there waiting for him. She never did go to the hospital. She died in the room and in the bed in which she had lain sick for so long. It was a bitter day, with snow on the ground. When Rick's father brought him home from school in the early afternoon, there was no trace of sun in the sky, and his mother was no longer there.

That night, Rick sat on the edge of

FOR THE GAYEST WINTER SEASON EVER

NASSAU

LEISURE if you prefer it, yet endless things to do when you spend the Winter with the Summer — in sunny Nassau. Golf and Tennis at the Bahamas Country Club the races at Hobby Horse Hall . . . all yours at the fabulous new Emerald Beach Hotel. It gives elegance a new dimension, splendor a new meaning, in Pool, Beach Club, Beach and Pier. Indoors, Calypso Bar and Jubilee Room for a high old time. 300 luxurious rooms, completely air conditioned. Winter Season: Dec. 1 — Apr. 15. Open all year.

Emerald Beach Hotel
NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS
Leo F. Corrigan, President
Frank A. McNellis, Gen. Mgr.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR
Wm. P. Wolfe Organization, 500 Fifth Ave., New York and Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Toronto

Our Service Doesn't Stop!

Actually, it only begins when we buy or sell securities for you.

Of course, on a sale all we *can* do is execute your order as fast and efficiently as possible... either send you a check for the proceeds or credit them to your account.

When you buy, though, we can be more helpful.

If you want the stock certificates themselves, we'll be glad to give them to you—have them registered in your name first.

But, we're just as willing to take care of them for you... to send itemized statements each month showing just what you've bought, just what you spent, just what you have on hand with us.

We'll collect your dividends, too, and the interest due on bonds... mail you a check or credit your account—as you prefer.

We'll keep you advised of rights, conversions, tenders... explain just what's involved... do all we can to help you manage your securities to best advantage.

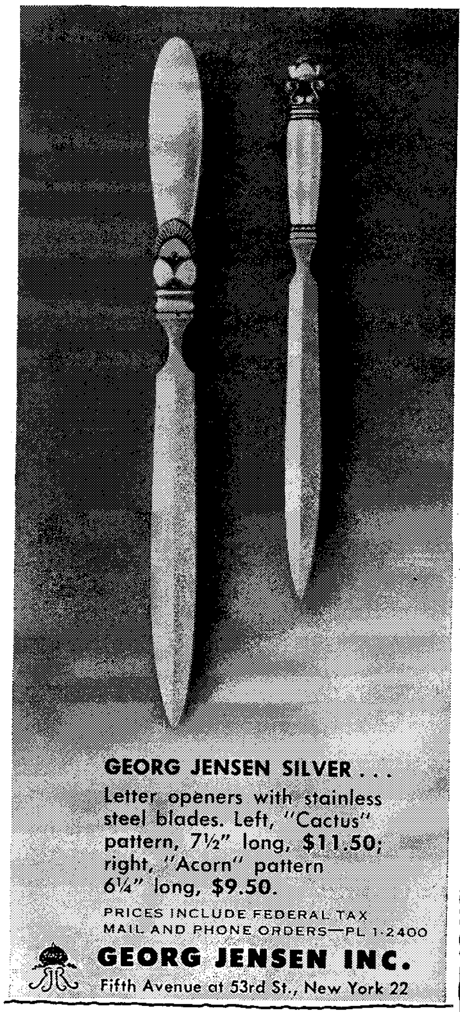
There's no charge for these services, either. If they seem useful to you, why not try them... some time soon?

You can call, come in, or simply write—

WALTER A. SCHOLL, *Department SB-11*

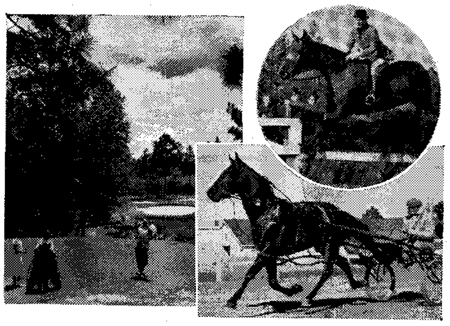
MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 106 Cities

Interested in buying stocks on a "pay-as-you-go" basis?
Ask for our free booklet on the Monthly Investment Plan.



GEORG JENSEN SILVER . . .
Letter openers with stainless steel blades. Left, "Cactus" pattern, 7½" long, $11.50; right, "Acorn" pattern 6¼" long, $9.50.
PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS—PL 1-2400
GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd St., New York 22

MID-WINTER enjoyment in MID-SOUTH
North Carolina



Participants and spectators alike find a full range of activities in North Carolina's famed Mid-South resort areas—Pinehurst, Southern Pines, Sedgefield, Tryon.

Accommodations include luxury hotels, and popular-priced inns and motor courts, near interesting shops and eating places.

DEPT. of CONSERVATION & DEVELOPMENT
Room 168, Raleigh, N. C.

Please send MID-SOUTH literature.

NAME________________
(Please print)
STREET________________
CITY________________
STATE________________

his bed, undressing himself. His movements were listless and mechanical. He had been crying most of the afternoon and evening, and his eyes were vacant. He took off his shirt and, still moving mechanically, hung it on a hanger on the back of his closet door. Then he slumped back on the bed and, for a few moments, lay there motionless.

He was thinking of the strange happenings of the day. It all seemed so unreal that he wondered if it might not be a dream. Often, in the very middle of a dream, he had stood apart and told himself that what seemed to be happening was not really happening. He wondered if at that very moment, even as he lay there, he was simply acting a part in a long, involved nightmare that would dissolve into nothing when the morning came. He raised his hand in the air and looked up at it. He was wondering if he actually *had* raised his hand at all.

Suddenly, a curious light came into his eyes. He sat up abruptly and glanced about the room. It was in perfect order. His shoes were lined up neatly under the bed, his shirt was on its hanger, his storybooks were all in the bookcase behind him. Cautiously, slowly, he lowered his feet to the floor and stood up. He paused there, his body rigid, as if he were holding his breath. Then, very quickly, he picked up the shoes and deposited them lightly on the top of his bureau. Then he took down the shirt. He rolled it into a ball and carried it to the bookcase. Pulling out four or five of the books from the top shelf and letting them fall on the floor, he made a place and stuffed the shirt away in it. When he was through, he glanced at the books on the floor. He shrugged, gave them a careless prod with his foot, and left them there. In a minute, he was in his pajamas, the light was off, and he was under the blankets.

He lay there telling himself that in the morning it would be all bright and sunny in the room, that he would lie in bed remembering the strange things he had done that night in his dream. Then he would look up in the sunlight and, presto, find his shirt on its hanger! The books would be on the shelf again and the shoes underneath the bed. He might even tell his mother what a strange nightmare he had had. Waiting for the night and the dream to end, he finally fell asleep.

RICK was allowed to sleep the next morning, and it was almost ten o'clock when he awoke and sat up. The

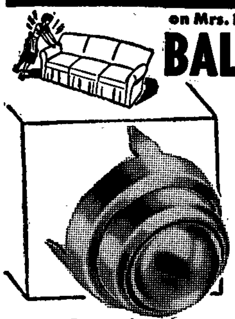
WOMEN CARE

. . . about details. Watch the Little Woman walk into a hotel room—she'll notice such things as *Good-looking draperies!* or *Hmm, lights placed so I can make up without acrobatics!* They're her clues to superior hotel service.

Towels are another. If she sees the Martex label, she's reassured right away. Of course you'd feel silly asking the reservations clerk *Towels by Martex?* Luckily, fine hotels are just as choosy as your wife. And since the extra luxury of Martex comes at no extra cost, everybody's happy.

MARTEX
NAME-WOVEN TOWELS
sold by leading hotel suppliers everywhere
FAIRFAX DEPT., Wellington Sears Co.
65 Worth Street, New York 13, New York

HEAVY FURNITURE ROLLS EASILY
on Mrs. Damar's EASY-TO-TAP-ON
BALL-BEARING CASTERS



Simply tap these pronged all-steel ball-bearing casters into the legs of beds, tables, TV sets, chairs, radios — and you'll be able to roll your heaviest furniture *in any direction* with no effort—like "power steering" on a car! Unlike wheel casters, these *ball casters* roll over floors and rugs without scratching. Make it easy to turn big chairs to face TV. Fit any piece of furniture. 8 for $1.00, delivered. Money-back guarantee. Send cash, check or money order. Write for FREE Catalog of Gifts.
8 for $1.00
Mrs. Dorothy Damar 281 Damar Bldg. Newark 5, N.J.

help keep your pet in
TOP CONDITION!
Give him New Formula
VIONATE®

Complete vitamin and mineral supplement...choice of:
- Veterinarians
- Kennel owners
- Pet owners
- Dog breeders

Promotes pep and vigor—good appetite—sturdy bones—healthy skin—glossy coat!
79¢ 8 oz.
Save on kennel-size packages!
See Your Druggist
VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark
SQUIBB — A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

sky had cleared, and the sunlight and its reflection on the snow filled the room with dazzling, dancing lights. But it was not the neat room that he usually found in the morning. His shirt hanger hung bare from the back of the closet door. His shoes were on top of the bureau, and on the floor by the bookcase there was a loose pile of storybooks.

When he saw the disorder of his room, he sank back into the pillow and closed his eyes. It was morning, he knew, but he was not waking from a dream. The day and the night had been real. The marks of reality were around him, and the sunlight could not dissolve them. —RICHARD T. GILL

•

William Robinson Leigh, American artist, contends that conservative art must be preserved. He said "art is supposed to represent the conception of the artist's viewpoint of nature. The French rascality started to abuse the art of permitting the modern pictures to flood the market."

According to Mr. Leigh, the French were the first European nation to establish an art policy 200 or 300 years before any other nation established any art policy. They built the only salon academy for artists who had little or nothing to pay for their tuition. Encouraged by the awards of bronze, silver or gold medals bestowed upon the artist displaying real talent, by the then King of France, it advertised the French nation all over the world. Those who appreciated the cultivated art, painting, looked to France as its guide in good taste.

In time, France conquered Algiers, then placed scientific farmers in North Africa to feed the nation of France. This evidently resulted in disaster because the farmers started to create a product unknown to Europe which the French soldiers in Algiers brought to France, starting the traffic of absynthe which could not be stopped. The money for art was diminishing and the government found itself almost bankrupt. To save themselves from this calamity, they started to sell any kind of art work. The United States was the only rich country that could afford to buy, but not having an art policy brought in deteriorated pictures. Hence the conservative art in France was replaced by modern art due to influences of absynthe which corrupted the standards of the French nation in their production of art.—*Murray Hill News.*

So *that's* what happened!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Jacksonville (Ill.) Courier*]

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Everybody looked when pretty Mrs. Patricia C. Muncy of Redondo Beach stepped out of a Santa Monica pool. They looked again. Then Mrs. Muncy looked too.

There's no such thing as bacon on a pig
(or, the pig only gives it a start)

It's a long, long way from the pig to the crisp bacon on your breakfast plate. What originally comes from the hog isn't what *you'd* call bacon at all—not at first, anyway. Bacon requires lots of "post graduate" work before it's ready to cook.

SMOKY
BLAND
SHARP
MILD

1 The first step is to select the "side" that can be made into the kind of bacon you like. Then the "side" is trimmed and squared carefully into the proper shape by a skilled workman.

2 Next comes the curing. Every one of America's hundreds of bacon-making packers has his own special curing formula. Gives *you* lots of flavors to choose from.

3 Then it's hung on "Bacon Tree" racks and moved into the smokehouse, where smoke from special wood gives it the haunting fragrance that brings your family bounding into the kitchen.

4 After it comes out of the smokehouse your bacon is chilled. Then it's "formed" into just the right shape so the slices come out nice and even, the way you see them in your store.

5 Finally, the slicing machine shaves it off in uniform slices (about 10 slices per second). Wrappers pack it neat and pretty; and the shipping department starts it off to you.

6 Surprise you how many steps there are from porker to packer to breakfast table? Yet bacon is only one of hundreds of processed meats prepared in modern packing "kitchens" every day.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago *Members throughout the U. S.*

Swiss Ski Parka

The latest in design from abroad. Large utility zippered pocket, zippered hood with tie string, inside zippered bib for throat protection when hood is down. Shower-proof combed cotton with tie bottom, adjustment tabs on sleeves. Light blue, black or scarlet. Sizes 38 to 46 . . . $25.00

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.

Greenhut
745 madison avenue
new york
Hair Seal originals by GREENHUT
Cap,
the Whip
36" Coat,
Ski Pants,
Ski Jacket
(not shown)

LLOYD
WALLPAPERS
the ultimate in beauty
at dealers and decorators
W.H.S. Lloyd CO., INC.
16 East 52nd St., New York

MUSICAL EVENTS

Menotti's New Opera

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI'S opera "The Saint of Bleecker Street," which opened at the Broadway Theatre on Monday night of last week, is about a young Italian-American girl, named Annina, who lives in Manhattan's Little Italy and whose exemplary piety, rewarded early in the story by the appearance of miraculous stigmata, causes her neighbors to regard her as a saint. By the time the final curtain falls, Annina has realized her fondest desire, which is to become a nun, and has died shortly thereafter, but before these happenings take place, a good many complications arise. The complications involve her brother, a rather belligerent and greatly mixed-up young man who is torn between a number of irreconcilable emotions, including a pathological devotion to his sister and a furious resentment against the Church, which makes him try to thwart her at every turn on her Heavenward path. His emotions also include a lukewarm passion for a woman of easy virtue called Desideria, whom he kills at the end of the second act because she questions, as well she might, the purity of his feeling for his sister. In the end, a broken man and a fugitive from justice, he is still clutching at the heroine as she departs for a better world.

As can be seen from this somewhat simplified sketch, Mr. Menotti's plot, which I shall return to presently, contains a good deal of love, hate, jealousy, death, and other standard ingredients of operatic stagecraft, and he has set it to music of conventional full-blown operatic eloquence and sometimes of almost Wagnerian intensity. "The Saint of Bleecker Street" is easily the most ambitious undertaking of the sort that he has attempted up to now, and since he is far and away the most skillful craftsman among those who are at present devoting themselves to the writing of opera in English, it has its moments of effective theatre. Sometimes the secrets of this effectiveness are borrowed. The religious procession that closes the first act is almost a replica of the procession that closes the first act of "Tosca;" the chord that announces the death of the wayward Desideria in Act II is the exact chord with which Puccini announces the death of Mimi in "La Bohème." But Mr. Menotti has done his borrowing wisely, and his work is a genuine opera, obviously written by a man who knows what opera is—a sort of knowledge that is by no means widespread among today's composers. Mr. Menotti uses a musical idiom that, though not strikingly original, is capable of expressing the emotions of his characters; he writes well for the human voice; he knows how to choose melodies that go nicely with words; he has a remarkable instinct for melodramatic effect. All these virtues of craftsmanship should have combined to produce a work of real dramatic force, but—to my mind, at least—they have not, and the trouble seems to be a certain cloudiness in Mr. Menotti's approach to the problems of human behavior.

It was, I suspect, Mr. Menotti's intention to make his pious heroine a figure of some grandeur, and to show through her actions the triumph of faith over sin. Her important position in the plot and the amount of soulful ecclesiastical music that surrounds her main scenes would, at any rate, lead one to this conclusion. There is nothing in the opera, however, that indicates exactly why she deserves to be blessed with the unusual amount of sanctity she seems to possess, and since her overpowering holiness causes no end of havoc among the other characters of the drama, one's sympathy naturally tends to drift from her to her more sinful and more human associates. Piety is, of course, generally regarded as a virtue, but, as Wagner long ago demonstrated in "Parsifal," it is not the most dynamic theme on which to build an operatic drama. In fact, the history of successful operatic dramaturgy, as exemplified in such familiar items as "Salome," "Manon," "Faust," and "La Forza del Destino," seems to prove that in opera, religion is most effective when it is used as a noble backdrop against which misguided human beings play with passionate and irreligious emotions—a proceeding that invariably ends in their infinite discomfiture and usually ends in their death. There must, I think, be some basic wisdom in this tradition. In any case, Annina, with all her visions and all the psalm singing that surrounds her, has too few human frailties to make a convincing heroine, and in her relation to the other principals she often comes close to being an unctuous nuisance. Her brother is not much help, either, since his frantic efforts to woo her away from her churchly destiny show him to have a

Enjoy

SNOW, SUN and DRY COLD AIR

Come to La Province de Québec for your ski vacation. Here you will find ideal ski conditions. Slopes for beginners and experts. Well marked trails, numerous ski-tows. And you will be welcomed with old fashioned French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels.

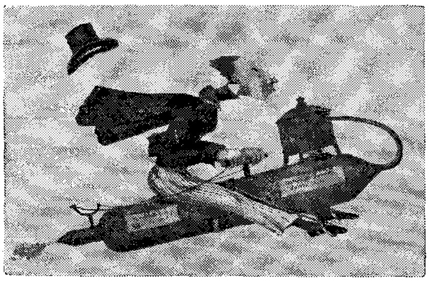
To help plan your ski vacation write today for your free copy of SKI IN QUEBEC. Address: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

ARPEGE
LANVIN

Extract and Toilet Water

THIS OLD PRINT SHOP



is like no other. Visit us to find old prints, one of a kind, of hundreds of subjects, amusing, colorful, charming, delightful.
Send 25c for January PORTFOLIO

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

mind that is unbalanced, to say the least. "The Saint of Bleecker Street," in my opinion, has only one major character capable of arousing any great sympathy, and that is the rather sluttish villainess Desideria, who, unlike the others, is capable of normal passions, and dies expressing them. As might be expected, her big scene in Act II is the most moving thing in the opera; this is so, I think, mainly because, for once, somebody is singing about an understandable and fairly universal form of emotion.

Gloria Lane, as Desideria, stopped the show in the second act, not only because she is obviously a young singer who has extraordinary dramatic and vocal gifts but also because the role had this earthy reality. Virginia Copeland sang beautifully as Annina, and David Poleri did as well as anyone could with the conflicting impulses that fell to his lot as her brother. The work has been given an extremely handsome production under the composer's direction, with scenery and costumes designed by Robert Randolph. An orchestra of sixty men, largely chosen from what was formerly the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, played the score with great virtuosity, and Thomas Schippers conducted it brilliantly.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

ROLL DEM BONES!

Salesmen in the parts and service division of a leading automotive equipment manufacturer carry around two pairs of "fixed" dice. As a lead-off to his sales pitch, a salesman rolls one set of dice on the customer's desk; no matter how they end up, the letters *negl* stand out on one dice and *ected* on the other—spelling out what might happen to the dealer's business or his customers' cars if he's handling the wrong products. When the other pair of dice is rolled out, the completed word is *protected*—inferring, of course, that's the end result when the dealer uses original equipment parts made by the salesman's company.

It's just another sales gimmick, but there's something dramatic and hypnotic about watching a pair of dice dancing across a desk—even when you know a sales pitch is on the way.—*Advertising pamphlet from the Saturday Evening Post.*

And there's an eternal fascination in planning the perfect murder.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Jacksonville* (*Fla.*) *Times-Union*]

HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 14 (UP)—Terry Moore, minus the white ermine bathing suit that wowed troops in Korea last winter, heads the largest group of Christmas entertainers ever assembled by the movie industry.

Sport-lover? At-homer?
The new man-tailored
TERRY SHIRT
is just for **you!**

The newest in terry — a luxurious man-tailored shirt for every season, every wear! Pairs off perfectly with skirts, slacks, fancy pants or shorts. Ideal for golfing, sailing, after tennis, after swimming — or just casual at-home lounging. A delight to wash, never needs an iron. Small, medium and large. Thick, plush terry, in white — **$5.95** — *in flattering pink, turquoise or bold flame* red — **$6.95.**

THE TOG SHOP
Jackson Street, Americus, Georgia
Please send me the following:

	Quan.	Size	Color
White Terry Shirt $5.95			
Colored Terry Shirt $6.95			

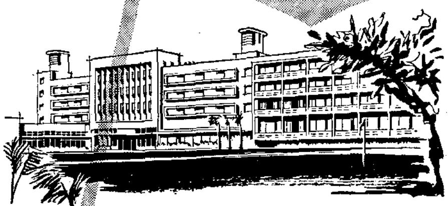
name
address
city zone state
☐ Check ☐ M.O. Add 25c for postage

THE ONLY NEW YORK CHOP HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST
IT'S MY LIFE • I LIVE IT • I LOVE IT • CRITICISM BE DAMNED •
HOUSE OF MURPHY

HOUSE OF MURPHY
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
OPEN DAILY—4th and La Cienega

Pleasure Round-the-Clock at

VARADERO Internacional



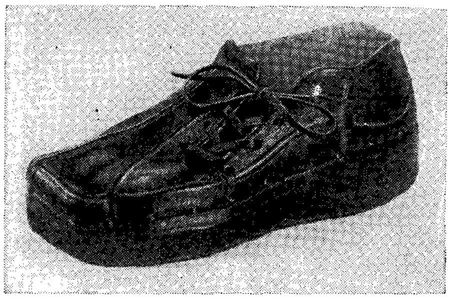
Cuba's most luxurious resort

Only 5½ hours by air from New York, or by new ferry from Key West . . . this most glamorous resort hotel. Each room with private balcony, tiled bath. Delicacies flown in daily, superb restaurant and room service. Theatrical stars entertain you . . . gaming Casino, orchestras, pools, cabañas and *miles* of white sand, blue sea.

- Daily P.M. plane from Miami—direct N. Y. connection.
- Daily passenger and car Ferry from Key West, Fla.

Full Color Booklets from your Travel Agent or EL 5-3325

HOTEL VARADERO INTERNACIONAL
270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



this is the famous
MURRAY SPACE SHOE

AVAILABLE AT

B. Nelson Co.

10 E. 39 St., N. Y. 16

AUTHORIZED AGENCY

Come in, and let us show you a remarkable demonstration. No obligation, of course.

Smart! Modern! Complete!

Finest Under Winter's Sun for Climate, Comfort, Health and Fun!

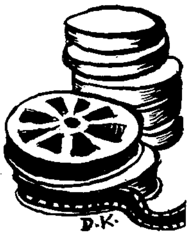
GEORGE B. BRUNI,
Vice President & General Manager
New York Office - LOngacre 5-1114

THE SKYSCRAPER BY THE SEA

The CLARIDGE Hotel
ATLANTIC CITY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Japanese Passion, English Satire



"GATE OF HELL," a Japanese film, is beautifully photographed in color and realistically acted, and it includes enough melodrama, passion, and Oriental derring-do to startle even the most placid Occidental into quite a nervous state. Commencing violently with a depiction of the feuding and fighting of two sets of nobles in Japan eight hundred years ago, the picture moves briskly into the tragic account of a bold, brash samurai who is resolved, come death or disaster, to force his love upon a lady already married to another aristocrat. The warrior first meets this lady when she is posing as the Emperor's sister and being chased by deluded rebels, so that the real royal personage can make a getaway in another direction. Such generous gestures on the part of faithful subjects have inspired a good many movie chases, and with this disguised lady rocking along in a carriage, "Gate of Hell" works up a stimulating pursuit sequence, complete with lively swordplay and our heroine's eventual safe delivery at the warrior's home. Even though she is in a dead faint at the time, her beauty overwhelms her rescuer, and when, later on, he is asked by the prince of the district what reward he would like for his gallantry, he demands the lady's hand, and will not be gainsaid, even though his fellow-nobles point out that she is already the wife of another. Unhinged by his hopeless love, the warrior becomes a dangerous man to have around, and in the end, after spreading terror and doom, he comes to the realization that he has made a shambles of his life and lost all chance of happiness.

In outline, "Gate of Hell" may sound like a fairly elementary business, but Teinosuke Kinugasa, who wrote and directed it, has introduced all kinds of subtleties into it, and his landscapes and music manage to convey a remarkable feeling of what medieval Japan must have been like. Mr. Kinugasa has employed his colors with rare ingenuity, and he has been ingenious, too, in his direction of such actors as Machiko Kyo, in the role of the lady besieged by the samurai; Kazuo Hasegawa, in the role of the warrior himself; and Isao Yamagata, as Miss Kyo's understanding husband. What with duels, horse races, *sake* parties, and the like, this basically sombre tale is related with plenty of dash, but it is still the sturdy old triangle that holds "Gate of Hell" together.

GEORGE ORWELL'S "Animal Farm" has been converted into a full-length English movie cartoon, and if the drawings sometimes smack a bit of the gentle whimsey of Walt Disney, the theme is tough enough to keep the thing from being saccharine. Orwell's allegory, you'll remember, recounts the story of a revolution in barnyard terms and dwells on the subsequent disillusionment it causes its makers, with pigs playing the roles of the totalitarian leaders who take over when a power vacuum occurs. For the most part, John Halas and Joy Batchelor, who did the animation for "Animal Farm," have kept their creatures fairly realistic, but in such figures as Napoleon, the leading pig, they have permitted themselves to cut loose with some apt caricatures of depressing human types. I rather wish the cartoons had been more consistently stylized in this manner, but in any event the picture has the merit of discussing an important theme in terms that are clear, direct, and easily understood.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

TWELFTH NIGHT

Now we gather solemnly
The brittle harvest of the tree,
Lay away, uproot, untwine
Silver rambler, golden vine,
Hue of apple, glint of quince,
Fruit of queer circumference,
Yet, intact, they reappear
At each ripening of the year,
With the docile seed inside
Of the coming Christmastide.

—HARVENA CONRAD RICHTER

•

DEAR MRS. POST: What is the correct seating arrangement for two couples going to the theater together?

ANSWER: Mr. B enters first and takes fourth seat in. Mrs. A takes third seat; Mrs. B next and then Mr. A on the aisle. It is correct to seat the two women together rather than a husband and wife. Even though many might themselves prefer such seating for either, such as these, it would be better to go out by themselves alone.—*Durham (N. C.) Sun.*

Or get a third couple and go bowling.

MYERS'S RUM
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
FRED L. MYERS & SON
The Sugar Wharf
KINGSTON, JAMAICA
4/5 QUART
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
MYERS'S
EST. 1879
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
⅘ QUART—86 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
MYERS RUM COMPANY
MAYAGUEZ, PUERTO RICO
Produced in Puerto Rico by Special Authority and under the supervision of
MYERS RUM COMPANY, LTD.
Nassau, Bahamas
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

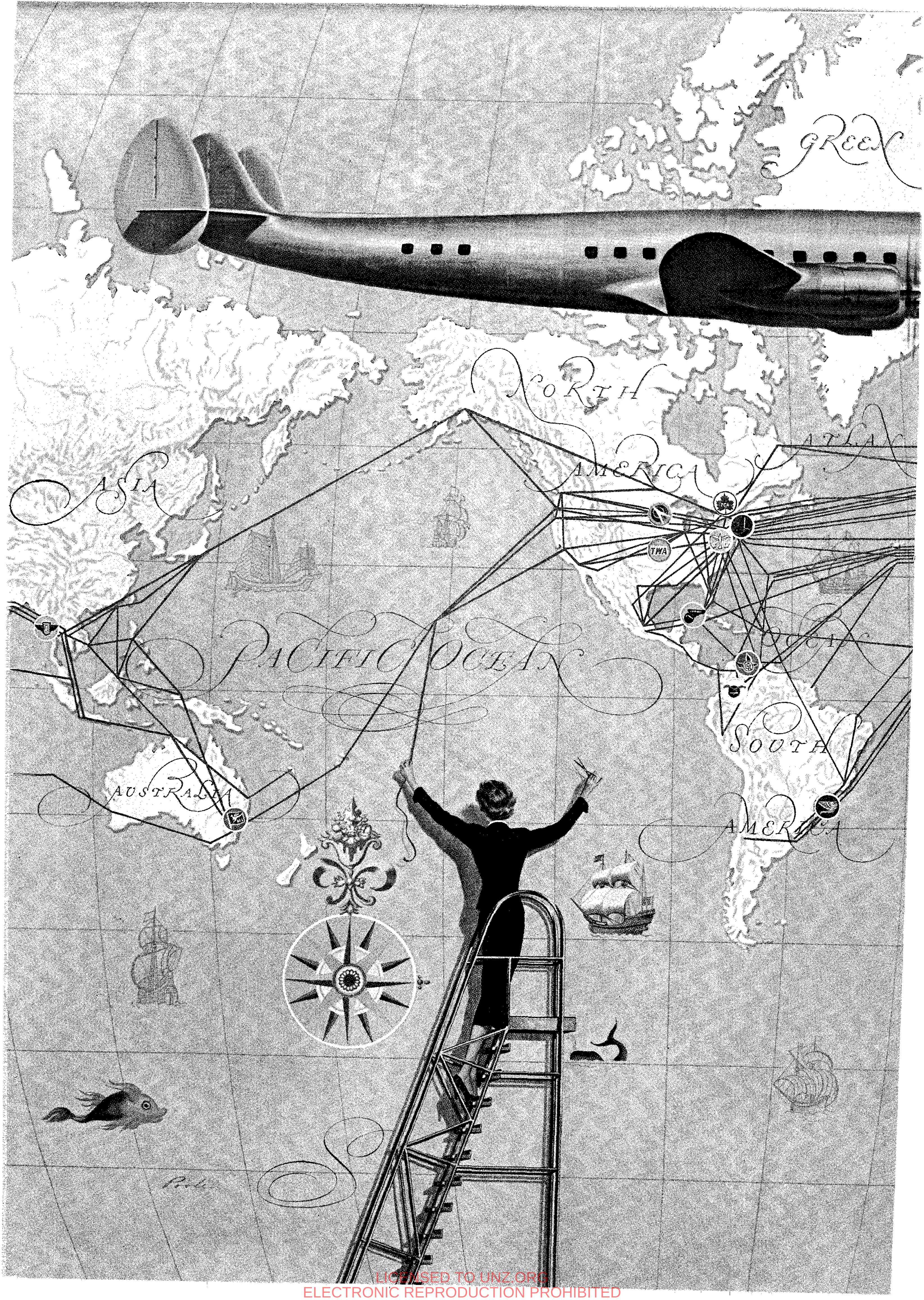
The **MYERS** Caribbean Twins... of Twin Quality

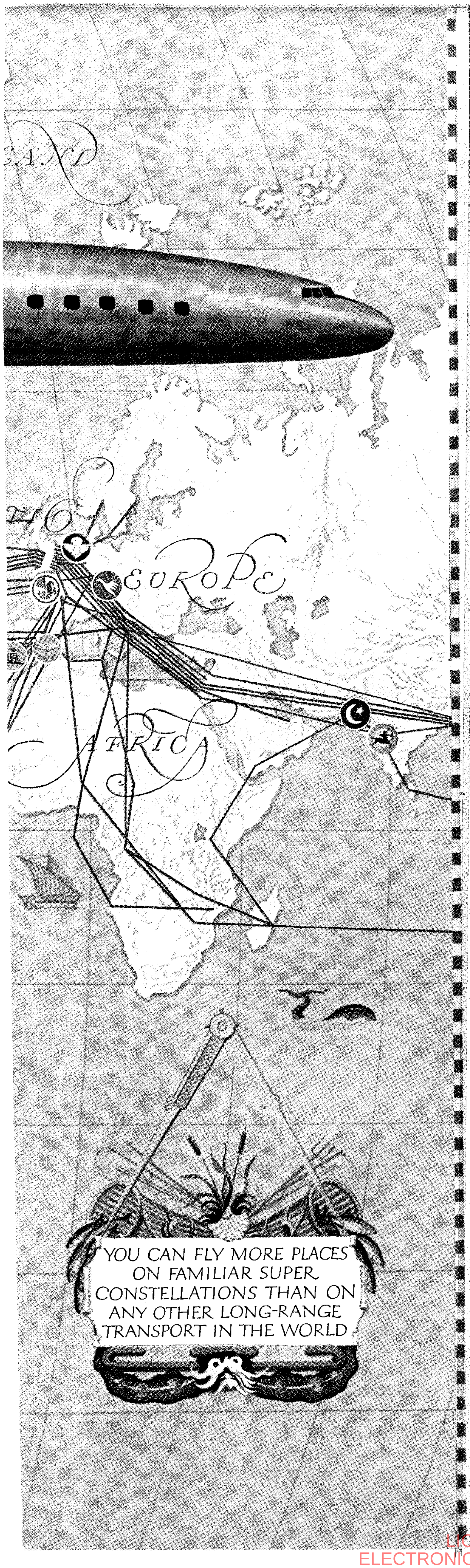
The House of Myers, celebrating its 75th Anniversary, offers you two great rums of equally fine quality, equally delicious! The old favorite and famous "Planters' Punch" Brand Jamaican Rum . . . and now the delightful and light Puerto Rican Rum.

One is brunette—one is blond. One is lusty—one is delicate. Each complements the other by retaining the Myers tradition of being smoothly mellow and mature. Each makes a grand base for your favorite cocktail, highball, punch and toddy.

Keep the Myers "Caribbean Twins" on hand. You . . . and your guests . . . will be so pleased with both of these fine-tasting rums.

U. S. A. DISTRIBUTORS: R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • MYERS'S JAMAICAN RUM, 97 PROOF • MYERS'S PUERTO RICAN RUM, 86 PROOF


GREEN
NORTH
AMERICA
ASIA
ATLA
TWA
PACIFIC OCEAN
OCEA
AUSTRALIA
SOUTH
AMERICA


EUROPE
AFRICA
YOU CAN FLY MORE PLACES ON FAMILIAR SUPER CONSTELLATIONS THAN ON ANY OTHER LONG-RANGE TRANSPORT IN THE WORLD

Leadership demands constant achievement

Map shows major routes of these 18 Super Constellation airlines:

(Figures represent total unduplicated route miles for each airline.)

Air France	162,000
Air-India International	16,100
AVIANCA (Colombia)	28,500
Cubana (Cuba)	8,600
Deutsche Lufthansa (Germany)	11,200
Eastern Air Lines	12,700
Iberia (Spain)	41,000
KLM (Holland)	(144,000)
LAV (Venezuela)	16,700
Northwest Orient Airlines	17,300
Pakistan International	5,200
QANTAS Empire Airways	68,800
Seaboard & Western	(All-cargo routes applied for)
TAP (Portugal)	11,300
Thai Airways (Thailand)	19,700 (proposed)
Trans-Canada Air Lines	19,000
TWA-Trans World Airlines	33,000
VARIG (Brazil)	19,000

Insignia on map show airline headquarters.

Every month another airline starts *Super Constellation Service*

To you this means that soon you can fly more places faster, in greater comfort than ever before . . . on big, fast, luxurious transports that are world-renowned for dependability —*Lockheed Super Constellations . . .* now with turbo-compound power.

Already more new Super Constellations are being built to airline order than any other comparable air transport . . . ordered by more than twice as many leading world airlines. So many, in fact, that every month during 1954 a different airline started Super Constellation service. This record is continuing in 1955.

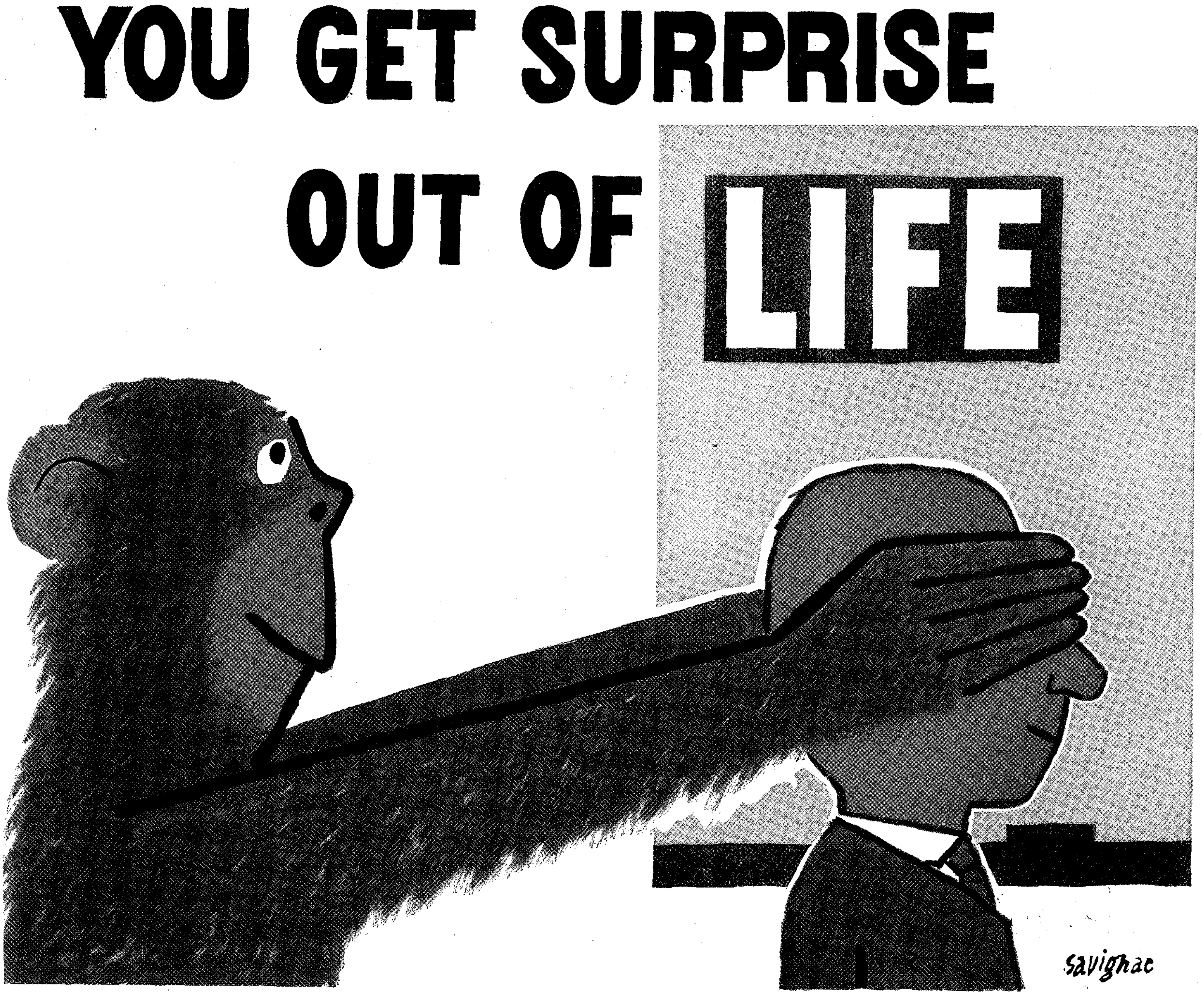
More world airlines (18) have ordered the Super Constellation than any comparable transport—worth remembering next time you fly.

Lockheed

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

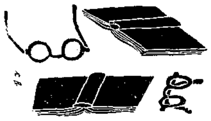
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA, AND MARIETTA, GEORGIA

Look to Lockheed for Leadership


YOU GET SURPRISE
OUT OF LIFE
savignac

BOOKS

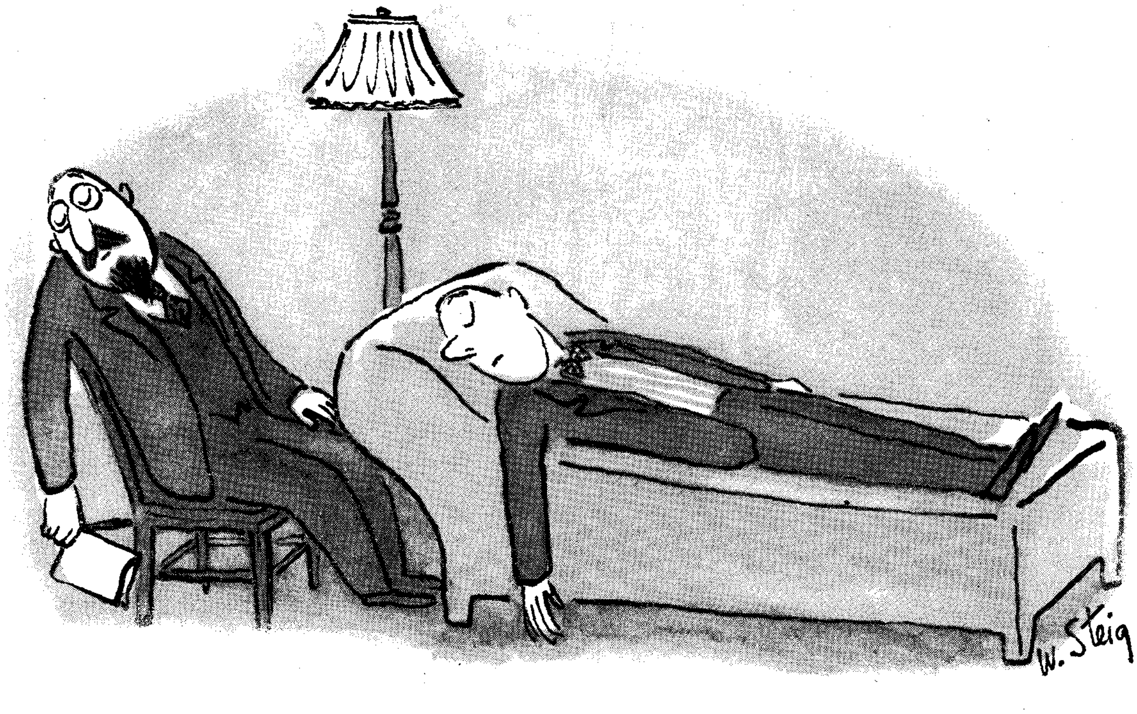
Noble Lives

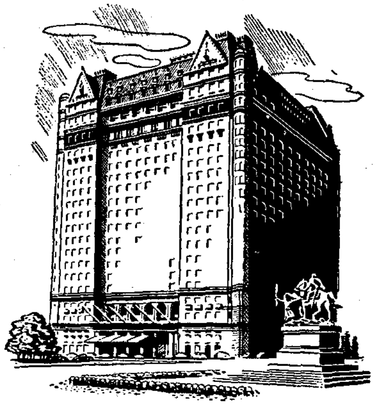


THE publishers (Farrar, Straus & Young) of Marguerite Yourcenar's novel, "Hadrian's Memoirs," anxious to exempt it from the contemporary disrepute of the historical novel as a genre, assert that it "represents a wholly new approach to the human understanding of an historical figure." In a period that has seen almost every possible approach to the historical novel, this is an alarming boast, and it is a pleasure to find that it applies to an extremely scholarly invention. Mme. Yourcenar has imagined the great Emperor, worn out by the burdens of his office and waiting for death, setting down an apologia for the pattern and nature of his life addressed to his philosophical adopted grandson, Marcus Aurelius. "My dear Marc," the apology begins, and the Emperor launches into a preliminary discussion of the relation between the nature of man and the nature of things that might well have been written by a cultivated Frenchman who had read Bergson after receiving a sound classical education. This discussion leads into autobiography, and the same possibility holds—it is the life of the Emperor as he might have lived it armed with a highly civilized and refined contemporary mind. It is obvious, too, that the biography is embroidered. Indeed, Mme. Yourcenar takes care to explain that she has from time to time enriched the facts with convincing and plausible fictions. From all this, it might be assumed that the book is an example of the modern historical novel at its worst, but it is in reality an exercise in a thoroughly legitimate literary form that was brought to its highest point of development by a writer who died when Mme. Yourcenar's subject was in his fourth year on the throne. In building his biographical novels, Plutarch worked as an artist rather than as a historian, and gave such shape and form to the lives of his historical persons that they gained the heightened reality which belongs to works of art and to very few human beings. There is no doubt, for instance, that Antony and Cleopatra existed, but the facts about them are mummy wrappings that enclose dead bodies. In Plutarch they exist as people, and one feels their passion and their pleasure because there is more in his account than the facts; there are intuitions, there are anecdotes and fragments of gossip, there are probabilities, and there are unforgettable inventions. When Antony had botched his suicide, after Augustus Caesar's victory, he was taken to the monument where Cleopatra was waiting among "her gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon":

> Cleopatra would not open the door, but, looking from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened, and she and her two women, the only persons she had allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those that were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle, to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little force he had left. As, indeed, it was no easy task for the women; and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope, and straining with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her efforts and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and, beating her breast with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten her own evils, she was so intent on his misfortunes. Antony, stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to drink, either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might put him the sooner out of pain.

One is there; what went on inside the monument is described with all the authority of an eyewitness. But when Antony had been drawn up and taken inside he was alone with Cleopatra, Iras, and Charmian, who were all to be dead before long. The only eyewitness to the scene within the monument when Cleopatra gave way to her grief was Plutarch's imagination; it worked on a few hints—on the noises heard by those outside the building, on the state in which Caesar later found her, and so forth. It was from these dusty fragments that Plutarch made immortal flesh; he went beyond the facts to get at the truth. This is the essence of the creative process. But Plutarch was not concerned with creating intensity of emotion, vividness, or mere actuality; the truth he was after was not cinematic. The scene in the monument is important not because it must have been as he described it but because it is the culminating point of a certain pattern of behavior. Cleopatra acted as she did because her instincts and emotions ruled her actions; her disordered strength, in combination with Antony's charm, courage, beauty, and weakness, could only take them to the monument in the end. In life they were undoubtedly too complex as people to make this point clearly, but Plutarch, pruning the two lovers of their irrelevant characteristics, simplified and refashioned them so that





LIVE *In Town*
FOR THE WINTER

Enjoy the convenience and pleasure of an apartment in New York this winter—at the famous Plaza overlooking Central Park. A few beautifully decorated suites are now available for the winter season.

THE PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET
New York 19, *N. Y.*

Still "THIS YEAR'S HOTEL"

The Crown Jewel of Resort Hotels

STUART L. MOORE
Managing Director

Sans Souci
COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED

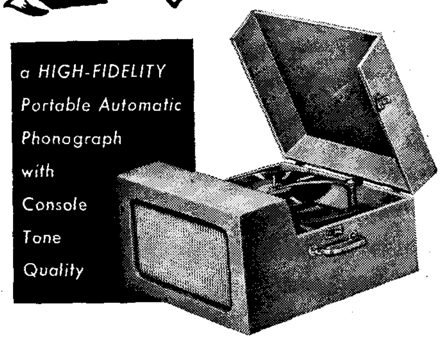
AN ENTIRE BLOCK ON THE OCEAN • 31st To 32nd St.
NEW YORK PHONE MU 2-7039 • MIAMI BEACH

Are you a Molehill Man?
Are you an Echo Man?

BETTER READ
TREADMILL TO OBLIVION
By FRED ALLEN
"... probably our wittiest and most original comedian . . ."—*The New Yorker*
$4.00 at all bookstores
An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN

they could step out of the realm of fascinating gossip about mere people to take their place in tragedy as archetypes, and to become a part of the larger experience of mankind.

The Hadrian Mme. Yourcenar has attempted to liberate from history is not a figure in the universal imagination. He is, almost, the private property of those who know their Roman history and of the Jews. The first group knows him as a man of a philosophical turn of mind, born in 76 A.D., who ruled as Emperor from 117 to 138 A.D., and who ushered in the autumnal splendors of Rome's silver age by establishing an enlightened humanism as the Imperial policy, and by inventing the kind of civil service on which all modern government is based. To the Jews he is something else again. Hadrian's decision that the site of the Temple in Jerusalem should be rededicated to Jupiter Capitolinus helped provoke the revolt, led by Simon Bar Kokba, that put an end to the history of Judea and began the eighteen hundred years of the Dispersion. Hadrian's troops did to the Jewish state what Rome had already done to Carthage. As a final, symbolic act, signalling the total commitment of Rome to the brutalities involved in scattering a people, the severed head of Simon Bar Kokba was presented to the Emperor. The squalid incident reminds one of a modern counterpart; one has seen that sort of thing in the Nazi newsreels from Warsaw—the familiar power crime in which our century has specialized, with Hadrian, acting as the Party boss, impelled by an out-and-out anti-Semitic motive. If this were so, Hadrian would be anything but a tragic figure; instead, he would be merely an impressively nasty one, like Hitler. As it happens, he was a man of great physical beauty, enormous courage, and a real greatness of spirit, and he was actuated throughout his life by the noblest of motives. His education made him a Greek in thought and gave him the ability to understand what he was up against when, a legionary officer, he served with an international army that, drawn from all the races and faiths of southern and central Europe, was arrayed along a frontier stretching from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Danube and on into Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. This vast political apparatus was held together by certain ideas—the concept of a law that was no respecter of persons, a citizenship open to men of all races, and religious toleration. One of these ideas was that whatever the forms of their worship, these men were turn-



Libertyphone
Take Music With You
with the
"KING OF THE PORTABLES"

a HIGH-FIDELITY Portable Automatic Phonograph with Console Tone Quality

The world's finest portable phonograph, the Libertyphone is highly recommended for travel or home use. Has G-E variable reluctance magnetic pickup, diamond needle for 33 and 45 rpm records and sapphire for 78. 8" speaker, airplane cloth finish $139.50. Genuine leather (suntan, ginger, black, rawhide) $179.50. Also available in other models and as phonograph-radio. Write for free brochure.

Mail orders given prompt and careful attention (slight additional cost for 50 cycles 220 volts)

Available only at
LIBERTY Music Shops
450 MADISON AVE. AT 50TH ST.
Madison Ave. at 67th St. • Madison Ave. at 76th St.
New York 22, N. Y.
228 East Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

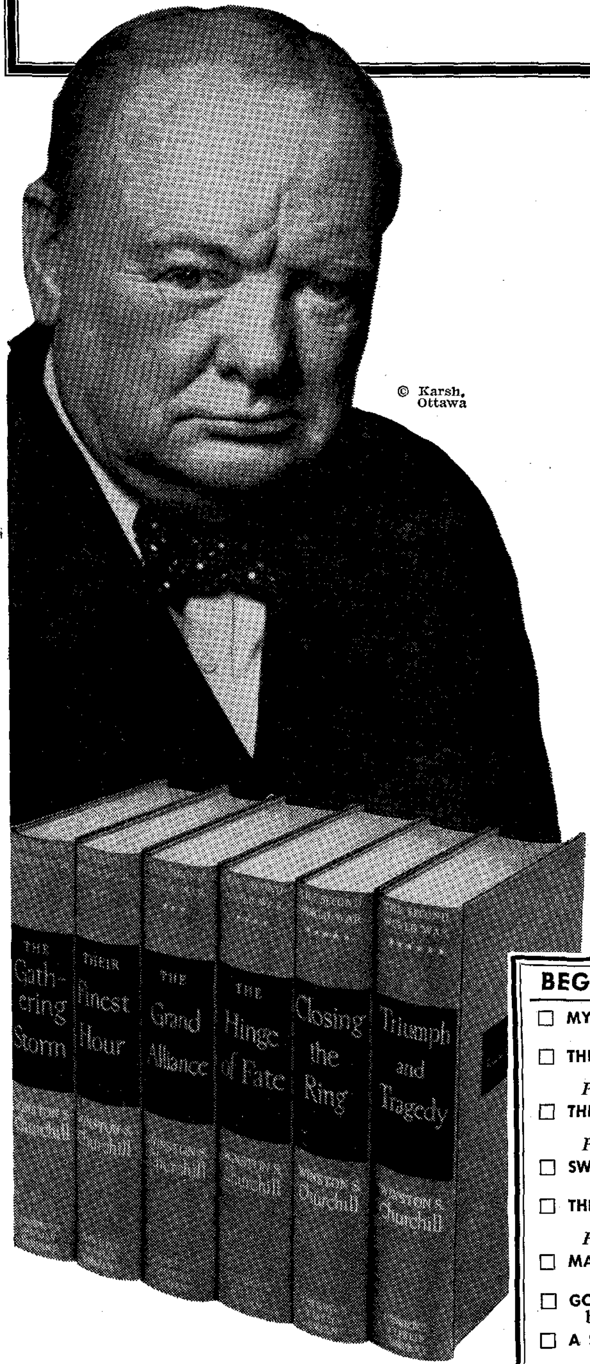
EVEN A BUSINESS TRIP SEEMS LIKE A VACATION AT
The Barclay
Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania
Arthur T. Murray—Managing Director
Rooms from $7 single and $10 double
Suites $16 and up

SUPERB ACCOMMODATIONS FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF PRIVILEGED GUESTS
Sunset Lodge
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD P. BRICKETT
Hotel Roosevelt, N. Y. 17, N. Y. MU 9-3967

FOR TRAVEL... FOR REFERENCE...
Aboard and Abroad
by Harvey S. Olson
World's Finest Complete Travel Guidebook to EUROPE and HOW to Get There. 672 pages plus 16 page atlas, $4.95 . . . at your favorite bookseller.
HARVED PUBLISHING CO. • 1 N. LA SALLE ST. • CHICAGO 2, ILLINOIS

TIME IS RUNNING OUT*

if you wish to obtain—WITHOUT CHARGE—all six volumes of Churchill's *The Second World War* by joining the Book-of-the-Month Club now and buying as few as six books during the next twelve months



RETAIL PRICE OF THE SIX BOOKS IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY

$36

*To date close to 100,000 men and women have enrolled in the Book-of-the-Month Club as a result of this unprecedented Trial Membership offer. If the demand continues, the remaining copies of the present edition will soon be exhausted. Another edition is unlikely—at least for some time—since it will take an extended period to print and bind such an expensive set.

The complete set is offered in this Trial Membership to demonstrate three things about the Club, important to every book-reading family.

★ **FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you want to read. For example, *all six* of these Churchill books were regular Club Selections.

★ **SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price of each of these Churchill volumes is $6.00; the price to Club members is only $4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for Selections was around *18% less* than the retail price.

★ **THIRD:** that, on top of this, you share in around $10,000,000 worth of free books distributed during the year to members as Book-Dividends. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club Selections and Alternates. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each Selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say, "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection, please see coupon below.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This can be afforded because a fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund, and then invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent *free* to members.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THE BOOKS LISTED HERE

- ☐ **MY BROTHER'S KEEPER** by Marcia Davenport *$3.95*
- ☐ **THIRTY YEARS** by John P. Marquand *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE CORNERSTONE** by Zoé Oldenbourg *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **SWEET THURSDAY** by John Steinbeck *$3.50*
- ☐ **THE FALL OF A TITAN** by Igor Gouzenko *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **MARY ANNE** by Daphne du Maurier *$3.50*
- ☐ **GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE** by Frances Gray Patton *$2.75*
- ☐ **A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL** by Hermann Hagedorn *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE MIND ALIVE** by Harry & Bonaro Overstreet *$3.75*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **A871**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.† I am to receive THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, immediately, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated at left. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club Selections and Alternates—I am to receive the current Book-Dividend† then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

Name..
(Please Print Plainly)

Address..

City.................................... Postal Zone No. (if any) ....*State*.................

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

†Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

Opening
Tuesday,
Jan.
11th

Marguerite Piazza

STANLEY MELBA
and his orchestra with the
Cotillion Strings
CHICO-RELLI and his music
Luncheon Fashion Shows—Wednesdays

Cotillion room
Closed Mondays

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

★ IN BERMUDA
IT'S
Trimingham's
FOR BRITISH
SPORTSWEAR
AND PARIS
PERFUMES

R.S.V.P.
ELSA MAXWELL'S
OWN STORY
"... wonderfully entertaining exercise in name-dropping."
—*The New Yorker*. Fabulous photographs.
$5.00 *at all bookstores*
LITTLE, BROWN

ing toward the same thing when they respected divinity—that, in short, all gods were aspects of God. The Empire was, in fact, bound together more firmly by this thesis than by any other, and the chief function of the Emperor was to serve not as the head of the Roman religion but as the head of all the religions of the Empire, to stand as the human representative of the guiding reason of the universe.

When Hadrian planted Jupiter on the site of the Temple in Jerusalem, he was not asserting the superiority of one faith over another; he was dealing with symbols that stood for the unity of the Empire and probably for the brotherhood of man. Had the Jews been able to take part in the official rites of Jupiter Capitolinus, they would not have been asked to abandon Jehovah; indeed, their god would then have been admitted to the official Roman pantheon as one of the many forms of the universal god and worshipped as part of the general human heritage, while they would have been free to worship as they chose in Judea. But they were irreconcilable, and so Hadrian rounded out a life devoted to the establishment of harmony and tolerance throughout the Empire with a calculated act of intolerant brutality. When he was presented with the head of Simon Bar Kokba, he was confronted by something much greater than he realized. He was the reasonable man, with a rational conception of a splendid human future in which all civilized men would live together side by side, abandoning their differences for the sake of happiness. The blood-covered head of Simon Bar Kokba was the incarnation of everything emotional and passionate that rejects that conception, that breaks great empires and great states into fragments, and that keeps civilization crisscrossed with wired and mined frontiers. The confrontation of Hadrian with the symbol marks the beginning of modern history.

It would be pleasant to be able to say that Mme. Yourcenar had cut away Hadrian's solemn wrappings and had re-created his heroic spirit in all its grandeur. But her great scholarship and her poetic imagination have considered him as a man and as the lover of Antinoüs, the golden youth from Bithynia, rather than as the embodiment of Rome. There is fascination in this aspect of the Emperor, since his private life comprised the best of everything his lifetime had to offer, and since his vitality was such that he enriched every department of living in which he took pleasure. His love for Antinoüs overflowed the chan-

Safari!
IN
EAST AFRICA

Just hours by air...leisure-filled days by sea...you may realize your lifelong desire to "safari"—to hunt the world's finest game, with gun or camera, against the thrilling, unspoilt East African background.

From Kilimanjaro to Mt. Kenya ...from the Ngorongoro Crater to the Ruwenzori Range...from Lake Victoria to the Serengeti Plains... you will follow the footsteps of famous sportsmen and explorers, guided by experienced White Hunters along the ADVENTURE TRAIL OF A LIFETIME!

For East African safari and tour folders

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or write Dept. B
THE
EAST AFRICA TOURIST
TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
295 Madison Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

KENYA • TANGANYIKA • UGANDA • ZANZIBAR

designed for gracious living
draper lane
MAIN & CEDAR ST.
DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.
NEW ELEVATOR APTS.
Set on a High Plateau —
Overlooks the Hudson
NOW RENTING—
Jan. Occupancy
3½, 4½, 5½ Rooms
1-1½, 2 Baths
Rentals from $125
All Apartments have Balconies or Terraces
Garages Available on Premises
Close to Shops and Schools
Walking Distance to R.R. Station
Renting Agent on Prem. DO 3-9709
"A Paterno Building"
A. V. AMY & CO., Agents, 2112 B'way, EN 2-3030

Dorset Room
is open daily and Sunday for
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON and DINNER
THE POPULAR
DORSET BAR-CAFE
is recommended by knowing New Yorkers for
COCKTAILS and late SUPPER SNACKS
HOTEL DORSET
30 West 54th Street, Just off Fifth Ave.
Member of Diner's Club Bing & Bing, Inc., Mgt.

NEW KIND OF WINTER HOLIDAY!

Relax on the banks of the Shrewsbury River—just 45 miles from New York. Quiet, refined atmosphere of a charming, colonial Inn! 100 beautifully furnished modern, fireproof rooms, with bath. Cocktail Lounge, Bar, Colonial dining room. Your hideaway for a week or a weekend. Write Miss Brown for illustrated booklet and rates.

MOLLY PITCHER HOTEL, Red Bank, N.J.

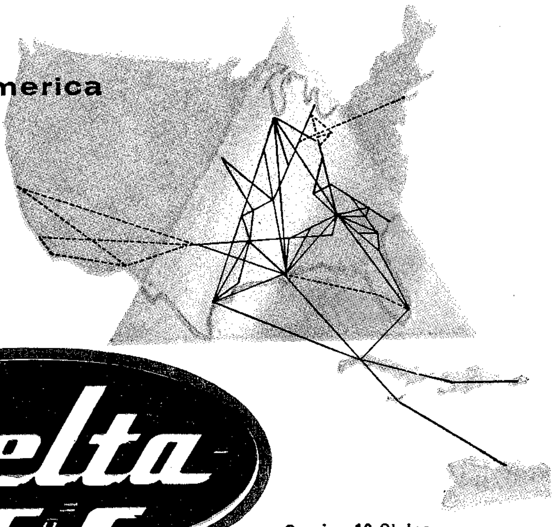
DELTA-C&S PROUDLY PRESENTS ITS

Golden DC-7 Crown

FLEET

World's Finest and Fastest Airliners

Serving the Golden Triangle of America



The Royal Biscayne

Chicago non-stop to **Miami** 3 hours 40 minutes

The Royal Poinciana

Chicago-Cincinnati-Atlanta non-stop to **Miami**

The Royal Ranger

Chicago-St. Louis non-stop to **Houston**

The Royal Merchant

Atlanta non-stop to **Chicago** 2 hours 7 minutes

Delta-C&S Flies on Seth Thomas Time

Delta C&S

AIR LINES

Serving 16 States
and 7 Countries

General Offices: Atlanta, Georgia

"Belonging"

must be wonderful—

"—and tomorrow—I'm going to belong—to be talked to—to be listened to—
to be smiled at—to be loved—because, tomorrow, when I'm sixteen—
I'm moving to Barrett House—and they want me, too—even though I can't
get along with my teachers, my neighbors, my friends—and my father—
not that I don't want to—but he's so busy with his new wife and children—
at Barrett House, I'll be part of a group —"

This is Lisa—an emotionally disturbed teen ager. Lisa needs love and affection in a homelike atmosphere—she needs counselling and casework guidance—she needs psychiatric treatment—and she needs these things right away—or else Lisa will end up in the kind of trouble that will be damaging to her—and to her community—the kind of trouble that makes headlines.

Lisa can be helped. The Florence Crittenton League of New York maintains Barrett House—an interracial, interfaith treatment-centered residence—that is geared to help girls just like Lisa. It is difficult to measure in dollars and cents the results of our work, but it does require dollars and cents to operate Barrett House—Your contribution will help us to make Lisa feel that she belongs.

FLORENCE CRITTENTON LEAGUE, INC., 307-309 East 12th Street, New York 3, N.Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nel of personal expression, fired the imagination of hundreds of contemporary artists, and produced a new image of beauty. The huge heads of Antinoüs that are to be found in European art galleries shock at first sight; they are so big, the faces are so naked, the morality of the artistic enterprise so pagan. But then one sees that the sensuality of each face is so complete that it goes beyond all desire by coming thoroughly to terms with it: The face is that of a man at home with his physical being and at peace with the universe. It is one of those faces that, like the Buddha's, have a place in the language of ideas. Here again there is a focal point of the tragic element that surrounds Hadrian; what the Emperor's genius drew from his artists and what is now visible in their work is the perfect expression of a guiltless appreciation of man as a beautiful animal. It is almost the last expression of the pagan view before the millenniums of guilt began, the full blaze of its perfect autumn. Mme. Yourcenar treats the relationship between Antinoüs and Hadrian in terms of modern psychology, with delicacy and with understanding. This is humane, but it reduces monumental figures to the small scale of fodder for the analyst's couch. Hadrian becomes a gentle, civilized man, a cultured old buffer who can talk with detachment of his problems. He was a soldier once, but you would hardly know it. Antinoüs is pulled down to the size of a handsome, devoted, but not very bright friend. The story is agreeable, and readable, but there is always the feeling that it should be much more. The trouble is precisely that the medium Mme. Yourcenar has chosen is Plutarch's. His dramatized biographies carry across eighteen hundred years to stir the mind with images of magnificent human beings because they rest on the foundation of a belief in greatness. No such noble spectres can appear on ground sterilized by the exorcisms of psychological analysis.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE OTHER PLACE, by J. B. Priestley (Harper). Mr. Priestley has a fine, casual gift for presenting real people in real houses and hotels and bars, but too often his impulse is to lead them away from their own lives, which we would be delighted to read about, and into adventures that are supernatural or absurd, or both. The nine short stories that make up this book all dissolve into fantasy, and

"It's Daddy! Long Distance!"

A regular call from Dad when he's away is an exciting event at both ends of the line. Why not try it the next time you're out of town on business? You'll find it pays heart-warming dividends in happiness and peace of mind. The service is quick. And the cost is small.

LONG DISTANCE
RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
New York to Boston	55¢
Chicago to Atlanta	$1.05
Philadelphia to Miami	$1.35
Los Angeles to Washington, D.C.	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax.

Call by Number.
It's Twice as Fast.

Bell Telephone System

Where Palms Sway
choice runs
to our
Liberty Lawn
"shepherdess"
39.95
lilac, blue,
persimmon
sizes 8-18

McDonald's

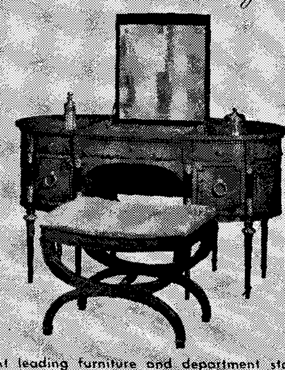
1191 POST ROAD, FAIRFIELD, CONN.
SYRACUSE, N. Y. PALM BEACH

happy choice in BERMUDA

THE **Castle Harbour**

HOTEL . . . Golf, Beach and Yacht Club
Bermuda's largest seaside resort, 180-acre estate . . . largest private beach, pool, all sports . . . adjoins championship Mid-Ocean golf course . . . 300 outside rooms with sweeping views . . . shops.

Howard F. Hohl, Gen. Mgr.
Beautiful color folders are available
See your **Travel Agent** *or*
William P. Wolfe Organization, Rep.
Dept. N.Y., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N.Y.
Also Boston, Phila., Cleveland, Chi. & Toronto



CONSULATE *vanity*

At leading furniture and department stores.
Send 3-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

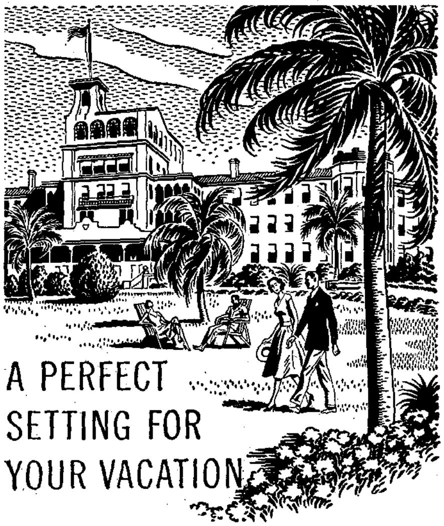
after reading them we are left with the impression that we have been listening to a group of strangers as they related their favorite dreams, without ever giving us a chance to say a word ourselves.

THE ADVENTURERS, by Ernest Haycox (Little, Brown). A novel about two men and two women searching for love and fortune in Oregon in 1865, but in spite of shipwreck, murder, adultery, and suicide, the story lumbers to a permanent standstill shortly after it begins. The four main characters in this static work are Clara Dale, a loose, beautiful woman; Katherine Morvain, a resolute woman who has high principles as well as beauty; George Revelwood, who is handsome but weak; and Mark Sheridan, the hero of the story, who is handsome and strong. A Literary Guild selection.

THE CORNERSTONE, by Zoé Oldenbourg (Pantheon). This gloomy extravaganza, set in thirteenth-century France, shows evidence of having been written by someone who believes wholeheartedly that clothes make the man. At any rate, a good many of the costumes described here seem to have been cut out and stitched up before the man was found to fit them, and some of the clothes are never worn at all, although the author puts them on the stage anyway. The performance is at once busy and limp, its principal figures being a fifty-five-year-old knight named Ansiau, who becomes a beggar pilgrim for several stated reasons but mainly because of his boundless self-pity; his son Herbert, whose thoroughgoing badness is in pleasant contrast to his father's sanctimoniousness; and Herbert's son Haguenier, who takes after the old grandfather and, like him, makes a vice of humility. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

EUROPEAN UNION AND UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY, by F. S. C. Northrop (Macmillan). This book might be called an agonized appraisal of American foreign policy, for it contains a very harsh critique of the Eisenhower administration's policy vis-à-vis our European allies. But it contains a good deal more, too. The author terms it a study in "sociological jurisprudence"—a science that, he explains, examines the relation between a country's "positive law," or legal constitution and procedures, and its "living law," or the



ON THE BEAUTIFUL WEST COAST OF FLORIDA. Magnificent private estate, overlooking Charlotte Harbor. A complete resort with championship golf course, private beach at door, swimming pool, tennis and other sports. Congenial social life. Dancing.

HOTEL **Charlotte Harbor**
Floyd Alford, Jr.
Owner-Manager
PUNTA GORDA • FLORIDA
NEW YORK RES. OFFICE: 630 FIFTH AVE., CIRCLE 6-9260

"Oh,
zat Pernod!"

For a martini
with dash . . .
add a dash
of Pernod

PERNOD
liqueur • 100 proof
PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
SOLE U.S. AGENT CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD.

The Divan PARISIEN
Since 1923

RESTAURANT
BAR • LOUNGE
Memorable French cuisine
Famous for Chicken Divan
Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner
every day the year 'round
New location
33 E. 48 ST. • EL 5-8135

Café De France
VIANDE 1ER CHOIX
Cuisine Excellente; Prix—Modéré
313 WEST 46 ST. • JU 6-9336

To encourage you and your family to collect and appreciate the great Art Treasures of the World

WE INVITE YOU TO ACCEPT

FOR ONLY 10¢

This Magnificent Art Portfolio—16 Glorious Paintings by

PICASSO

faithfully reproduced in Full Color
—Framing size 11 x 15 inches

Picasso
FULL COLOR PRINTS

***Note:* ALL PRINTS ARE EXTRA LARGE FRAMING SIZE 11" x 15" LARGER THAN THIS WHOLE PAGE**

The Genius of PICASSO

. . . is prodigious! His 50 years of creative production has included realism, romanticism, cubism, primitivism, abstraction and more! A challenge to all other artists, he leads the way to new discoveries. He inspires poets and musicians. He is the most important painter of our day—and perhaps—the greatest of all time!

Acclaimed by Critics

"The next best thing to owning the original paintings. The brush strokes are so distinct you can almost feel the paint surface."
Louise Bruner, Cleveland News

"The series is sumptuous, no less, priced so amazingly low it will make you blink in disbelief. The art lover who doesn't take a look at these is doing himself an injustice."
St. Louis Globe Dispatch

". . . comes nearer to exact reproduction of color and brush work than any we have ever seen."
American Artist Mag.

Now You Can Collect the World's Greatest Art Masterpieces—At a Fraction of the Usual Cost!

Imagine in your own home the treasured paintings from the world's great museums and private collections . . . as though the masters had painted them especially for you. This privilege is now yours, thanks to the remarkable new plan of ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD.

As an introduction to this program, we *invite you to examine* a beautiful collector's Portfolio of paintings by Picasso — 16 paintings reproduced in exquisite full color, 15 of which are mounted on 11" x 15" ready-to-frame mats. It is handsomely bound with a full-color illustrated cover and covered with acetate. Although sold to subscribers for $2.95, it is now yours for only ten cents.

Breathtaking Beauty For "Picture-Poor" Walls

Here, too, is an opportunity for your family to acquire brilliant, authentic reproductions of the best loved paintings of Rembrandt, Degas, Van Gogh, Utrillo, Cezanne and other great artists.

Landscapes, ballet scenes, flowers, religious themes, cafe and street scenes, portraits, etc. can now be framed and interchanged freely, since all are identical in mat size (11" x 15".)

You Will Learn to Understand Great Art

Perhaps you have always wished to know how to judge a picture, why it was painted, how to get at its real meaning, etc. . . . . ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD has made this possible for you in two ways.

1. Members receive a course on Art Appreciation. With every Portfolio is sent a treatise on such important subjects as Color, Composition, Technique, Distortion, Abstraction and Symbolism.

2. Each Portfolio contains a brief biography of the artist plus commentaries on the paintings written by experts.

How This Collector's Plan Operates

Mail the coupon at once, together with your ten cents, and we will promptly send you your Picasso Portfolio and a free copy of the first treatise of your Art Appreciation Course. In addition, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. This does not obligate you to purchase any additional Portfolios ever! However, each month as each new Collection of 16 full-color, framing-size reproductions by a great artist is released, it will be *announced* to you in advance for the special member's price of only $2.95. If you do not wish to purchase any particular Collection, simply return the form provided. A section from the Art Appreciation Course will be included free with every Portfolio you accept.

The infinite care required to produce these matchless reproductions limits the supply. Send a dime for your Picasso Collection now!

ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD, 100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N.Y.
Canadaian Address: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Canada

Art Appreciation Course

FREE COURSE

As a patron of Art Treasures of the World, you will receive the monthly "Art Appreciation Course" prepared by a leading art authority—a handsome 7" x 10" brochure filled with famous paintings, art analyses, background material, etc., to help you and your family to a better understanding of art.

Art Treasures of the World, Dept. 987 NY-1
100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N.Y.

Please send me the Picasso Portfolio of 16 full-color, framing-size reproductions, plus the first treatise from your Art Appreciation Course, for which I enclose 10c. Each month, as an Associate Member in Art Treasures of the World, I will receive advance notice of the new Portfolio of 16 full-color reproductions by a famous painter, *including a new section from the Art Appreciation Course*, which I may purchase at the special member's price of only $2.95 for both, plus delivery charge. However, I may decline to accept any or all of the Portfolios offered to me.

Membership is limited to one subscription to any family or household.

Name..

Address..

City..............................Zone........State..................

Canadian Address: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.

in Bal Harbour
MIAMI BEACH

FREE COLOR BOOKLET
Just mail this advertisement for picture story of the most luxurious vacation living ever conceived! *Rates reduced 50% Dec. and April.*

PRIVATE BEACH • CABANAS
OLYMPIC SWIMMING POOL
AMPLE FREE PARKING

Fatio Dunham, Mgr.

THE Sea View ON THE OCEAN

Why are Swedish men so clean-shaven?

SWING 40 is an imported stainless steel blade tempered by a secret Swedish process never perfected in the U.S. It's guaranteed rust-free. Stays sharp longer for many MORE tender shaves per blade. Nothing quite like it in America. For trial packet of 10 double-edged SWING 40 blades send one dollar. Svenska Importing Co., Box 552-A2, Port Washington, N.Y.

Swing 40 Cannot Be Bought In Stores

Mister Mustard says: KEEP ME COLD and I'll stay HOT!

You will find Mister Mustard in the "open refrigerator" section of your food market. Zesty, robust—a man's mustard—yet women like it too. Made from an old Dijon formula—it's America's finest!

Write for FREE Recipe Booklet. Dept. N
THE FRANK TEA & SPICE CO., CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

cultural habits and the traditional beliefs and associations of its people. What Eisenhower and Dulles have failed to do, he says, is take into account the "living law" of our allies, and as a result our allies have conceived an active distrust of the United States and its sometimes equivocal, sometimes unilateral, and, in their eyes, often reckless behavior. Professor Northrop, as readers of his "The Meeting of East and West" will know, is not a man to write a mere tract—he provides, among other things, a careful appraisal of the movement toward European Union—and his emphasis throughout is on the constructive.

THE INVISIBLE WRITING, by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan). This, the second and concluding volume of "Arrow in the Blue," Mr. Koestler's formal autobiography, differs from the first primarily in that he has already written extensively about his later years and is thus free to cannibalize his previous works. There is new material, though, and some of it is fresh and funny—particularly his experiences as a cook in a home for refugee children and as a writer of reference books on sex—and when it comes to such matters as an attempt at suicide by gas and the wiry texture of a camel's-tongue sandwich in Soviet Asia, Mr. Koestler is, as always, sharp and excellent. But the intricacies of Leftist politics in Central Europe get to be just a bore, and the four years that it took him to break with the Communist Party are presented in maddeningly slow motion. The invisible writing of the title seems to be the private "*mene, mene*" that saved him from Communist fanaticism, but most of the moral self-analysis involved is, alas, all too visible.

•

The magnanimity of the task of a 7516 (Education and Training Officer) is appalling to anyone who reads his job description. In some cases each word adds significant obligations. Such words as "establishing" or "evaluating" or "monitor" carry more significance than casual reading would reveal.—*Air Force Manual.*

Yes, sir, he's got a magnanimous task, that fellow.

•

A triangle involving a spychiatrist, his wife and a criminal "guinea pig" is the basis of "The Sleeping Tiger."—*The Times.*

A spychiatrist is a doctor whose patients are subversive as well as sick.

Stoneleigh

A NEW living concept, providing all the comfort, convenience, and security of a city co-operative apartment of the finest type, transplanted to a spacious country setting—overlooking wooded parklands and a lake.

Stoneleigh is in Bronxville proper, only 28 minutes from Grand Central, with uncrowded access to all Westchester parkways.

A few apartments remain for sale, with 2 to 4 bedrooms, including one duplex having 2 terraces and 2 fireplaces. For prices and floor plans or to inspect Stoneleigh address:

LAWRENCE
MANAGEMENT, Inc.
Pondfield & Valley Roads
Phone: DEerfield 7-0400

Bronxville

Visiting Princeton?

Plan to stop at the Inn for a delicious dinner and a comfortable night's lodging. Charming interior, friendly atmosphere, beautiful setting. Adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Private function rooms.

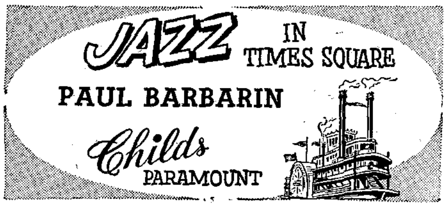
WRITE OR CALL PRINCETON 1-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

7000 Girl Fridays

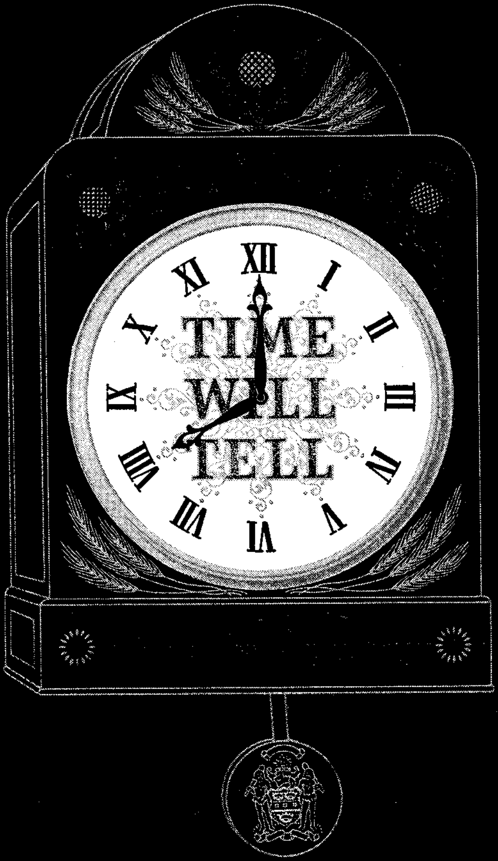
Berkeley secretaries have a nimble touch in office management and public relations as well as in typing. That is why over 7000 Berkeley graduates have enjoyed preferred positions in successful firms. Catalog N.

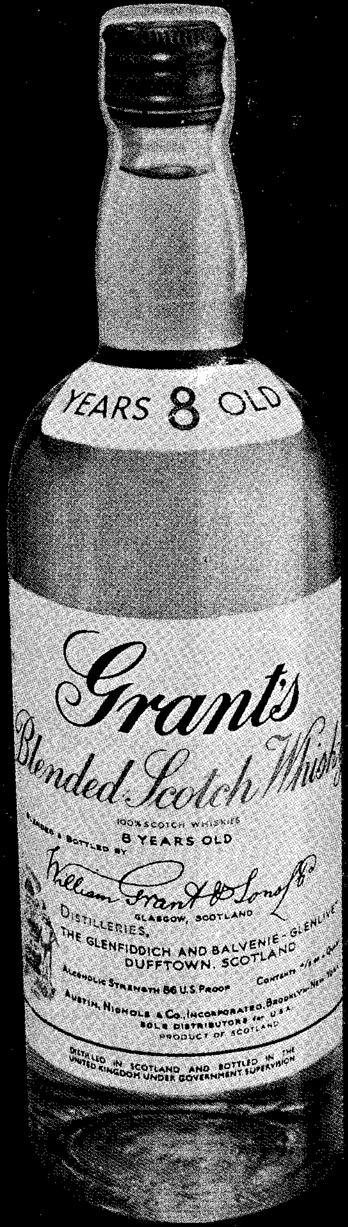
BERKELEY School
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City 10
Schools also in White Plains, East Orange



JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
PAUL BARBARIN
Childs PARAMOUNT

TIME WILL TELL


TIME
WILL
TELL


YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
DISTILLERIES,
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET
DUFFTOWN, SCOTLAND
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 86 U.S. PROOF
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

4,207,680 MINUTES
8
YEARS OLD

Time —— plus
selected quality ingredients
handled with traditional skill
produce Grant's
consistent excellence.

86 PROOF — SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS **Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.** BROOKLYN — NEW YORK
IMPORT DIVISION

You're So Smart to Smoke **Parliaments**

MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
Parliament's exclusive filter mouthpiece and superb blend of fine tobaccos give you filtered smoking at its best.
KING SIZE or REGULAR

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY A PRODUCT OF **Benson & Hedges** FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK